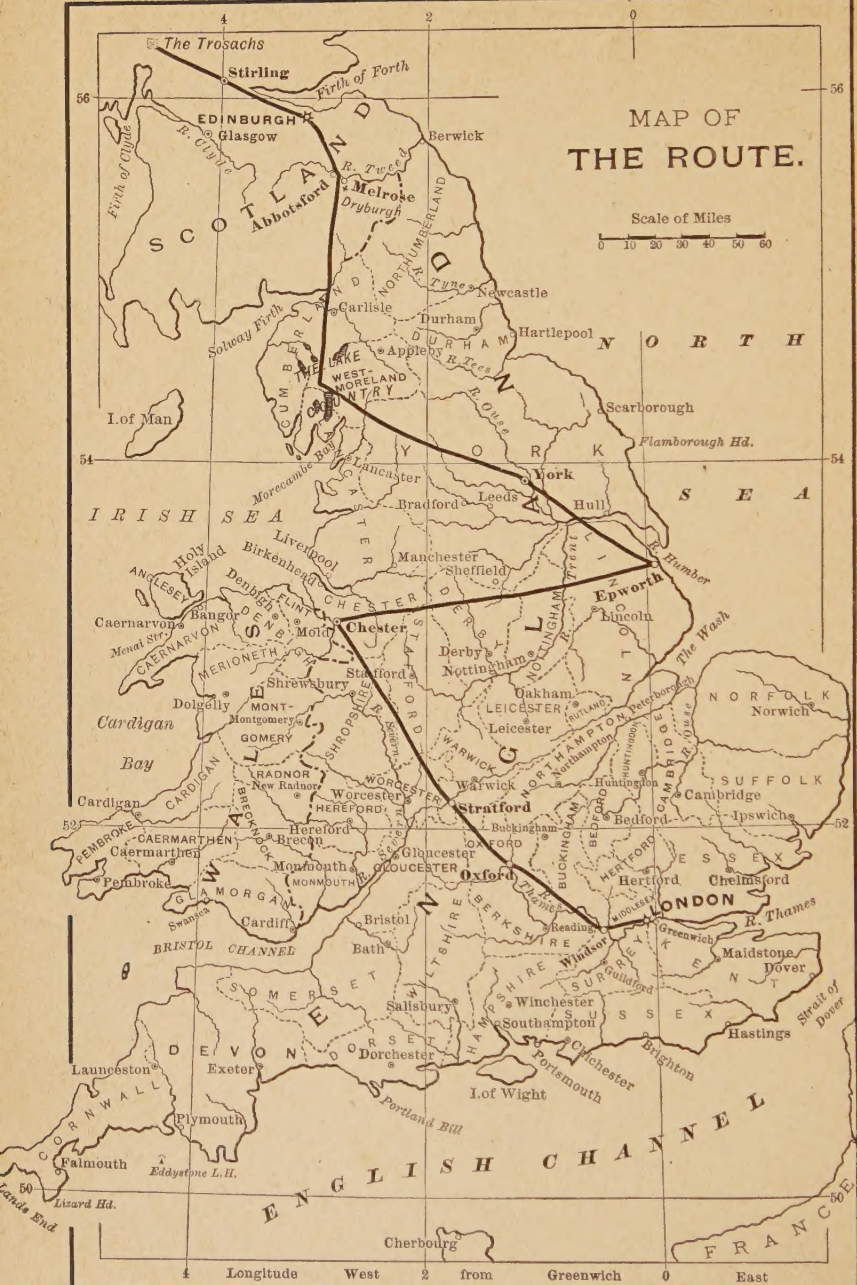


FROM THE
♦ ♦ ♦ THAMES
TO THE
TROSACHS ♦ ♦

MAP OF THE ROUTE.

Scale of Miles

0 10 20 30 40 50 60



THE EPWORTH READINGS FOR 1890-91

FROM THE THAMES TO THE TROSACHS

· IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL ·

IN

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

BY

MRS. E. H. THOMPSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By JESSE L. HURLBUT

CINCINNATI:

CRANSTON AND STOWE.

NEW YORK:

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Epworth League, aiming for the complete Christian character, recognizes the importance of intelligence when superadded to an earnest spiritual life. The man of God needs knowledge, and not only knowledge in the word of life, but in the world of thought. Therefore in the course of reading of the Epworth League it is proposed to have each year at least one book of general literature, such as will enlarge the mental range and promote intellectual effort.

In the selection and arrangement of this book various reasons influenced the committee. It was thought that some work on foreign travel would prove interesting to the readers in the League, and would suggest valuable programmes for literary meetings. As it would not be possible to make a general tour, that land was chosen which is of all lands most closely connected with America, and to no Church is nearer than to our own, since in it lived our founder, who with Luther and St. Paul looms up in history as one of the three greatest men in the annals of Christianity. All that is best in England is the heritage of America. Her literature is our literature, for we may enjoy Chaucer's tale and Shakespeare's strain and Bunyan's immortal dream and Brown-ing's "veined humanity." The heroes of her history are ours—for Alfred and Cromwell and Pitt all joined hands in the making of America. If there had been no Runnymede and Marston Moor there would have been no Plymouth Rock and no Bunker Hill. Every American has the deepest interest in that land, which has been the bulwark of liberty and the mother of a mighty nation.

Especially should we, as Methodist Episcopalians, study the characteristics and the history of England. We need to know something of that Lincolnshire which nourished our Wesley; of that Oxford where was formed the famous brotherhood which grew into our Church; of that London where, for the first time, he "felt his heart strangely warmed" with the experience of a spiritual life; of the places where he journeyed and preached and laid the foundations of the temple which counts its living stones by the million, and is still growing. Every place named and described in this book has its own interest in history, in literature, and in the annals of the Church.

This book is mainly a selection of twelve tracts from a series of sixty prepared a few years ago by Mrs. E. H. Thompson, of New Hampshire, at the suggestion and under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Vincent, at that time editor of Sunday-school literature, now one of our honored bishops. The design of the Foreign Tourist Series was to supply in compact space the best information concerning the most important places of interest in Europe. Every work obtainable on the subject was laid under contribution, and extracts were made from books of travel, from histories, and from poems. Although to the cursory glance this method gives to the work a sketchy appearance, yet it adds a great value; for the reader enjoys the privilege of obtaining what many—and these, standard authors—have written concerning these places.

From the sixty tracts of the Foreign Tourist Series a selection was made of twelve relating to places in England and Scotland. These have been bound together, repaged, revised, and richly illustrated with engravings of scenes and persons referred to in the text.

To the work of Mrs. Thompson has been added a sketch of Epworth by the Rev. Arthur Copeland, A.M., a member of our League, who has recently visited the place. This

article, with the extracts from Methodist historians, will enhance the value of the book to all our readers, for with the Epworth League there has been awakened an interest, widespread and deep, in all the places and events connected with the origin of Methodism.

It is recommended that with the reading of this book the map be consulted constantly, and that the journey from place to place be arranged in the form of a tour. It would be a taking plan to imagine the chapter making the tour together from the home to New York, across the ocean to London, and thence following the order of the places as given in the book. Let the members in town prepare the story and tell it to the League, working into the narration the names of their fellow-members in the chapter.

Each place of the series may furnish an evening's entertainment to the League, mingling enjoyment and instruction. Four to six speakers might give each a part of the description, and each member might add a sentiment or a sentence from the quotations.

In many homes are abundant stores of photographs, books of travel containing illustrations, etc., which might be shown at the meeting as each place is under discussion. The magic-lantern may be used to exhibit pictures of the places referred to, and "slides" may be hired from dealers if none are in the possession of the members.

While the tour is in progress let a map of Great Britain hang upon the wall of the chapter-room. The best map is not always one purchased from the dealer. There may be undeveloped talent in map-drawing in the membership, which will handle a bit of charcoal and make a sheet of manilla paper present the picture of the British Isles. Or England may first be drawn and then Scotland, upon separate sheets, while each is under discussion.

Poetry, too, will add an interest to the places. With the scenes in Scotland extracts from Robert Burns and Sir

Walter Scott may be chosen, which will give a delightful evening.

We commend this book to its readers in the Epworth League, not doubting that they will find enjoyment and instruction in its pages.

JESSE L. HURLBUT.

NEW YORK, *September* 10, 1890.

I.

LONDON

LONDON, the capital and metropolis of England, is located on the Thames River about fifty miles from its mouth. It covers an area of one hundred and twenty-two square miles, which includes a portion of three counties—Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent.

The Thames divides London into two unequal parts.

The population exceeds four million, a greater number than the united population of the New England States.

According to Baedeker, "there are in London more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Jews than in Palestine, and more Roman Catholics than in Rome!"

London includes ten parliamentary boroughs. The city has its own government, of which the lord mayor is the chief officer, and its own police force, numbering 10,000.

• The city is irregularly laid out. Under-ground it is tunneled by the Metropolitan Railway, which has an annual patronage of about seventy million passengers.

The common division given to the part of London lying on the north bank of the Thames, is East End and West End. Temple Bar is the dividing point.

Dickens has made us so familiar with London streets that Oxford, Regent, and Fleet Streets, Piccadilly, The Mall, The Strand, Ludgate Hill, Holborn, and Cheapside seem like old acquaintances.

What inexhaustible food for speculation do the streets of London afford! . . . The appearance presented by the streets of London an hour before sunrise on a summer's morning is most striking even to the few whose unfortunate pursuits of pleasure, or scarcely less unfortunate pursuit of business cause them to be well acquainted with the scene. There is an air of cold, solitary desolation about the noiseless streets

which we are accustomed to see thronged at other times by a busy, eager crowd, and over the quiet, closely-shut buildings, which throughout the day are swarming with life and bustle, that is very impressive. . . . An hour wears away; the spires of the churches and roofs of the principal buildings are faintly tinged with the light of the rising sun; and the streets, by almost imperceptible degrees, begin to resume their bustle and animation. Market carts roll slowly along; the sleepy waggoner impatiently urging on his tired horses, or vainly endeavoring to awaken the boy, who, luxuriously stretched on the top of the fruit-baskets, forgets, in happy oblivion, his long cherished curiosity to behold the wonders of London. . . . Eleven o'clock, and a new set of people fill the streets. The goods in the shop-windows are invitingly arranged; the shop-men, in their white neckerchiefs and spruce coats, look as if they couldn't clean a window if their lives depended on it; the carts have disappeared from Covent Garden; the waggons have returned, and the costermongers repaired to their ordinary "beats" in the suburbs: clerks are at their offices, and gigs, cabs, omnibuses, and saddle-horses are conveying their masters to the same destination. The streets are thronged with a vast concourse of people, gay and shabby, rich and poor, idle and industrious; and we come to the heat, bustle, and activity of noon.—*Dickens*.

Through Fleet Street and The Strand—what a world! Here come the ever-thronging, ever-rolling waves of life, pressing and whirling on in their tumultuous career. Here day and night pours the stream of human beings, receding amid the roar and din and clatter of the passing vehicles, like the tide of some great combat. . . . There is a sublimity in this human Niagara that makes one look on his own race with something of awe.—*Bayard Taylor*.

The various shifting, motley crowd that belong to Oxford Street, and Oxford Street alone! What thoroughfares equal thee in the variety of human specimens.—*Anon*.

You would think London Strand the main artery of the world. I suppose there is no thoroughfare on the face of the earth where the stream of human life runs with a tide so overwhelming.—*N. P. Willis*.

The tide rolls on in one incessant current, from early in the morning until late at night; and the stranger soon finds he might as well wait for the waters of the Rhine to exhaust themselves, and run their channels dry, as to wait for some of the principal streets of London city to clear themselves of their immense moving multitude.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

I thought my experience in New York streets had prepared me for London; but on emerging into the London streets for the first time I found my mistake. I was fairly stunned and bewildered by the tremendous rush

of humanity that poured down through Oxford Street, through Holborn, on to the city, or otherwise down toward Whitechapel, Lombard Street, the Bank, and the Exchange.—*Curtis Guild.*

The history of London previous to the occupancy of Britain by the Romans is somewhat indefinite.

Historians differ as to the exact site and size of Roman London, called Londinium, but it is certain that under the Roman reign London became a city of great commercial importance, also a military stronghold.

From 449 to 851 London was held by the Saxons; from 851 to 1056, part of the time by the Saxons and part of the time by Danes; from 1056 to 1154, by the Normans. During this period charters were granted by William the Conqueror and Henry I.

In the Plantagenet reign, from 1154 to 1339, charters were granted by Richard I. and King John. A great number of convents and hospitals were established; the Jews were expelled from the city; Smithfield was established as a place of execution; the Wat Tyler rebellion occurred; many public buildings were erected.

In the Tudor reign, from 1485 to 1603, the Warbeck rebellion took place; the monasteries and friaries were suppressed; Sir Thomas Wyatt made an unsuccessful attempt to gain possession of the city. This period is remarkable for the number of eminent men and women living in the city, especially during Elizabeth's reign, and for the rapid increase of the city in size and commercial importance.

In the Stuart reign, from 1603 to 1714, the Plague twice visited London. In the civil war, occurring in the reign of Charles I., the city espoused the cause of Parliament and was extensively fortified. The great fire commenced September 2, 1666, and lasted four days. The city was deprived of its charter by Charles II., but received it again from James II.

From the accession of George I. up to the present time,

London has grown rapidly, and it is to-day "the emporium of England, the center of its great monetary transactions, the home of its science, literature, and art, and the yearly resort of its aristocratic and landed proprietor classes."

The *world* of London.—*Scott*.

This mighty wilderness, the city—no, not the city, but the *nation* of London.—*De Quincey*.

The metropolis of the world.—*D. R. Locke*.

London, the heart of the British Empire.—*Joseph Hatton*.

The greatest city in the civilized world.—*F. R. Stockton*.

London, the trysting-place of the globe.—*H. Taine*.

The great marine gate-way of England. . . . The great heart of human activity.—*Olive R. Seward*.

London itself a pantomime and a masquerade.—*Charles Lamb*.

The vast city of cities.—*Chambers's Journal*.

London, that great Babel.—*Irving*.

The great chameleon city.—*Walter Thornbury*.

London, the tuberosity of modern civilization.—*Carlyle*.

The city of the world. . . . The giant city London.—*William A. Drew*.

London, a giddy whirl of life.—*Froude*.

A city within a city.—*Frank Leslie's Monthly*.

London, that huge Hubbub.—*Frances Ann Kemble*.

Dear, droll, distracting town.—*Pope*.

London, a gigantic labyrinthine puzzle.—*Chambers's Miscellany*.

It is a strange, many-sided world, this world of London.—*M. D. Conway*.

London is an ocean. . . . London is so vast and interminable, and dark, a boundless contiguity of shade.—*H. M. Fields D.D.*

No other city is so heterogeneous, or presents so many contrasts in close proximity.—*Andrew P. Peabody*.

London is an inexhaustible store of wonders.—*Zachariah Allen*.

A vast aggregation of bricks, mortar, traffic, population, magnificence, and want.—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

London is—London.—*Louise C. Moulton*.

A vast reality which it requires time and study to get an idea of.—*C. C. Felton*.

London is two or three New Yorks rolled into one.—*Curtis Guild*.

The great heart of the modern world—the great city of our reverence and love. . . . This historic capital.—*William Winter.*

This great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests.—*Addison.*

A vast seething caldron. . . . A perplexed labyrinth of streets and lanes, and untraceable ranges of buildings, that seemed the huddled up fragments of a fractured puzzle.—*Hugh Miller.*

London, the world's great city, the nation's bazar.—*Hezekiah Butlerworth.*

London has become, in fact, a world within itself.—*Joel Cook.*

London is the head, the brain, the heart, the noble *viscus* of our body politic.—*John F. Murray.*

The head-quarters of the trade and commerce of the country. Here every thing is brought to a focus, and every interest has its representative.—*John Murray.*

To paint London is felt to be as impossible as to paint *chaos*.—*Rev. George Gilfillan.*

Sir John Herschel somewhat unctuously called London "the center of the *terrene globe*." Emerson says that all things precious, or useful, or amusing, or intoxicating, are sucked into English commerce and floated to London. A recent writer, speaking of the metropolis, says that "London is an epitome of the world, a museum of all human anatomies, a mirror for all the passions, a show-room for all the antiquities and splendors, a universal gala ground, and a perpetual mourning house." London is also the metropolis of the world's literature.—*Harper's Magazine.*

London has become the world's money center and the clearing-house of all exchanges. . . . London compels the world's business to pass through it, and thus becomes the great custodian of other people's money, and, as a consequence, takes toll and tribute from all.—*Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.*

The great sight in London is—London. No man understands himself as an infinitesimal until he has been a drop in that ocean, a grain of sand on that sea-margin, a mote in its sunbeam, or the fog or smoke which stands for it; in plainer phrase, a unit among its millions.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The Brobdiagnagian size of the place confounded me. It covered a superficies the mind could not compass. . . . Let no local magnate, with an immense sense of his self-importance, come to London. The discovery of his insignificance might be fatal.—*Henry Wikoff.*

So vast is she that one might walk her streets constantly for a month without retracing his steps.—*O. R. Burchard, A.M.*

Every day my amazement increased at the extent, the activity and wealth of London.—*J. P. Durbin, D.D.*

Let a stranger be placed in the center of the metropolis, and take what direction he will, he cannot fail, from the distance he has to walk before he reaches the outskirts, to be struck with amazement at its enormous extent.—*James Grant.*

To one of observation and reflection and adequate knowledge, every thing in London is *suggestive*.—*Charles Knight.*

Every inch of London is historic ground.—*Prof. J. S. Lee.*

It has been said that Paris is France. In a far greater sense may it be said that London is England.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

London is the greatest city of which we have trustworthy historical information; and certainly the most important politically, as well as commercially, now in existence.—*W. J. L.*

By taste and wealth proclaimed
The fairest capital of all the world.—*Cowper.*

The two great capitals of the earth—Rome and London.—*William Ware.*

Magnitude is the distinguishing characteristic of London.—*Ibid.*

I was, I must confess, overwhelmed by the immensity of London.—*Notes of a Pedestrian Tour.*

A look at it will soon satisfy one how true it is that, compared to London, all other cities are but villages.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

London is a vast aggregation of streets and houses, or in fact of towns and cities, which have to be mastered in detail.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

This city of our fathers, consecrated by so much genius, so much worth, so much righteous endurance in the cause of secular and religious truth.—*Eliza Meteyard.*

London with its splendors, and its queernesses, its squares, fountains, equipages, cabmen, well-dressed and well-mannered circles.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

In London, most that strikes the eye is the work of the present century.—*G. A. Simcox.*

In London there has been no halt, no pause, no obscure epoch, dividing what *was* from what *is*.—*Sarah B. Wister.*

London looms before us, colossal, somber as a picture by Rembrandt. "The universe tends to this center. Like a heart to which blood flows, and from which it pours, money, goods, business arrive hither from the four quarters of the globe, and flow thence to the distant poles." London is the eye of

the world. Regarded from a myriad aspect, it still overawes us by its unrealizable dimensions. It is the city of extremes—the home of the obscure and the great; it ministers to the humility of the one and affords scope to the loftiest ambition of the other. . . . Here, indeed, is a boundless field for the archaeologist, the man of letters, the historian, the antiquarian, and other investigators in a thousand fields of knowledge.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

O gleaming lamps of London, that gem the city's crown,
What fortunes lie within you, O lights of London town.

—*George R. Sims*.

London is not one but ten or twelve great cities; it is the only city in the world which is at once the center of a vast empire, the port of the commerce of the world, the seat of the finance of the world, the home of the oldest monarchy, of the oldest Parliament, and some of the oldest foundations, religious, legal, and municipal, to be found in Europe.—*Frederic Harrison*.

The intellectual man is struck with London as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.—*Boswell*.

That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains.—*Thomas Arnold, D.D.*

The very atmosphere of London, surcharged as it seems with the grandest, fearfulest, proudest, and mournfulest memories of our common race.—*Grace Greenwood*.

When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.—*Ben Jonson*.

I remember to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom Brown's works) that let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion be what it will, he can find company in London to match it.—*Goldsmith*.

All English history, law, literature, religion, have met in London, and have radiated from London as from a common center.—*Prof. James M. Hoppin*.

Where has pleasure such a field,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London?—*Cowper*.

O city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.—*Milton*.

Earth hath not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!— *Wordsworth.*

(*Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803.*)

Among the places to which daily excursions may be easily made from London are Windsor, a country residence of the queen; Hampton Court, built by Cardinal Wolsey, and intimately associated with the lives of English sovereigns down to the reign of the Georges; Richmond, where Elizabeth often held her court, and where she died, March 24, 1603; Kew Gardens; the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham; and Dulwich College, containing a famous picture gallery.

The West End of London includes the fashionable portion of the city, and here are located the greater number of the public parks, squares, and buildings.

The parks are for the use of the public, and are well patronized by poor people, invalids, and children. They are called "the lungs of London."

Regent's Park lies between Marylebone Road and Primrose Hill. A drive-way, called the Outer Circle, extends around the park, which is one of the largest in London, and in the north-east portion of its extensive grounds is located the famous Zoological Gardens of London.

Not far from and south of Regent's is Hyde Park, the favorite and fashionable resort of English aristocracy for walking, carriage and horseback riding. The principal hour

for driving is from five to seven in the afternoon, when Rotten Row, forming the southern boundary of the park, is thronged with elegant equipages. The principal hour for horseback riding is from twelve to two. The park contains three hundred and ninety acres, and is adjoined on the west by Kensington Gardens.

The finest square in London is Trafalgar, containing the magnificent monument of Lord Nelson, erected in commemoration of his death at Trafalgar, October 22, 1805. This square is located at the western terminus of the Strand, at the junction of several streets.

While in London the queen resides at Buckingham Palace, the Prince of Wales at the Marlborough House. Both these buildings have a frontage on The Mall and St. James Park.

Adjoining the Marlborough House, on the west, is St. James Palace, built by Henry VIII. in 1532. Here Queen Mary died November 17, 1558; here Charles I. spent the night preceding his execution, January 30, 1649; here resided the English monarchs from William III. to George IV.; and in its royal chapel Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were married February 10, 1840.

The National Gallery, on Trafalgar Square; the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, on Piccadilly; the Grosvenor and the Doré Galleries, on New Bond Street, are among the many exhibitions of paintings by famous artists, both living and dead. The Turner collection, at the National Gallery, is very celebrated.

The South Kensington Museum is only a short walk from Hyde Park. This museum was established in 1857, for the purpose of founding a school where men and women could be thoroughly instructed in the departments of art and science, also for "the purchase and exhibition of objects of art, and the establishment of art galleries."

The present buildings of South Kensington Museum contain:

1. The Museum of Ornamental or Applied Art, a collection of 20,000

modern and mediæval works of art, and plaster casts or electrotpe reproductions of ancient and modern works, partly belonging to the museum, and partly on loan.

2. The National Gallery of British Art, or Picture Gallery, on the upper floor.

3. The Art Library, consisting of 50,000 volumes, and a collection of 17,000 drawings, 60,000 engravings, and 45,000 photographs.

4. The School of Art, in which drawing, painting, and modeling are taught.—*Baedeker's Guide-Book.*

The apartments appropriated to the National Gallery of British Art include the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, seven in number, representing scriptural subjects, and executed in 1515-16; the famous Sheepshank's collection of pictures; and the "Historical Collection of British Water-Color Drawings."

The Houses of Parliament are on the banks of the Thames, contiguous to Westminster Abbey and Westminster Bridge. These buildings cover eight acres, and contain 1,100 rooms, 100 staircases, and 11 courts. The different apartments are variously adorned with statuary, paintings, frescoes, gothic decorations, mosaics, stained glass windows, and handsome furnishings. The principal rooms, open to the public every Saturday, are the House of Peers and House of Commons, Westminster Hall, Queen's Robing Room, Victoria Gallery, St. Stephen's Hall and Crypt.

Westminster Hall, the oldest and most historical room, was founded by William Rufus in 1097. Here were held the earliest English Parliaments; here sentence of death was passed upon William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, Guy Fawkes, Charles I., and many other eminent Englishmen; here Oliver Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector in 1653; here was held the famous trial of the impeachment of Warren Hastings, lasting from February 13, 1788, to April 23, 1795.

Westminster witnessed the coronation festivals of all the English monarchs until the reign of George IV. Previous

to 1882 the lord mayor's oath of office was annually administered here. This ceremony is now performed at the Royal Courts of Justice, a magnificent block of buildings on the east end of the Strand, near Temple Bar.

The House of Lords and House of Commons form the British Parliament. The House of Lords includes lords spiritual, consisting of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and twenty-four bishops; and lords temporal, consisting of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, numbering about five hundred, whose office is hereditary and held for life, unless forfeited by a criminal offense or by an act of Parliament.

Scotland returns to this House sixteen peers, whose term is limited to a single Parliament. Ireland returns twenty-eight, who are chosen for life.

The House of Commons is elective, and has six hundred and seventy members.

It is the privilege of the queen to convoke, continue, or dissolve Parliament.

According to custom the sessions are held annually during the first half of the year, convening daily at four P. M., except Wednesdays, when they sit from twelve to six, and Saturdays, when they are generally suspended altogether.

The services of both lords and commons are gratuitous.

The East End of London includes the business portions of the city. Here the commercial interests center, and the money is made. The principal public buildings are the Bank, Exchange, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Tower.

Among the famous sights of this part of London are the docks. It is no unusual thing to see in them hundreds of vessels, with, perhaps, a thousand on the river. There are many days when three thousand men are required to do the work.

The Bank of England, Royal Exchange, and Mansion House (the official residence of the lord mayor) are contig-

uous to each other, at the junction of seven streets, and only a short distance from London Bridge.

Inclosed by a net-work of streets, with its grand entrance facing Ludgate Hill, stands the famous Cathedral of St. Paul's. The church was built during the administration of one bishop, and under the auspices of one master mason and one architect. It was erected between 1675 and 1710. The bills were paid from a tax levied on the coal brought into London during this period. The form of the church is a Latin cross. The nave is 500 feet long, the transept 250. The width of the nave is 118 feet, and the height from the pavement to the top of the cross surmounting the dome is 365 feet. The great bell weighs 18 tons. Charlotte Brontë, during her first visit to London, thus speaks of it :

The great bell of St. Paul's telling London it was midnight, and well do I recall the deep, deliberate tones, so fully charged with colossal phlegm and force.

The diameter of the dome is 180 feet.

When you near it the mighty dome is lost, but you have always an inward, all-pervading impression of its existence, as you have seen it a thousand times rising in dark majesty over the city; or as, lighted up by the sun, it is sometimes visible from the river, when all minor objects are obliterated in mist.—*A. J. C. Hare.*

The impressiveness of the interior lies in the vastness of its proportions.

The monuments are mainly of distinguished naval and military officers. Among the exceptions are Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer; John Howard, the philanthropist; and Turner, the famous painter. The crypt contains the sarcophagi of Lord Wellington and Lord Nelson. On marble slabs in the floor are engraved many celebrated names, including Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Sir Christopher Wren. The latter has the following inscription:

Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public. Reader, do you seek his monument? Look around you!



LONDON TOWER FROM THE THAMES.

St. Paul's appeared to me unspeakably grand and noble, and the more so from the throng and bustle continually going on around its base without in the least disturbing the sublime repose of its great dome, and, indeed, of all its massive height and breadth. Other edifices may crowd close to its foundation, and people may tramp as they like about it; but still the great cathedral is as quiet and serene as if it stood in the middle of Salisbury Plain. There cannot be any thing else in its way so good in the world as just this effect of St. Paul's in the very heart and densest tumult of London. . . . This cathedral was full of light, and the light was proper to it. There were no painted windows, no dim recesses, but a wide and airy space beneath the dome; and even through the long perspective of the nave there was no obscurity, but one lofty and beautifully rounded arch succeeding to another, as far as the eye could reach. . . . It is beautiful and grand. I love its remote distances and wide, clear spaces, its airy massiveness, its noble arches, its sky-like dome.—*Hawthorne.*

The famous Tower of London is located on the banks of the Thames, near St. Katherine Docks. It is composed of several buildings, including thirteen towers, and covering thirteen acres. The White Tower is the oldest, having been built by William the Conqueror in 1078. The others have been added by different kings for different purposes. The Tower has been used as a royal palace, prison, and fortress. The custom of using the Tower as the residence of the reigning sovereign ceased on the accession of Elizabeth.

As a prison, the Tower is identified with the most thrilling portion of English history. Here were confined the Scottish prisoners of war taken during the reign of Edwards I. and III.; the victims of rival factions in the reign of Richard II.; French prisoners captured by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, October 25, 1415; under the same king hundreds of Lollards, the name applied to the followers of John Wycliffe; prisoners taken in the War of the Roses; hundreds of religious and political victims in the reign of Henry VIII.; wholesale consignments of Catholic divines and Jesuit priests in the reign of Elizabeth; the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot in the reign of James I.; many noted personages in the reigns of Charles I. and II. After the latter

reign the imprisonments and executions in the Tower gradually decreased, although it was utilized as a prison until the time of the Georges.

Many distinguished personages have, at different times, been confined in the Tower who were either beheaded or murdered within its walls, or taken thence to suffer an ignominious death elsewhere. Among this number was William Wallace, who, August 23, 1305, was transferred from his prison cell in the Tower to Westminster Hall, there tried and condemned, and the same day beheaded at Smithfield.

The eminent Lollard, Sir John Oldcastle, better known as Lord Cobham, was taken from the Tower December 14, 1417, conveyed to St. Giles Fields, and there hung in chains on a gibbet over a slow fire, and roasted to death.

The Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., was put to death within the Tower, in 1478, by being drowned in a butt of malmsey.

At the instigation of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III., the two sons of Edward IV. were murdered in the Tower in 1483.

The following persons were all executed within the walls, on a spot called Tower Hill: Sir Thomas More, an English statesman and philosopher, beheaded July 6, 1535; Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII., beheaded May 19, 1536; Catharine Howard, fifth wife of same king, beheaded in 1542; Lady Jane Grey, beheaded February 12, 1554.

Sir Walter Raleigh was twice confined in the Tower, and during his first imprisonment, from 1605 to 1617, wrote his *History of the World*.

At the present time the Tower is used as a fort, arsenal, and repository for valuable historical relics; also the crown jewels of England.

The White Tower contains the arsenal and an extensive collection of relics, weapons, instruments of torture, and ancient armors. The latter are very interesting, including

suits belonging to different kings, and many worn in famous battles, as Dunbar, Bannockburn, and Bosworth Field.

Record or Wakefield Tower contains the crown jewels, and the gold plate used only at the coronation banquets. Their estimated value is £3,000,000, or \$15,000,000.

On the walls of Beauchamp Tower are ninety-two different names, inscriptions, and devices, placed there by prisoners confined at different times within its walls.

At the north-west corner of the Tower is the Chapel of St. Peter. Beneath its pavement are buried thirty-five of the eminent men and woman executed on Tower Hill.

The Tower shares with the castles of Windsor, Avignon, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Kremlin, the rare peculiarity of being a mediæval fortress of the first class which has not become a ruin or a fragment. But the Tower in its central part is far older than them all. The races which built the Kremlin and the minarets on the Bosphorus were wandering robbers and herdsmen when the White Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe.—*Frederic Harrison.*

The Tower of London! How the scenes of England's history rise before the imagination, in which this old fortress, palace, and prison, by turns, has figured! It is a structure of which every part seems replete with story, and every step the visitor makes brings him to some point that has an interest attached to it from its connection with the history of the past.

The Tower has witnessed some of the proudest pageants of England's glory, and some of the blackest deeds of her tyranny and shame. The names of fair women, brave men, soldiers, sages, monarchs, and nobles,

“Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,”

are twined within its chronicles, and its hard, pitiless stones have frozen hope into despair in some of the noblest hearts that ever beat on English soil.—*Curtis Guild.*

A mass of ramparts, walls, and gates, the most ancient and most poetic pile in Europe. Seen from the outside the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled by remorse. The home of our stoutest kings, the grave of our noblest knights, the scene of our gayest revels, the field of our darkest crimes, that edifice speaks at once to the eye and to the soul. Gray keep, green tree, black gate, and frowning battlement stand out apart from all objects far and near them, menacing, picturesque, enchaining, working on the senses like a spell, and calling us away from our daily mood into a

world of romance, like that which we find painted in light and shadow on Shakespeare's page. . . . Standing on Tower Hill, looking down on the dark lines of wall, picking out keep and turret, bastion and ballium, chapel and belfry—the jewel-house, the armory, the mounts, the casements, the open leads—the bye-ward gate, the belfry, the bloody Tower—the whole edifice seems alive with story; the story of a nation's highest splendor, its deepest misery, and its darkest shame. The soil beneath your feet is richer in blood than many a great battle-field; for out upon this sod has been poured, from generation to generation, a stream of the noblest life in our land.—*William Hepworth Dixon.*

London Tower and the relics that recall the long list of tragedies of ambitious courts and kings.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

This ancient pile, that is invested with more historic interest than any other European palace or prison.—*Curtis Guild.*

Its true historical character is that of the seat of our early government, residence of the kings, and head-quarters of their forces. It is palace, fortress, council-hall, and treasure-house, quite as much as prison. . . . For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to that of the last Tudor, it was from time to time the official residence of our kings, and hence the scene of much of our political history.—*Frederic Harrison.*

Set against the Tower of London—with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame—all other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour.—*William Hepworth Dixon.*

When to-day we entered the Tower the dark and bloody history of England was turned over rapidly and tangibly by the wizard of the past, as each object aroused its familiar and undoubted chronicle. . . . The crowning interest which belongs to the Tower is, that it has been the prison of those who dared to assert the rights of Englishmen, who stood up, in the face of arrogant kings, to proclaim that the people alone had the *divine right* to control their own destiny.—*S. S. Cox.*

I saw before me ramparts, towers, circular and square, with battlemented summits, large sweeps and courses of fortifications, as well as straight and massive walls and chimneys behind them (all in great confusion—to my eye) of ancient and modern structure, and four loftier turrets rising in the midst; the whole great space surrounded by a broad, dry moat, which now seemed to be used as an ornamental walk bordered partly with trees. This was the Tower.—*Hawthorne.*

II. THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SIR HANS SLOANE, a native of Ireland, eminent as a scientist, naturalist, and public benefactor, stipulated in his will that his "cabinet of curiosities," including an extensive collection of minerals, specimens of natural history, and dried plants, also his library of 50,000 volumes, and manuscripts numbering 3,500, should, after his death (which occurred in 1753), be offered to the nation for £20,000, or \$100,000.

The government purchased the collection, which formed the nucleus of the British Museum. To this collection were added the vases and curiosities contributed by the English archæologist, Sir William Hamilton; the manuscripts, 8,000 in number, belonging to the British statesman, Robert Harley; the Cottonian library founded by the English antiquary, Sir Robert Bruce. This valuable collection was then placed in the Montague House, on Great Russell Street, a magnificent residence previously belonging to the Dukes of Montague.

As years passed the treasures of the museum rapidly accumulated, and a larger building became a necessity.

The present structure was built on the same site as the Montague House between 1823 and 1852. It covers seven acres, and has a frontage on Great Russell Street of three hundred and seventy feet. The museum is in the West End of London, only a short walk from the eastern terminus of New Oxford Street. The extent and value of its contents have been constantly increased by the liberality of successive Parliaments, and by extensive gifts and bequests.

Since the completion of the South Kensington Museum, in 1857, and the Natural History Museum, in 1880, its collections have been entirely devoted to antiquities.

Fabulous prices have been paid in the purchase of curiosities, historical relics, and antiquities.

Extensive excavations and collections have been made for the museum under the direct management of the English government in both Egypt and Assyria. In 1845 Henry Austen Layard, an eminent English archæologist, went to Mosul, a town of Asiatic Turkey, on the west bank of the Tigris River, directly opposite Nineveh, the capital of ancient Assyria, for the purpose of making extensive explorations and excavations in this locality. In November, 1845, Mr. Layard commenced to excavate one of the seven large mounds which marked the site of ancient Nineveh. These mounds, which were located at the corners of a trapezium, about 18 miles long, 12 wide, and nearly 60 in circumference, had been, in 1820, surveyed and accurately described by Mr. C. J. Rich, of England.

The first mound opened by Mr. Layard was at Birs Nimrud, and he found it contained the ruins of several distinct edifices, consisting of "halls, chambers, and galleries, paneled with sculptured and inscribed slabs, and opening one into another by door-ways, generally formed by pairs of colossal human-headed and winged bulls or lions." In 1849-50 Mr. Layard was engaged in excavating the mound called Kouyunjik, which he found contained the palace built by Sennacherib, King of Assyria (B. C., 710). This palace covered one hundred acres. About sixty different rooms were discovered by Layard, and the walls were covered with inscriptions and bass-reliefs. Many of these inscriptions recount the wars of Sennacherib. At the entrance of twenty-seven of the door-ways discovered in this mound stood human-headed lions and bulls twenty feet in height. The contents of both of these mounds were, as far as it was practicable, transferred to the British Museum.

William K. Loftus, another distinguished English archæologist, explored the sites of ancient cities on the Tigris and

Euphrates from 1849 to 1852, and collected a quantity of antiquities which were all sent to this museum.

George Smith, an English Oriental scholar who made the study of cuneiform text his sole occupation, spent some time in Nineveh, and obtained over three thousand inscriptions on stone tablets and alabaster slabs. Other eminent archæologists were sent from England to Nineveh, and important collections were made by them. All of the antiquities gathered by these men and sent to the museum are placed in chronological order in the Assyrian Gallery.

Charles Townley, an English collector of works of ancient art, during a residence of seven years in Rome, made a large collection of ancient marbles, vases, bronzes, coins, gems, which, after his death, was purchased by the English government and placed in the museum.

There has been no stinting of expense in making this institution what, without dispute, it certainly is, the finest antiquarian gallery in the world. In some departments it has no peer.

All the ancient nations of the earth have contributed something toward increasing the number and interest of the extensive and wonderful collection of antiquities.

No admission is charged in visiting the museum. With the exception of Sundays, Good Friday, and Christmas Day, the museum is open daily at ten A. M. The hour for closing varies with the seasons, but is never earlier than four P. M.

If the tourist has plenty of time and wishes to make a careful study of the different collections he had better purchase one of the catalogues, always on sale in the museum, as they contain minute descriptions of every thing and are thoroughly reliable.

The three most important departments in the museum are the Egyptian Gallery, the Assyrian Gallery, and the Elgin Room. In case of limited time these three should be visited to the exclusion of all the others.

The contents of the British Museum are at present arranged in eight sections, each under the special superintendence of an under-librarian, or keeper. These sections are as follows: Printed books (maps and plans), manuscripts, prints and drawings, Oriental antiquities, British and mediæval antiquities and ethnography, Greek and Roman antiquities, coins and medals, and zoology.—*Baedeker's Guide-Book.*

A national depository of science, literature, and art. . . . A national institution of which the English nation is justly proud, unrivaled in variety, extent, and usefulness of its treasures by any similar institution in the world.—*American Cyclopædia.*

Priceless gifts and bequests, and purchases of large extent, have made the British Museum, with the labor of classification and description expended upon it by generations of learned keepers and assistants, the great center of literature, art, archæology, and science which we find it to-day.—*Murray's Guide-Book.*

A noble building containing the most wonderful and varied collection, from books to statues, medals, relics, and objects of natural history, from all ages and countries, ever gathered in any one place upon the earth.—*Morford's Guide-Book.*

The ancient sculptures in this museum are considered the most perfect in Europe.—*Harper's Guide-Book.*

The collection of books, works of art, antiquities, and curiosities of every kind, is the largest to be found under one roof in the world.—*Satchel Guide.*

Days might be profitably and pleasantly passed in examining the different apartments.—*Official Tourists' Guide.*

The grand receptacle for the arts in which are written the world's civilization.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

An immense collection of art and science.—*Anne Gorham Everett.*

It is a noble institution, and nobly conducted.—*D. C. Eddy.*

It is a world of wonders—an eternity of curiosities.—*Grace Greenwood.*

It is on a magnificent scale, worthy this great nation.—*Catherine M. Sedgwick.*

The completest encyclopædia in the world is the British Museum.—*Bishop Gilbert Haven.*

To go through it is like walking through the avenues of a dead world.—*Prof. James M. Hoppin.*

Trying to give the British Museum a thorough examination is somewhat of a formidable undertaking; for it requires several visits to get even a superficial view of its valuable contents.—*Curtis Guild.*

The British Museum justly stands in the first class of rarities.—*William Hatton.*

There is, perhaps, nothing in London which presents such a concentration of interest to the intelligent and curious stranger as the British Museum. It is a matchless collection of natural history, antiquities, and literature.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

That vast treasure-house of knowledge whose renown is world-wide, the British Museum.—*Joel Cook.*

Only personal and often-repeated inspection, guided, too, by no inconsiderable amount of acquired knowledge and tastes, can give an adequate idea of this wonderful store-house of objects brought hither from all parts of the globe.—*J. Saunders.*

A world of wonders in antiquities and art.—*Prof. J. S. Lee.*

It is worthy all the time one can give to it, if it be a month.—*O. R. Burdard, A.M.*

The whole world and every age of man has contributed to its vast collections.—*L. L. Holden.*

It really requires several visits to the museum, to comprehend its wealth of materials for the student in almost every branch of science and of study.—*P. B. Cogswell.*

The building is very fine, but the inside—that is every thing.—*J. O. Choules.*

This immense collection would of itself have occupied profitably our whole time in London.—*Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.*

It was pleasant, indeed, to see the treasures of those galleries of the British Museum.—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

Since it is by the application of knowledge to practical life that progress is ever effected, the museum gives the means of better action, in giving the means of knowledge to the people.—*T. Nichols.*

One need not go beyond the limits of the British Museum to be profoundly accomplished in all branches of science, art, and literature: only it would take a life-time to exhaust it in any one department.—*Hawthorne.*

A collection of antiquities, such as that in the British Museum, presents an interest so varied that there is hardly any class of spectators that may not find there instruction and recreation.—*C. T. Newton.*

Among the institutions of its kind in the British empire, and, indeed, in the whole world, no one takes precedence of the British Museum.—*Andrew P. Peabody.*

You may travel through Mexico, Peru, and Chili for ten years, and in all

that time never see one-hundredth part of the vestiges of their primitive life and history which you shall see in the British Museum.—*M. D. Conway.*

The British Museum is a magnificent building, and, for the treasures with which its halls are filled, certainly the grandest in the world.—*Ida Pfeiffer.*

A sensation came over me as I stood among the veritable remains of Nineveh, Thebes, Greece, and Rome, such as I never realized before. They were to my mind the demonstration of history, sacred and profane. Let the deriders of the Bible visit the British Museum. I felt as if I saw what Jonah saw—very possibly I did; for he saw Nineveh before its ruin, and its ruins before me were the veritable ones of old.—*William A. Drew.*

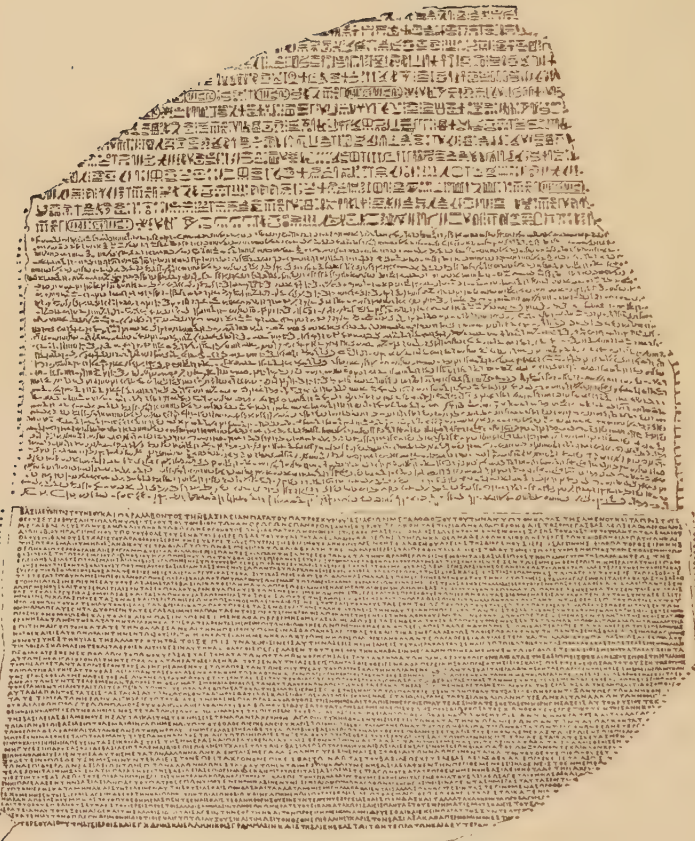
A poor man in London has great opportunities of cultivating himself if he will only make the best of them; and such an institution as the British Museum can hardly fail to attract, as the magnet does steel, the minds that are likeliest to be benefited by it in its various departments. I saw many children there, and some ragged boys.—*Hawthorne.*

The British Museum is not only the resort of the curious in antiquities and the studious in ancient and modern lore—it is also a great popular resort, an inestimable boon to the masses.—*George M. Towle.*

The British Museum is filled to overflowing with almost countless "specimens," or examples, of *work*. The work is that of nature and that of man.—*T. Nichols.*

The British Museum is an astonishing collection; and very astonishing is the history of creation and the human family which it forms. Such, it strikes me, is the proper view in which to regard it; it is a great many-chaptered work of authentic history, beginning on the existing one—taking up and pursuing through many sections the master production, man—exhibiting in the Egyptian section, not only what he did, but what he was—illustrating in the Grecian and Roman sections the perfectibility of his conceptions in all that relates to external form—indicating in the Middle-Age section a refolding of his previously developed powers, as if they had shrunk under some chill and wintry influence—exhibiting in the concluding section a broader and more general blow of sentiment and faculty than that of his earlier spring-time—nay, demonstrating the fact of more confirmed maturity, in the very existence and arrangement of such a many-volumed history of the earth and its productions as this great collection constitutes.—*Hugh Miller.*

From Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome we see objects of wonderful interest standing as mute witnesses of the religion, occupation, taste, wealth, and grandeur of those ancient nations.



THE INSCRIPTION ON THE ROSETTA STONE.

Egypt contributes antiquities ranging from B. C. 3000 to A. D. 640. Among them we find the famous Rosetta Stone, discovered by a French officer in 1799 near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. The stone is a black basalt tablet, three feet long, two and a half broad, and about ten inches thick. The inscriptions thereon are celebrated as furnishing the key by which the English physicist, Thomas Young, and the French Egyptologist, Champollion, translated the language of hieroglyphics into modern tongues.

There are wonderful relics from Thebes and Memphis; two colossal lions in red granite from Nubia; statues in black granite, basalt, and sandstone; idols, sarcophagi, and sacred animals in stone; armors and weapons; tombs belonging to the age of the Ptolemys and Rameses; monuments of ancient sovereigns; implements of industry; ornaments, vases, and toys; mummies sufficient in number, if transformed into human beings, to people a thriving New England village.

Of those portions of the museum which illustrates the history of the human mind in that of the arts, I was most impressed by the Egyptian section. The utensils which it exhibits that associate with the old domesticities of the Egyptians—the little household implements which had ministered to the lesser comforts of the subjects of the Pharaohs—seem really more curious—at any rate, more strange in their familiarity—than those exquisite productions of genius, the Laocoons, and Apollo Belvideres, and Venus de Medicis, and Phidian Jupiters, and Elgin Marbles, which the Greek and Roman sections exhibit. . . . What most impressed me, however, were the Egyptians themselves—the men of three thousand years ago, still existing entire in their frame-work of bone, muscle, and sinew.—*Hugh Miller.*

The Egyptian Galleries contain an endless collection of antiquities from that ancient land. From Memphis there are old monuments, fragments of statues, slabs with innumerable hieroglyphics; while old Thebes, the capital of ancient Egypt, seems to have been ransacked to have furnished slabs, stones, carvings, fragments of monuments, hieroglyphical inscriptions, and sarcophagi. In these galleries we saw the granite statue of Rameses II., the colossal granite head and shoulders from the Memnonium at Thebes; the head of a colossal ram from an avenue of them which leads up to the gate-way of one of the great palaces at Karnak; here were two granite

lions from Nubia; a colossal head brought from Karnak by Belzjoni, and heaps of carved plunder stolen from old Egypt by British travelers and the British government; mummies, articles taken from mummy pits, ornaments, vases, Egyptian papyri, monuments cut by chisels two thousand years before Christ; implements the very use of which can now only be surmised; carvings of scenes in domestic life that are guessed at, and of battles, feasts, sieges, and triumphs, of which no other record exists—a wonder to the curious, and a not-yet-solved problem to the scholar.—*Curtis Guild.*

The Egyptian remains are, on the whole, the more satisfactory; for, though inconceivably ugly, they are at least miracles of size and ponderosity—for example, a hand and arm of polished granite as much as ten feet in length. . . . These gigantic statues are certainly very curious. I saw a hand and arm up to the shoulder fifteen feet in length, and made of some stone that seemed harder and heavier than granite, not having lost its polish in all the rough usage that it has undergone. There was a fist on a still larger scale, almost as big as a hogshead; hideous, blubber-lipped faces of giants; and human shapes with beasts' heads on them.—*Hawthorne.*

Among the most interesting objects from Assyria is a collection of bass-reliefs taken from the royal palace of Sennacherib in Nineveh. Some of these reliefs "are executed in alabaster and some in light-gray limestone." Their date is B. C. 721–625, and they were excavated under the supervision of Sir H. A. Layard from 1849–50.

The monuments obtained by Mr. Layard from Kouyunjik are stated to date from the supposed era of the destruction of Nineveh, and were procured from the remains of a very extensive Assyrian edifice, which appears, from the inscriptions remaining on many of its sculptures, to have been the palace of Sennacherib, who is presumed to have commenced his reign about B. C. 700. For the most part, these remains consist of large slabs of alabaster on lime stone, covered with carved figures and inscriptions, which occupied the place of panels in the walls of the palace. One group of slabs, six in number, formed originally part of a series illustrating the architectural works of King Sennacherib, including, probably, the construction of the very edifice from which the slabs were obtained. On two of them is seen the conveyance of a colossal human-headed bull, lying side-ways on a sledge, which is propelled over wooden rollers, partly by ropes in front, partly by a lever behind. On one side is a lofty mound, which laborers are erecting with stones or earth, and which is, perhaps, designed for the platform of the future palace. The workmen are guarded by soldiers, and superintended by Sennacherib himself, in a chariot drawn by two men. A similar mound is

represented on the next slab, with an adjoining stone quarry or clay pit, where the materials of construction are prepared; whilst on the succeeding one is a portion of a group moving some weighty object. On the next slab is another colossal bull, represented as before; and on the last is depicted the monarch, in his chariot, directing some operation sculptured on a lost portion of the series. The background of the slabs exhibit men carrying axes, saws, ropes, and other implements; and along the top are representations of the natural scenery of the country, water filled with fish, anglers floating on inflated skins, boats, banks lined with trees, and a jungle of reeds, in which are deer and a wild sow with her young.—*Edward Walford.*

Mr. Loftus, in his report, observes: "The excavations carried on at the western angle of the North Palace, Kouyunjik, continue to reveal many interesting and important facts, and to determine several points which were previously doubtful. . . . This highly interesting series of bass-reliefs, which has now been placed in a lower chamber in the British Museum . . . represents the siege and capture of Lachish, as described in the Second Book of Kings, and in the inscriptions on the human-headed bulls. Sennacherib himself is seen seated on his throne, and receiving the submission of the inhabitants of the city, whilst he had sent his generals to demand the tribute of payment from Hezekiah. The defenders of the castle walls and the prisoners, tortured and crouching at the conqueror's feet, are Jews; and the sculptor has evidently endeavored to indicate the peculiar physiognomy of the race and dress of the people."—*Museum of Antiquity.*

I passed through an Assyrian room, where the walls are lined with great slabs of marble sculptured in bass-relief with scenes in the life of Sennacherib, I believe; very ugly, to be sure, yet artistically done in their own style, and in wonderfully good preservation. Indeed, if the chisel had cut its last stroke in them yesterday, the work could not be more sharp and distinct. In glass cases, in this room, are little relics and scraps of utensils, and a great deal of fragmentary rubbish, dug up by Layard in his researches—things that it is hard to call any thing but trash, but which may be of great significance as indicating the modes of life of a long-past race. I remember nothing particular just now, except some pieces of broken glass, iridescent with certainly the most beautiful hues in the world—indescribably beautiful, and unimaginably, unless one can conceive of the colors of the rainbow and a thousand glorious sunsets, and the autumnal forest-leaves of America, all condensed upon a little fragment of a glass cup, and that, too, without becoming in the least glaring or flagrant, but mildly glorious, as we may fancy the shifting hues of an angel's wing may be. I think this chaste splendor will glow in my memory for years to come. It is the effect of time, and cannot be imitated by any known process of art. I have seen it in specimens

of old Roman glass, which has been famous here in England; but never in any thing is there the brilliancy of these Oriental fragments. How strange that decay, in these dark places, and under-ground, and where there are a billion chances to one that nobody will ever see its handiwork, should produce these beautiful effects! The glass seems to become perfectly brittle, so that it would vanish, like a soap-bubble, if touched.—*Hawthorne.*

From Greece and Rome there are busts, statues, sarcophagi, bass-reliefs, mosaics, and marbles.

The Mausoleum Room contains the remains of the celebrated Mausoleum of Halicarnassus. This famous monument was built B. C. 352, under the direction of Artemisia, in memory of her husband, Prince Mausolus. It was discovered at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, by Newton, in 1857, and is counted one of the Seven Wonders of the world.

It was an edifice like an Ionic temple, raised on a lofty basement, and surmounted on a pyramid, with a chariot group on the summit. The whole was of Parian marble. Its architects were Satyros and Pythios. Four great sculptors—Scopas, Leochares, Bryaxis, and Timotheos—were employed on its decorations; a fifth, probably Pythios, made the crowning chariot group. From its beauty the name of mausoleum came to be applied to all similar monuments. The Mausoleum of Halicarnassus is mentioned by Vitruvius, Pliny, and Lucian, and is alluded to as a still-existing wonder by Eustathius, who wrote in the twelfth century.—*A. J. C. Hare.*

Four rooms are devoted to ancient vases.

There are, perhaps, but few relics of antiquity which deserve, and indeed attract, greater notice than these venerable remains of ancient art. . . . To attempt to give an explanation of the different subjects displayed on them would require a very great amount of classical knowledge; the greater part seemed related to the legends and rites of Bacchus, as the figures and attributes, nine out of ten, are connected with his worship; many of the subjects are taken from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, or from the real or fabulous history of ancient Greece; some in the collection represent gymnastic games, and we are told that the reward of the victor was often the presentation of a simple earthen vase. The circumstance of the designs being better and more accurately executed on some of them on one side than the other, seem to denote that they were placed in some sacred depository, and not intended to be moved, as vases in common use; some have no bottom, and such are always of a long and narrow shape. Many of the designs on these

vases would appear to have been executed when the grand style of art existed, and the natural grace in the actions and movements of the figures is admirable.—*British Museum Guide-Book*.

The Portland Vase, which is very famous, is kept in the Medal and Gold Ornament Room. Its name comes from the owner, the Duke of Portland.

The vase was exhibited to the public down to 1845, when it was broken to pieces by a madman named Lloyd. It was afterward, however, so skillfully reconstructed, that there is now scarcely any trace of the disaster. The vase, which is about one foot in height, is of a dark-blue glass, adorned with beautifully cut reliefs in opaque white glass, and was found in a tomb at Rome, in the early part of the seventeenth century.—*Baedeker's Guide-Book*.

The museum contains an extensive collection of Anglo-Roman and Anglo-Saxon antiquities found in England; British antiquities belonging to the pre-Roman period; ancient glass vessels, pottery, and majolica ware; wonderful ivory carvings; a bronze room containing Etruscan, Greek, and Roman works; and the finest collection of gold ornaments, gems, medals, and coins to be found in Europe.

Lord Elgin, a British diplomatist, while ambassador to Constantinople was granted the privilege by the Porte, or government of the Turkish empire, to take from the ruins of ancient Athens "any stones that might appear interesting to him." For ten years Lord Elgin was engaged in collecting specimens of sculpture taken mostly from the Parthenon at Athens.

The Parthenon stood on the north side of the Acropolis, and was built (B. C. 440) by Ictinos, the celebrated Greek architect and contemporary of Pericles.

The sculptures with which the Parthenon was so extensively decorated were executed under the direction of the famous sculptor Phidias, and have been pronounced the finest specimen of plastic art in the world.

After making his collection Lord Elgin had them shipped to England. They were purchased by the English govern-

ment in 1816 for £35,000, or \$175,000, and placed in the British Museum, under the name of the Elgin Marbles. They occupy an apartment by themselves called the Elgin Room.

On entering the room we perceive on our left a model of the Parthenon, in the state in which it was left after its bombardment by the Venetian General, Morosini, in 1687. Then follow the remains of the East Pediment, representing the birth of Athena, who, according to Greek mythology, issued in full armor from the head of Zeus. . . . The remains of the West Pediment are on the opposite side of the room. . . . The subject of the sculptures is the strife of Minerva and Neptune for the soil of Athens. . . . Around the whole of the hall, at a height of about four and a half feet from the ground, we observe the frieze (about one hundred and seventy-five yards long), which ran round the outside of the cella (or inner sanctuary) under the colonnade inclosing the Parthenon. It forms a connected whole, and represents chiefly, in very low relief, the festive procession which ascended to the Acropolis at the end of the Panathenæa, for the purpose of presenting to the goddess a peplos, or robe, woven and embroidered by the Athenian virgins. . . . Above the frieze on the west wall of the room are fifteen Metopæ, and a cast of another from the Parthenon, being the sculptures which filled the intervals between the triglyphs of the external frieze. They represent the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ.—*Baedeker's Guide-Book.*

The Elgin Marbles are now acknowledged to be the most precious collection existing of specimens of Greek art in its purest state.—*Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

The marvelous beauty of these reliefs, which was heightened by color, has been long familiar to all the world from numerous illustrated descriptions.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

The Elgin Marbles, executed by Phidias or under his direction, exhibit the highest development of Greek art in the maturity of its splendor. As types of beauty they have never been surpassed, and even in their present fragmentary and mutilated condition they afford models of form which the utmost efforts of modern art have not been able to equal.—*American Cyclopædia.*

The production of the greatest of Greek architects and sculptors.—*Murray.*

Nothing in all art has yet equaled the sculptures of the Parthenon in poetical quality of the very highest order.—*F. T. Palgrave.*

In the Elgin Marbles is seen the essence of a style simple, natural, and grand. . . . They are such examples of art as no one can look upon with

attention, without retiring from the examination with improved ideas of what is truly beautiful.—*Sass.*

Human genius probably never showed itself in more perfect creations than these.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

They are recognized as the masterpiece of Greek art in this or any other country.—*Charles Knight.*

The Elgin Marbles, a collection of exquisite specimens of Grecian art, which have been the wonder and admiration of sculptors, and of all who have taste to appreciate their beauty.—*William A. Drew.*

The sculptures in the Elgin saloon confirm the highest judgment of the perfection which sculpture, as an art, reached among the Greeks: even the fragments speak to us of their wonderful skill and taste, and the refinement of their conceptions of the beautiful.—*George M. Towle.*

The loving conscientiousness witnessed in the execution of these noble works of ancient Greece is an expression of the true and beautiful in man's nature, seeking to satisfy the lofty claims of his higher self, and manifesting its ability so to do.—*Lucy M. Mitchell.*

Were the Elgin Marbles lost there would be as great a gap in art, as there would be in philosophy if Newton had never existed.—*Benjamin Haydon.*

The finest works of art ever produced by human genius.—*Viardot.*

To believe it possible to surpass them, will always be not to know them.—*Montesquieu.*

In these marbles all is truth, the highest truth.—*Dannecker.*

It would be vain to attempt to point out the truly immeasurable wealth of beauty that is displayed in these most splendid of all frieze compositions.—*Lübke.*

These precious relics of art.—*Viardot.*

Goethe thought himself happy to have lived long enough to see the Elgin Marbles; and in 1817 he made the proposition that every German sculptor should be helped to study in London, and if not to become a Phidias, at least to go to school with him.—*Anon.*

Of the Elgin Marbles, William H. Prescott said: "There are few living beings in whose society I have experienced so much real pleasure."

The Italian, Canova, when asked to restore them, replied: "It would be a wanton sacrilege were I, or any one else, to touch these marbles with a chisel. Every piece breathes life with truth, and an extraordinary mastery of the art which never parades itself."

In the British Museum, among the Elgin Marbles, Phidias has carved a pile of heaped-up marble waves, and out of them rise the arms of Hyperion.

the most beautiful arms in the world. Homesick for heaven, those weary arms try to free themselves of the clinging foam. Another minute and surely the triumphant god will leap from his watery couch and guide with unerring hands the coursers of the dawn.—*Edward Strahan.*

However cursory our examination of the remains of these pediments, the ideal beauty and grace of every part of the composition excite our wonder and admiration.—*S. Nichols.*

The Elgin saloon may be called the true sanctuary of the British Museum . . . The marbles of the Parthenon belong to that supreme moment in the history of the arts of a polished nation, when with the innocence and purity of the early ages were combined the science, the grace, the force of the mature epoch, as yet without any intermixture of the faults of the decadence.—*Viardot.*

The Elgin Marbles exhibit in a remarkable degree all the qualities that constitute fine art—truth, beauty, and perfect execution. In the forms the most perfect, the most appropriate, and the most graceful have been selected. All that is coarse or vulgar is omitted, and that only is represented which unites the two essential qualities of truth and beauty. The result of this happy combination is what has been termed ideal beauty.—*Museum of Antiquity.*

Phidias's adornment of the Parthenon was wonderful in beauty of design and execution, and if any work of his hand still remains it must be seen in some of the statues and *relievi* which ornamented the exterior of this temple. These are wonderfully beautiful and truthful; they display a perfect knowledge of anatomy, a skillful management of drapery, and a grand simplicity of style.—*Mrs. Clement.*

The library of the museum is on the ground floor, and contains over one million printed volumes. With the exception of the Imperial Library at Paris, it is the largest collection of books in the world. Its resources are almost without limitation, and every department of literature is represented. Among the famous private bequests to this library is that of Sir Thomas Grenville, an eminent English statesman, who will always be remembered by Americans as the plenipotentiary who, at the close of the Revolutionary War, arranged with Dr. Benjamin Franklin the treaty between America and England.

The Grenville Library contains twenty thousand volumes,

and is an exceedingly rich collection of rare books. It occupies an entire apartment.

A special room is also devoted to what is called the Royal Library, containing eighty thousand volumes. These books were collected by George III., and presented to the English nation by his son and successor, George IV. They include many wonderful specimens of early printing from Germany, Italy, France, and England.

The Manuscript Department, comprising about fifty thousand volumes, forms an attractive feature of the library. Some of the choicest specimens are exhibited in glass cases in an apartment called the Manuscript Room. Among them we find a volume of the *Codex Alexandrinus*, an ancient manuscript of the Bible written in 464, and so named because found at Alexandria, Egypt—it is one of the two oldest manuscripts of any portion of the Bible now in existence; a copy of the Koran and Vulgate; a large collection of Oriental manuscripts in Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, and other ancient languages, some of which are of priceless value; the original Magna Charta, or “Charter of Liberties,” signed so unwillingly by King John, at Runnymede, June 15th, 1215; royal documents bearing the signatures of the Saxon King Edgar, Canute, Edward the Confessor, and other sovereigns reigning from the ninth to the fourteenth century; a mortgage deed dated 1613, and signed by William Shakespeare; a pen-and-ink sketch, drawn by Lord Nelson, of the battle of the Nile, fought on Aboukir Bay August 1st, 1798; a dispatch written by the Duke of Wellington on the eve of the battle of Waterloo; a deed of sale written out and signed by John Milton, 1667, for the disposal of his poem “Paradise Lost,” the price stated being “five pounds down, five pounds more when thirteen hundred are sold, and five pounds additional for each additional thirteen hundred sold;” prayer-books belonging to Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth; the will of Mary Queen of Scots; diary kept by the English

philosopher, John Locke; a note-book belonging to the handsome and accomplished Duke of Monmouth, an unsuccessful aspirant to the English crown, executed at London, July 15, 1685; original manuscripts of some of the works of Tasso, Locke, Scott, Samuel Johnson, Macaulay, Pope, and many more equally famous; and autographs of eminent Englishmen and foreigners almost without number.

In connection with the library is the large and magnificently equipped Reading-room. Here are kept the library catalogues, which comprise about *ten thousand* ponderous volumes, books of reference numbering about twenty thousand, while from the floor to the curve of the immense dome surmounting the room the sides are lined with books, arranged "shelves on shelves, tier after tier, section after section, story on story." The readers sit at long tables which accommodate three hundred and sixty persons, and each one is provided with all articles requisite for writing.

The floor is so constructed that the sound of footsteps is deadened.

The average yearly patronage of the Reading-room is between seventy-five and one hundred thousand people.

Thus is this splendid boon given to the nation by the nation, surrounded by every accessory to render its use easy and practicable, its occupancy cheerful and comfortable, and its sphere harmonious with the purpose for which it exists. That it is appreciated, one only needs to look through the glass door and observe the human busy bees sucking in the sweets which they find in books. . . . With all the English conservatism and hesitation in establishing *popular* institutions, and love of restricting and hedging about with conditions and qualifications great public privileges, no city of our own republic can show a more substantial or more liberally managed public benefit than this Reading-room. The reality of its freedom, its order, and its entire adaptability to answer its purpose impresses one. Here is one place, without fee or favor, where the humble student and the foreign scholar may partake of, and luxuriate in, the wealth of England; may participate in the marvelous range of lore, in every tongue, of every art and science, which her wealth, nobly bestowed, has collected. I can think of no happier destiny for the ardent lover of books, for a historian, a man of science, a statistician, a novelist, or a mere student absorptive but not fruit-

ful, than to have cozy lodgings in the vicinity of Russell Square, a satisfactory English landlady, and a ticket daily used to the Reading-room. He may sit in one of the roomy fauteuils as luxuriously as the West End lord in his velvet-lined mahogany, and may look round with a sense of ownership (for their use and fruit are freely his), upon a far prouder possession of learning than the greatest West End lord can boast. He is in goodly company; for here burrow almost invariably the scholars, romancers, philosophers of England. He sits, co-equal in his privileges with the British aristocracy of brain. He is served as faithfully and as quickly as is the minister of state by his favorite private secretaries. There is the whole day long to revel, uninterrupted if he will, in his beloved studies, in a tranquil and studious sphere, out of the hearing of the bustle of the streets, though here is busiest London roaring all about him. If he grows weary for the while of his books and the quiet, he may walk out and wander through those seemingly endless corridors where are literally crowded the antiquities of Egypt and of Phœnicia, of Antioch and Afghanistan, of Athens and Rome; where are collected the marvels of geology and of mechanical science, of biology and the arts, ancient, mediæval, and modern. He may read up his subject in the Reading-room, and stepping into a neighboring corridor find it practically illustrated in the glass cases which surround him. — *G. M. Towle.*

HEAD OF CHARIOT HORSE.—*Assyrian.*

III.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

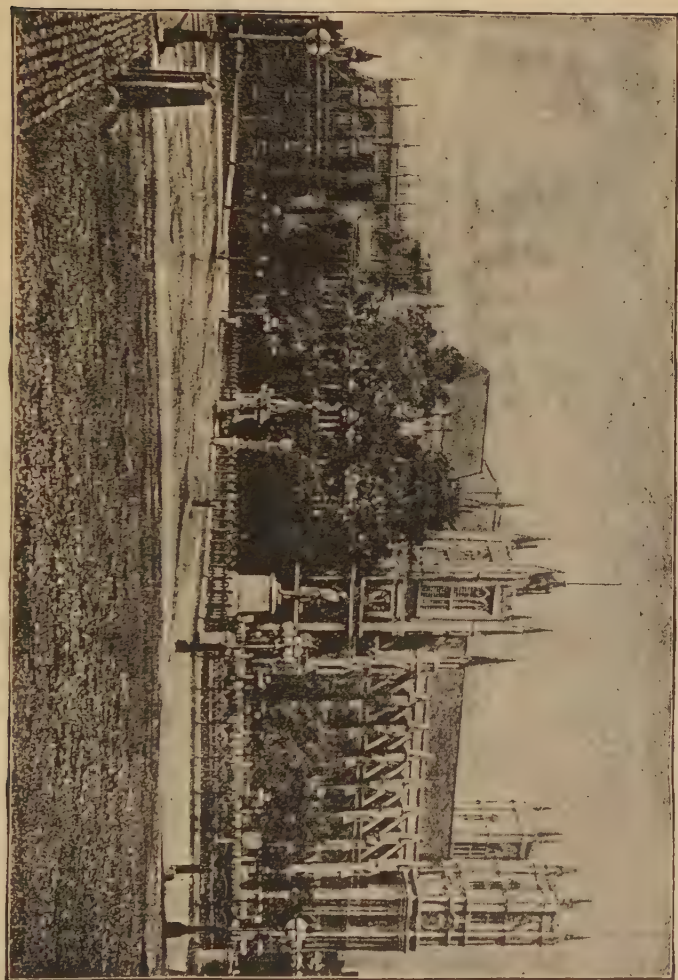
"VICTORY or Westminster Abbey!" was the cry of Lord Nelson, on the eve of the battle of Cape St. Vincent.

The church forming the inspiration of these words is situated in the West End of London, near the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Bridge.

The name originated from its locality, and the Latin word *monasterium* or *minster*.

Twelve centuries ago the land in this vicinity was low and marshy, and the spot now occupied by the abbey an island overgrown by thorns, called Isle of Thorns. Here a church was built by the Anglo-Saxon king Sebert, sometime between 604 and 616, in honor of St. Peter; an act which, according to tradition, received the approval of Heaven, its dedicatory services being conducted by this honored saint, assisted by angels. The story is thus told by Dean Stanley, in his interesting *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*:

It was on a certain Sunday night in the reign of King Sebert, the eve of the day fixed by Mellitus, first Bishop of London, for the consecration of the original monastery in the Isle of Thorns, that a fisherman of the name of Edric was casting his nets from the shore of the island into the Thames. On the other side of the river, where Lambeth now stands, a bright light attracted his notice. He crossed, and found a venerable personage, in foreign attire, calling for some one to ferry him over the dark stream. Edric consented. The stranger landed, and proceeded at once to the church. On his way he evoked with his staff the two springs of the island. The air suddenly became bright with a celestial splendor. The building stood out clear, "without darkness or shadow." A host of angels, descending and reascending, with sweet odors and flaming candles, assisted, and the church was dedicated with the usual solemnities. The fisherman remained in his boat, so awe-struck by the sight, that when the mysterious



WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM THE NORTH.

visitant returned and asked for food, he was obliged to reply that he had caught not a single fish. Then the stranger revealed his name: "I am Peter, keeper of the keys of heaven. When Mellitus arrives to-morrow tell him what you have seen; and show him the token that I, St. Peter, have consecrated my own church of St. Peter, Westminster, and have anticipated the Bishop of London. For yourself, go out into the river; you will catch a plentiful supply of fish, whereof the greater part shall be salmon. This I have granted on two conditions: first, that you never fish again on Sundays; secondly, that you pay a tithe of them to the Abbey of Westminster." The next day at dawn the Bishop Mellitus rises and "begins to prepare the anointing oils and the utensils for the dedication." He, with the king, arrives at the appointed hour. At the door they are met by Edric, with the salmon in his hand, which he presents "from St. Peter in a gentle manner to the bishop." He then proceeds to point out the marks "of the twelve crosses on the church, the walls within and without moistened with holy water, the letters of the Greek alphabet written twice over distinctly on the sand of the now sacred island, "the traces of the oil, and (chiefest of the miracles) the droppings of the angelic candles." The bishop professed himself entirely convinced, and returned from the church "satisfied that the dedication had been performed sufficiently, better and in a more saintly fashion than a hundred such as he could have done."

This church was destroyed by the Danes during the reign of Alfred the Great, and was rebuilt by King Edgar, reigning from 959 to 975.

In 1050 Edward III., surnamed the Confessor, a zealous Catholic, utterly demolished the old and built a new abbey, "to the honor of God and St. Peter and all God's saints." It cost one tenth of the property of the kingdom, and was fifteen years in building, being consecrated December 28, 1065.

The first public ceremonies held after its consecration were the burial services of its founder, the Confessor, who was interred under the high altar of the abbey, January 6, 1066.

The following December, standing in front of this same altar, William the Conqueror was crowned King of England, and the Norman dynasty established, which continued eighty-eight years.

In the latter part of the thirteenth century Henry III., fourth in the Plantagenet line, a zealous devotee of religion

and art, conceived the plan of rebuilding St. Peter's; also of making it a sepulcher for English kings and queens. Accordingly the church of the Confessor was pulled down and the present abbey erected on its foundation, the most skillful workmen being employed to make it the grandest and most artistic specimen of architecture the world had ever seen.

The bills were paid from the royal treasury, and so extravagant were the demands for money, that the people rebelled, and from this rebellion originated the House of Commons, composed of knights, citizens, and burgesses, and forming to-day the Lower House of the English Parliament.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries changes and additions were made, but the abbey remains to-day essentially the same as when erected by Henry III.

No sovereign ever manifested greater interest in the abbey than Queen Elizabeth, who, in 1560, made it a collegiate as well as an ecclesiastical institution, by founding St. Peter's College. Dryden, Locke, Ben Jonson, Cowper, Southey, and many other eminent Englishmen have been educated at this college. The boarders are called "Queen's scholars," the day students, "oppidans, or town boys."

With Elizabeth originated the idea of the Poets' Corner.

During her reign the plan of making Westminster a temple of fame for the interment of those whom the nation might wish to crown with especial honor was distinctly recognized and established, and the right of private individuals to erect monuments was also granted.

The bells of Westminster are always rung on the anniversary of Elizabeth's accession to the throne.

At different times during the Reformation and the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell the abbey was exposed to the fury of mobs, but in every instance escaped general destruction, and in all the various vicissitudes of its momentous history it has always sustained and observed the rites and ceremonies of religious worship.

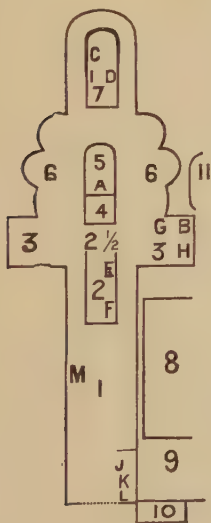
With few exceptions, the royal coronations from William the Conqueror, December 25, 1066, to Queen Victoria, June 28, 1838, have taken place at Westminster.

March 31, 1559, the House of Lords and Commons met in Westminster to hear a discussion carried on between eight eminent Catholics and eight eminent Protestants regarding certain theories and forms of worship. This meeting is celebrated as being the last open conflict between the Church of Rome and the Church of England.

Dean Stanley, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, was for seventeen years (1863 to 1880) Dean of Westminster, and is buried in the abbey. His zealous devotion to its interest added fresh honors to the many already acquired.

After the death of General Grant memorial services were held at Westminster, conducted by Canon Farrar, who delivered a eulogy on Grant.

PLAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



1. Nave.
2. Choir.
- 2½. Lantern.
3. North and South Transepts.
4. Sacrarium.
5. Confessor's chapel.
6. North and South Ambulatory.
7. Henry VII's chapel.
8. Cloisters.
9. Deanery.
10. Jerusalem Chamber.
11. Chapter-house.
- A. Coronation chair.
- B. Poets' Corner.
- C. Tomb of Queen Elizabeth.
- D. Tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots.
- E. Wesley Memorial.
- F. Isaac Watts.
- G. Longfellow.
- H. Dickens.
- I. Cradle tomb to the Princess Sophia.
- J. Charles Kingsley.
- K. Wordsworth.
- L. Keble.
- M. Ben Jonson.

Westminster Abbey, with its chapels of rich and delicate carvings, its decorated choirs, its nave and transepts, its aisles and corridors, and, above all, its beautiful "Poets' Corner," all crowded full of monuments and statues and busts of England's worthies.—*Prof. J. S. Lee.*

It is at once a sepulcher and a sanctuary.—*Rev. J. E. Edwards.*

Nothing can be more solemn and impressive than to linger in this gloomy old abbey till the twilight hour, and then creep along its pavement when naught is heard save the solitary echo of your own footsteps and dirge-like chime of the bells in the church-tower.—*Rev. J. E. Edwards.*

This solemn city of the dead.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Westminster Abbey, . . . where repose the sacred ashes of those whose names have become household words among so many of us.—*Rapid Transit Abroad.*

The most renowned mausoleum on earth.—*William Winter.*

One of the most interesting buildings in Europe.—*O. R. Burchard, A.M.*

This historic fane. . . . "The shrine of the nations." . . . "A living sermon in stone."—*W. W. Nevin.*

Westminster Abbey is the history of England made visible.—*Louise C. Moulton.*

It was not the somber grandeur of the minster which fell upon me with most power, but the shadows of dead ages that haunted it.—*Grace Greenwood.*

It is rather a monumental temple, consecrated to eminence and genius, than a temple of worship.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

That august mausoleum of the mighty dead.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Probably the greatest collection of memorials to departed genius ever gathered in any age or in any land.—*Henry Morford.*

The very grouping of so many cherished names and effigies awes the mind with a blended sense of the magic of fame and the transitory conditions of its achievements.—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

The grand contemplation in Westminster Abbey is the graves of the famous dead that have been gathering there for nearly eight centuries. No temple in the world can present any thing like it.—*Joel Cook.*

The nation has set it apart as the pantheon of its illustrious dead.—*Max Schlesinger.*

No descendant of the Anglo-Saxon race can look upon the gray towers and time-worn walls of the abbey, as he approaches it, without feeling the most intense interest.—*J. P. Durbin, D.D.*

There is much embodied history in the abbey—facts recorded in stone.—*Catharine M. Sedgwick.*

There is no part of the church that can be taken in at a glance.—*Sarah B. Wister.*

That one building so fraught with historic interest as to be worth a journey across the ocean to see—the last resting-place of kings, queens, princes, poets, warriors, artists, sculptors, and divines, the great pantheon of England's glory—Westminster Abbey.—*Curtis Guild.*

This place of tombs dedicated to the immortal on earth.—*Joaquin Miller.*

The great national mausoleum in which every Englishman, distinguished for talents, titles, or influence, deems it a supreme honor to be interred.—*Zachariah Allen.*

The halo shed over these tombs by both the living and the dead has given the place a celebrity as wide as the confines of the earth.—*Benjamin Moran.*

There is nothing in England in the way of architecture more striking or grand. The beautiful is not always the grand, nor the grand the beautiful. Westminster Abbey is both.—*D. R. Locke.*

A magnificent Gothic church, but it is far more interesting as the only national place of sepulture in the world—the only spot whose monuments epitomize a people's history.—*Satchel Guide.*

Westminster Abbey, with its royal burial-vaults and long series of monuments to celebrated men, is not unreasonably regarded by the English as their national Walhalla, or temple of fame; and interment within its walls is considered the last and greatest honor which the nation can bestow on the most deserving of her offspring.—*Baedeker's Guide-Book.*

A wonder of architectural beauty is on every side.—*Hazel Shepherd.*

Perhaps there is no other religious structure in the world which awakens so many heart-stirring emotions, or which can boast so many exquisite specimens of ancient art, or so many interesting monuments to the illustrious dead.—*J. H. Jesse.*

In whatever point of view it be contemplated, it excites the kindred emotions of veneration and respect; but when considered under all its different relations, as associated with religion, with history, with science, and with art, it assumes a character of such an extensive range and combination, that great address and many attainments are indispensably required to render due justice to its importance.—*History of St. Peter's Church.*

Westminster Abbey is the center to which every eye that longs to visit London reverently turns. It repays the reverence by its contents no less than by itself.—*Gilbert Haven.*

Westminster Abbey—its time-browned old walls have looked down on the regal coronation, the earthly glory of the monarch, and received within their cold embrace his powerless ashes, and bear upon their enduring sides man's last vanity—his epitaph.—*Curtis Guild.*

Westminster Abbey is more than a witness of history. It is itself a history. . . . Some German writer has, with peculiar though mystical beauty, defined architecture as "frozen music." Westminster Abbey may be regarded as a magnificent anthem of praise to God, petrified, and so perpetuated through many centuries.—*Lyman Abbott.*

Westminster Abbey, a mellow, picturesque old place, the interior arrangements of which affects one like some ancient, dilapidated forest. Even the sunlight streaming through the dim windows, and falling athwart the misty air, was like the sunlight of a long gone age.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

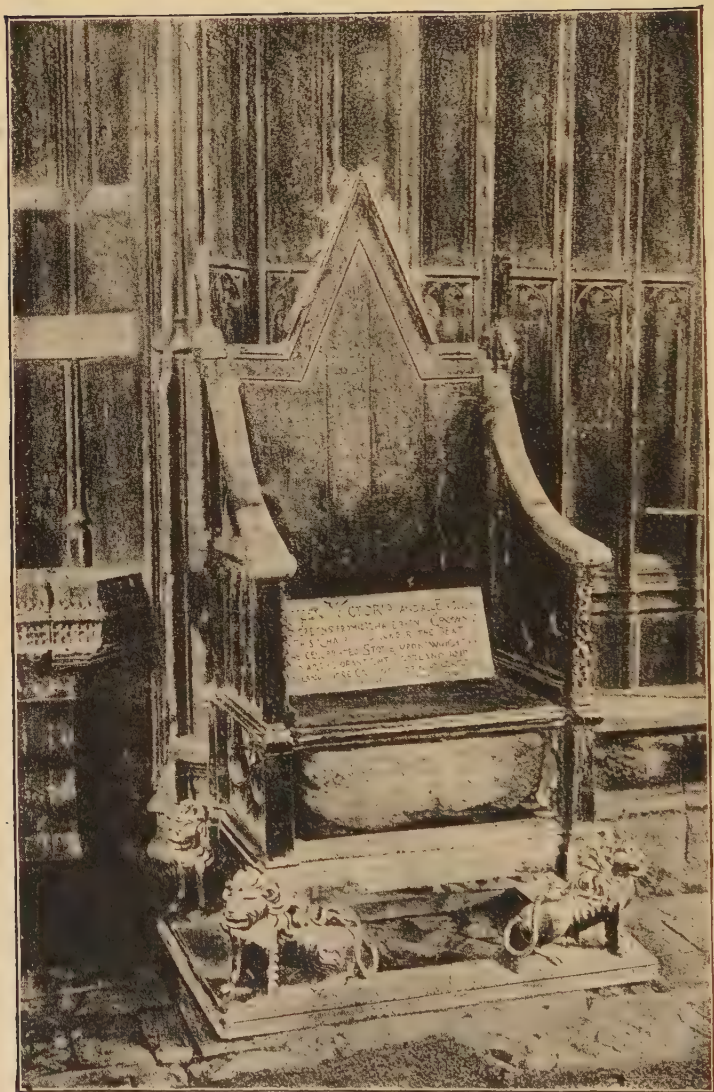
One writer expresses himself very pertinently and descriptive of the reality when he says of this edifice: "It appears as if the artist had intended to give stone the character of embroidery, and inclose the walls within the meshes of lace-work."

The glorious abbey that all English and American boys and girls should love; for that abbey is the record of the growth of our two great nations. Within its walls we are on common ground; we are in "goodly company;" among those who by their words and deeds and examples have made England and America what they are.—*Rose G. Kingsley.*

To be buried in Westminster, to enter immortality through this "Beautiful Gate," to sleep in the same mausoleum with so many honored and honorable dead, is the highest ambition of the Englishman.—*Lyman Abbott.*

Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead. Alas! I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Westminster Abbey. The party entered at the western entrance, which commands an awesome, almost oppressive, view of the interior. In the softened light of the stained windows rose a forest of columns, rich with art and grandly gloomy with the associations of antiquity. Far, far away it



THE CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

stretched to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, a name that led the mind through the faded pomps of the past, almost a thousand years. Monuments of kings and queens, benefactors and poets, beginning with old Edward the Confessor, and coming down to the Stuarts; of Eleanor, who sucked the poison from her husband's wounds, and Philippa, who saved the heroes of Calais. Here Bloody Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots sleep in peace in the same chapel; and here the merry monarch, Charles II., lies among the kingly tombs without a slab to mark the place.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

We push open the doors under the central archway of Solomon's Porch. . . . We find ourselves in a sweet, mellow silence in a dim tender light, in a vast airy stillness, such as you find at noontide in the depths of a beech forest. But here the boles of the beech-trees are huge pillars of stone—the branches are graceful pointed arches that spring from them, and vaultings and ribs that flash with gold through the blue mist that hangs forever about the roof a hundred feet overhead. Outside the abbey surge the waves of a great city. We hear the roar and turmoil of its restless life breaking like distant surf upon the shore. But within these walls we are still and peaceful—and, if we will, we may read in "brass and stony monuments" the story not only of England's worthies, but of her religion, her politics, her art, and her literature, for full eight hundred years.—*Rose G. Kingsley.*

The threshold passed, the hurrying world is left behind. The hum of industry, the subdued noise of carriages and commercial life steal in, but the sound, like the listeners, is toned into accord with the place. The dead control the living.—*T. W. Silloway and L. L. Powers.*

Arches above arches, opening through and through, crossing and interlacing above: crowding chapels and shrines; pillars and galleries exquisite in far distance with groinings and fretwork; old, worn, massive thresholds and door-posts and lintels; pavements uneven, yet smooth with the tread of centuries; hushed chambers and crypts, where still strange effigies lay; long, aisled chapels, rich with carving, and marble, and stained-glass—hung with old banners, and silent like the buried years; names of kings and queens and heroes; weird symbolic devices, . . . inscriptions of love and honor, adornments of gold and brass, engraven and sculptured escutcheons, trophies and relics of arms—a world like this lying shut away within the noise and stir of the every-day world of the living—the memory of a nation hidden in a heart-stillness behind its present, as every separate human memory is hidden.—*Mrs. Whitney.*

I walked through Poets' Corner and saw many a familiar name on the walls. . . . There was poor Goldsmith; he had been my companion for thirty years. . . . There, too, was Addison, whom I had known so long. . . .

There were Gay and Prior and Cowley and Thomson and Chaucer and Spenser and Milton.—*Hugh Miller.*

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every foot-fall whispers along the walls, and shatters among the sepulchers, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown. . . . It is, indeed, the empire of death—his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes.—*Washington Irving.*

Out from an unusually bright day for London, we stepped in beneath the lofty arches, lighted by great windows of stained glass, glowing far above in colored sermons and religious stories; and from this point—the western entrance—a superb view may be had of the interior. Stretching far before us is the magnificent colonnade of pillars, a perfect arcade of columns, terminating with the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, at the eastern extremity, and the whole interior so admirably lighted that every object is well brought out and clearly visible. In whichever direction the footsteps may incline, one is brought before the last mementoes of the choicest dust of England. Here they lie—sovereigns, poets, warriors, divines, authors, heroes, and philosophers; wise and pure minded men, vulgar and sensual tyrants; those who in the fullness of years have calmly passed away, “rich in that hope that triumphs over pain,” and those whom the dagger of the assassin and the ax of the executioner and the bullet of the battle-field cut down in their prime. Sovereign, priest, soldier, and citizen slumber side by side, laid low by the great leveler—Death.—*Curtis Guild.*

It was sweet to feel its venerable quietude, its long-enduring peace, and yet to observe how kindly and even cheerfully it received the sunshine of to-day, which fell from the great windows into the fretted aisles and arches that laid aside somewhat of their aged gloom to welcome it. . . . A square of golden light lay on the somber pavement of the nave, afar off, falling

through the grand western entrance, the folding leaves of which were wide open, and afforded glimpses of people passing to and fro in the outer world, while we sat dimly developed in the solemnity of antique devotion. In the south transept, there were painted glass windows, of which the uppermost appeared to be a great orb of many-colored radiance, being, indeed, a cluster of saints and angels whose glorified bodies formed the rays of an aureole emanating from a cross in the midst. These windows are modern, but combine softness with wonderful brilliancy of effect. Through the pillars and arches I saw that the walls in that distant region of the edifice were almost wholly incrustated with marble, now grown yellow with time, no blank, unlettered slabs, but memorials of such men as their respective generations deemed wisest and bravest.—*Hawthorne*.

What a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected—what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is fettered by their spirit, every thing is forgotten but the mighty dead, who still “rule us from their urns.”—*Bayard Taylor*.

All of the European churches, with a few exceptions, are built in the form of a cross.

The nave is formed by the lower part of the cross, the chancel by the upper, the transepts by the arms, and the choir by the space formed by the intersection of the cross. Usually the services are held in the choir.

The dimensions of Westminster Abbey are: Length, including Henry VII.'s Chapel, 513 feet; width of transepts, 200; length of nave, 116; breadth, including aisles, 75; height of the church, 102; towers, 225.

The abbey contains the royal tombs of the Plantagenets, the House of Lancaster, the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Commonwealth, and the House of Hanover; and here are placed memorial tablets of eminent English statesmen, philanthropists, poets, divines, men of letters and science, actors, artists, and musicians, some of whom are buried here, and some are not.

The courtiers and officers of Richard III.'s court were the first men “not of royal blood” buried in the abbey. The idea thus instituted developed slowly, and although observed by Henry V. and VII., was not firmly established until the time of Elizabeth.

Henry VII.'s Chapel, which Lord Bacon styled "one of the stateliest and daintiest tombs in Europe," was founded by that king in 1502, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and especially designed as a sepulcher for members of the royal family.

The chapel includes a nave with aisles on either side, and five small chapels at the end.

A flight of steps lead up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent, arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchers. On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrustated with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof, achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.—*Washington Irving.*

The nave is lined on either side with elegantly carved oak stalls, surmounted by the coat of arms and banners of the Knights of the Bath, and contains the tombs of Henry VII. and his wife, Edward VI., James I., George II. and his wife, Queen Caroline.

In the north aisles are the tombs of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth; Charles Montague, the distinguished British statesman and intimate friend of Addison, who has a memorial slab in front of his monument; also a small sarcophagus containing the bones of the two murdered sons of Edward IV. found in the Tower.

In the south aisle we find the tombs of Mary Queen of Scots, Charles II., William III., his wife, Queen Mary, also Queen Anne, and George Monk, the restorer of the Stuart dynasty.

Oliver Cromwell was buried directly under the great east window, but his body was removed at the time of the Restoration.

July 1, 1643, the Westminster Assembly, a convocation of clergymen and laymen, met in this chapel, by direction of Parliament, to discuss points of dissatisfaction pertaining to the government and liturgy of the English Church, which had arisen from the attempts of Charles I. to force this form of worship on the Church of Scotland. The assembly met in this room until the following October, although it was not dissolved until February 22, 1649.

In 1661 the meetings of the convocation of Canterbury, consisting of bishops and inferior clergy, were transferred from St. Paul's to Westminster, the former convening in Henry VII.'s Chapel, the latter in one of the other chapels. In 1689 it was ordained that the bishops should meet in the Jerusalem Chamber, and the lower clergy in the Chapel of Henry VII., which arrangement was maintained until 1852.

For years following the Reformation the convocation of bishops always took place here, and it is also where the Knights of the Bath, a military order in Great Britain, are installed.

The Chapel of Edward the Confessor contains his shrine, constructed in 1269, by order of Henry III., also the monument of the latter, who was the founder of the present abbey, the Chantry of Henry V. and his beautiful Queen Katharine, and the tombs of Richard II., Edward I. and III., and their queens.

In this chapel is kept the coronation chair brought from the Cathedral of Scone, near Perth, Scotland, by Edward I. in 1297, placed by him in Westminster Abbey, and in which all the kings and queens have been crowned since that date.

The wood-work is oak, the seat the famous "Stone of Scone." When used for coronations it is "covered with a mantle of gold brocade and placed in front of the altar," on the mosaic pavement brought from Rome in 1267.

Near the entrance to St. Benedict's Chapel is the old tomb of King Sebert (who died in 616) and his queen.

The north transept contains many interesting monuments of England's great men; among them Pitt, Cobden, Wilberforce, Newton, Herschel, Keble, the Wesleys, George Canning, Johnstone, Percival, Fox, Montague, and General Wade.

The south transept includes the noted Poets' Corner, containing monuments and memorials of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Goldsmith, Addison, Dickens, Thackeray, our loved Longfellow, and hundreds of others who have enriched the world "with whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language."

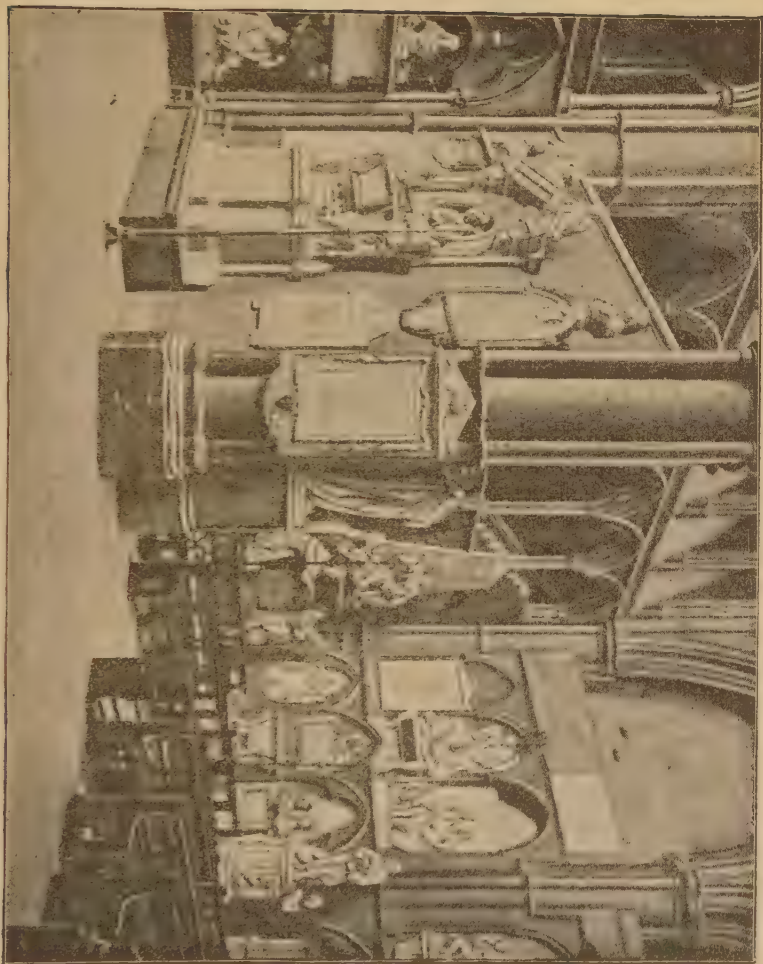
The Shakespeare monument is a full-length statue of the poet, with one elbow resting on a pile of books, the other holding a scroll on which is carved a quotation taken from "The Tempest: "

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on: and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

A private passage connects the nave with the Jerusalem Chamber, so called because its wood-work of cedar and its stained-glass windows were brought from Jerusalem, also because it contains tapestries depicting the history of that city. On its side walls are frescoes of the coronation of Queen Victoria and the death of Henry VI. It might properly be named the Court Room of the English Church, for here is transacted all business, ecclesiastical and secular, pertaining to that august body.

The first meeting of the bishops in this room was held February 22, 1662, when they convened to receive "the final alterations made by Parliament in the prayer-book."

In 1689 a commission, including prelates, deans, and pro-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE POETS' CORNER.

fessors, met here for the purpose of revising the liturgy, the last attempt made in this direction.

The work of the commission appointed for the translation of the King James's and Revised Versions of the Bible has all been done in this room.

Henry IV. died in this chamber March 20, 1413, and the event is described by Shakespeare in his "Drama of Henry IV.," Part ii, Act iv, Scene iv.

It was the prison house of Sir Thomas More in 1534, and here he wrote his appeal for a general council.

After the death of Addison and Newton, their bodies lay in state in this room, and were borne thence to the abbey and buried.

Hither are brought the crown jewels from the Tower on the day preceding the coronations, and on all public occasions; when the presence of the royal family is required they enter the abbey through the private passage leading from this chamber.

Adjoining the south transept is the Chapter House, whose history dates back to Edward the Confessor.

It was used for monastic purposes, also as a place of burial. Previous to the Reformation members of the convent met here weekly to listen to complaints, hold trials, and administer justice. The House of Commons held their sessions here for two hundred and sixty-five years (1282-1547). From 1547 to 1863 it became the repository for public records, which included among its treasures the famous *Domesday Book*, a register of the lands of England, compiled by order of William the Conqueror, commenced in 1080 and completed in 1086, consisting of two volumes called *Great Domesday* and *Little Domesday*.

In 1865 Parliament granted a sum of money to be expended in the restoration of this ancient house.

The cloisters were commenced by Edward the Confessor, and completed after the Conquest.

Not surely in vain did the architects of successive generations raise this consecrated edifice in its vast and delicate proportions, more keenly appreciated in this our day than in any other since it was first built. Designed, if ever were any forms on earth, to lift the soul heavenward to things unseen. . . . Here, if anywhere, the Christian worship of England may labor to meet both the strength and the weakness of succeeding ages, to inspire new meaning into ancient forms, and embrace within itself each rising aspiration after truth and justice and love. So considered, so used, the Abbey of Westminster may become more and more a witness to that one Sovereign Good, to that one Supreme Truth—a shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a haven of rest in this tumultuous world, a break-water for the waves upon waves of human hearts and souls which beat unceasingly around its island shores.—*Dean Stanley.*

The abbey is still to Englishmen all that the temple of Solomon was to the Hebrew, and the tomb of the prophet to the Arab, and the shrine of Olympia to the Greek, or that of Jupiter on the Capitol to the Roman; and not to Englishmen only, but to some sixty millions of English-speaking people in so many parts of the planet. To all of them the abbey is grown to be a glorified Kaaba, a splendid and poetic fetich in stone, which seems to them the emblem of our English spirit and the resting-place of whatever England has ever held most venerable. Its very name has passed into our own language as the synonym for national honor.—*Frederic Harrison.*

This marble pile, or at least some portion of it, has, as it were, nursed England from its very infancy. Like an aged grandam, who lives to an honorable decrepitude, to see standing before her, in stalwart and noble manhood, the boy whom she has loved with tender affection, and over whose oft-times erratic and somewhat turbulent course she has watched with solicitous care, whose mother-confessor she has been, the confidante of his secrets, the sharer of his sorrows, and the shriver of his sins, Westminster Abbey of to-day looks on the England of the nineteenth century, which she has nursed in the clovenly, and guided and guarded through all the tempestuous experiences of the turbulent youth-time that intervened before years brought experience, and experience discretion and self-control. It has seen England successively Saxon, Norman, and English. It has seen it Roman Catholic, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Protestant again. It has seen it an absolute monarchy, a constitutional monarchy, a republic, and a monarchy again. Within its walls mass has been chanted and the Anglican service has been read, and under its roof the Westminster Assembly's Confession of Faith was organized, and from thence was published. It lived through the wars of Normans and Saxons, welcomed William the Conqueror, witnessed the alternate despotism and abject submission of John,

saw the Magna Charta wrested from his unwilling hands, beheld the land ravaged with the long war of the rival Roses, barely escaped demolition in the hideous but fruitful reign of Henry VIII., was re clothed with honor in the more hideous and barren reign of Bloody Mary, rejoiced in the peaceful and benignant reign of the unscrupulous but sagacious Queen Bess, witnessed the conflict between constitutional law and Cæsarism, culminating in the death of Charles I., but ending only with the accession of William and Mary. Born on an island remote from every town, and environed by an almost impenetrable wood, it has lived to see London stretching out its boundaries till now the once secluded resort of world-wearied monks is in the heart of the busiest and most populous commercial center of Christendom. Born in an age without carriage roads, it has lived to see the island of Great Britain intersected by innumerable railways. Born in an age when commerce was unknown, when piracy was honorable, when war was a trade, and consequently there was little trade but war, when post-offices were unknown, because few knew how to write, and books unheard of, because the printing-press was as yet unconstructed and few knew how to read, it has lived to see the Anglo-Saxon race mistress of the ocean by its commerce rather than by its navy, master of the world by its civilization rather than by its arms, laying aside the bow for the cannon, and the cannon for the printing-press, substituting for the activities of the mere animal vigor of its sometime brutal boyhood the more enduring and beneficent activities of refined manhood.—*Lyman Abbott.*

The abbey is a vast pile, and its associations are so far-reaching that, like London itself, we fail to grasp its dignity as a whole. It is not one building, but a great assemblage of buildings, each one of which has a story that would put it in the front of the secular monuments of Europe.—*Frederic Harrison.*

There are, it may be, some which surpass it in beauty or grandeur; there are others, certainly, which surpass it in depth and sublimity of association; but there is none which has been entwined by so many continuous threads with the history of the whole nation.—*Dean Stanley.*

IV. WINDSOR.

THE old historic town of Windsor is about twenty-three miles west of London, on the south side of the Thames.

Its name is a contraction of the words *windel shôre*, meaning winding shore, and refers to the course of the Thames.

The population is about 12,000.

The interest of the town centers in the fact that this is a favorite residence of Queen Victoria, who lives in the castle, which is the objective point of all tourists.

The magnificent mausoleum of Albert, Prince Consort of England, who died December 14, 1861, is at Frogmore Lodge, about two miles south-east of Windsor.

In the church-yard at Stoke Poges, five miles from Windsor, the English poet, Thomas Gray, is buried. It was this cemetery that gave Gray the name and frame-work of his famous *Elegy*, published in 1751. The park adjoining the church-yard contains a monument of the poet.

The distinguished English statesman and orator, Edmund Burke, and the English poet, Edmund Waller, noted as a wit and great favorite in both court and Parliament, are buried at Beaconsfield, a short ride from Stoke Poges, while at Hughenden, eight miles away, the English author and statesman, Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, is interred.

The world-famous astronomer, Sir William Herschel, lived at Slough, two miles from Stoke Poges, and here constructed and used his celebrated reflecting telescope.

His son, Sir John, also a noted astronomer, lived with him.

Runnymede, a narrow strip of meadow land memorable in history as the place where was signed the Magna Charta, in 1215, is a few miles south-east of the town.

WINDSOR CASTLE.



Ascot Heath, a famous race-course, is six miles from Windsor. The races occur annually in June, and are attended by the most fashionable and aristocratic portions of English society. Members of the royal family usually attend one day.

Opposite Windsor, on the left side of the Thames, is one of England's most noted institutions of learning, Eton College. It was designed by its founder, Henry VI., as a fitting school for King's College, Cambridge, which he founded the same year, 1440. The number of boys who board in the college buildings, or "on the foundation," as it is called, is seventy. They are called "king's boys," are admitted between the ages of eight and sixteen, and must be of English birth.

The other students, numbering between nine and ten hundred, are called, as at Westminster, "oppidans."

The playing fields, where the Eton students indulge in the popular English games, particularly cricket and lawn tennis, are an interesting feature to include in making a tour of the college.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's height, the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
Her silver winding way.
Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
To breathe a second spring.—*Gray*.

Originally the territory now occupied by the town of Windsor was an estate held successively by the Saxons and Danes. After the restoration of the Saxon line this estate came into the possession of Edward the Confessor. The strong religious tendency of this king induced him to present it to the monks connected with the Abbey of Westminster.

Two important reasons presented themselves to William the Conqueror for obtaining possession of this estate. One was the inviting opportunity for building a castle on an isolated hill within its borders; the other, and probably the stronger, the opportunities offered by its extensive forests for his favorite sport of hunting. Hence this king procured the restoration of this estate to the English crown, and it has since that time remained the principal seat of English royalty.

Windsor Castle was built by the Conqueror, and extended by Henry I. and II.

A new building was erected by Edward III., under the supervision of William of Wykeham, an English statesman, who, by King Edward, was made Keeper of the Privy Seal, Secretary of State, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord High Chancellor of England.

Succeeding monarchs, all of whom resided at the castle, added to its dimensions from time to time as their needs demanded or tastes suggested.

In 1824 George IV., commanding the services of the English architect, Sir Jeffrey Wyattville—nephew of James Wyatt, for years the unrivaled restorer of ancient English architecture—commenced a thorough and complete restoration of the building.

The work was not finished until the reign of Victoria, and the amount expended was £900,000, or \$4,500,000. With this expenditure of time and money the castle could be naught but what it is—a magnificent, imposing structure.

There is one town in England which, notwithstanding that the epithet "royal" is commonly applied to it, is always attractive to the cultivated

American. The sternest republican of us all cannot restrain a feeling of pride and exultation when that magnificent mansion—the finest ever built by man for man—called Windsor Castle, first strikes upon his gaze. It has a majesty of its own quite independent of kingship, though it has always been the habitation of kings.—*Harper's Monthly*.

What a little place! It seemed hardly big enough to hold such a man as Falstaff. And then it is so small for its age. Think that it should have been there these eight hundred years, and yet have grown no larger! Moreover, there is the surprise of finding in such a very small town such a very big castle. Indeed, it is absurd to say that the castle is at Windsor; it is Windsor that is at the castle.—*Richard Grant White*.

Windsor, pleasantly situated on an acclivity above the Thames river-bank.—*Imperial Gazetteer*.

Being placed on the summit of a lofty eminence, rising abruptly on the south side of the river, the castle commands very extensive views, and is, at the same time, a most conspicuous and interesting object from the surrounding country.—*McCulloch's Dictionary*.

Windsor Castle, the most magnificent royal residence in the country.—*Official Tourists' Guide*.

The venerable and huge castle stands, in royal magnificence, overlooking the town, the river, and twelve counties of England, surrounding this central point of queenly power.—*William A. Drew*.

It is a residence worthy of a king.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

A grand edifice, with charming surroundings.—*P. B. Cogswell*.

The various parts of this regal and splendid building are blended into one rich architectural mass rising from the town, which form its base, and displaying simultaneously its extent and magnificence.—*Tombleson*.

A favorite residence with William the Norman.—*Taylor*.

The most romantic castle that is in the world.—*Pepys's Diary*.

From the rise of ground on which the castle stands, the whole is conspicuous from many points of the railway for miles distant; and the view of the granite-like colored structure—clean, large in extent, very irregular in outline of upper part as seen from these points, the whole beautifully embosomed in thick foliage of trees—presents a charming effect.—*T. W. Silloway and L. L. Powers*.

The castle, rising up from the village below, with its thick walls, its bastions, its redoubts, and its numerous towers.—*Prof. J. S. Lee*.

The favorite residence of most of the English monarchs, and the scene of many a tournament in the days of chivalry.—*J. O. Choules.*

The finest residence of English royalty, at the present time, is Windsor Castle.—*Curtis Guild.*

The favorite seat of the sovereigns of Great Britain for the past eight centuries.—*Harper's Guide-Book.*

Windsor with its famous castle; . . . and Eton with its famous college.—*Satchel Guide.*

The venerable and far-famed pile of Windsor.—*E. S. Nadal.*

One of the largest and most magnificent royal residences in the world.—*Baedeker's Guide-Book.*

A most regal residence—the nursery, the stronghold, the temple of kingliness.—*Grace Greenwood.*

Windsor Castle is rich with the accumulated associations of ages.—*Catherine M. Sedgwick.*

A more magnificent site for castle or palace can hardly be desired than this of Windsor.—*Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.*

The castle is, indeed, a royal structure, a fit residence for England's queen.—*Rapid Transit Abroad.*

The associations with Windsor Castle are of the most interesting kind; and nothing can surpass the richness of the prospect.—*Prof. Benjamin Silliman.*

The imperial citadel of Windsor.—*William Winter.*

This is the sovereign's rural court, and is, probably, the best known by the world of all the English castles.—*Joel Cook.*

An imposing exhibition of strength, crowned with battlements and towers.—*Zachariah Allen.*

One of the finest buildings in the gothic style, not only in England, but in all Europe.—*Ida Pfeiffer.*

A grand place to commune with the old feudal past.—*D. C. Eddy.*

Windsor Castle, a place full of storied and poetical associations. The very external aspect of the proud old pile is enough to inspire high thought. It rears its irregular walls and massive towers like a mural crown, round the brow of a lofty ridge, waves its royal banner in the clouds, and looks down with a lordly air upon the surrounding world.—*Irving.*

Among the royal and palatial edifices of Europe, that of Windsor holds a very high rank, and is in a manner to England what Versailles is to France, and the Escorial to Spain.—*John Timbs.*

The vast pile, constituting and called the castle, is the concrete work of eight hundred years of British royalty.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Its colossal size, its beauty and the variety of it, its position, set on a high hill, commanding so rich a panorama of floods and fields and, above all, the associations that rush in unbidden upon him who first beholds it, combine to produce a sublime impression. . . . From whatever side you approach this glorious building it presents a splendid spectacle. . . . The usual way of approaching Windsor from London is by the Great Western Railway, from which, as it crosses the Thames, you get a view of the castle that is absolutely incomparable; and it was from this spot that Turner took his famous picture of the stately building.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Windsor is not exceeded either in dignity or interest by any residence in the world, and it stands in quiet, rich English scenery, which is quite in keeping with its now peaceful associations.—*Alfred Rimmer.*

Among the royal palaces of Europe Windsor Castle justly lays claim to the first place. Some, like the Escorial, may be larger; others, like Heidelberg, may even surpass it in beauty of site; others, again, like the old fortress of the popes on the rocky bluff by the Rhone, may be more perfect in architecture; but in none are size, beauty, and grandeur so united as in the first and oldest of the royal residences. . . . Windsor is a palace, an abbey, a college, and a barrack all in one. Further, it is bound up in English history more completely than any other castle in the country. Other ancient palaces are deserted or destroyed. Sheen, Theobalds, Winchester, have perished; the tower of London has not sheltered one of the ruling princes since the reign of Queen Mary. Windsor, on the contrary, has received within its walls the members of the royal house since the days when William the Conqueror first laid the foundation of his castle on "the exceeding profitable and commodious spot," which he marked rising by the river among the trees of the forest.—*Picturesque Europe.*

A cathedral has been defined by a great poet as "a petrified religion;" and so may this fair dwelling-house, "so royal, rich, and wide," containing the habitations of so many degrees of men, and associated with events such as every generation of English-speaking races will read of with interest to the end of time, be considered "petrified history."—*Harper's Magazine.*

If we took Warwick as the representative feudal estate, we took Windsor as the representative palace, that which embodies the English idea of royalty.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

Windsor Castle is a wonderful grand junction station of the ages past and present; a castellated palace of the illustrious living and the illustrious dead.—*Elihu Burritt.*

The monarchical citadel of England, the core and nucleus of her kingly associations, her architectural *eikon basiliké*, Windsor.—*James Morgan Hart*.

An adept in history and architecture, I thought, in looking back upon the castle, can read in this pile the traces of each reign. The very names of the towers suggest an epoch. . . . The old town of Windsor seems to nestle beneath the majestic castle in feudal content.—*Henry T. Tuckerman*.

Here kings and queens were born, married, and buried. Hence the royal histories of the British Empire radiate, and hither they converge.—*Elihu Burritt*.

The standard of England that floats to-day from its highest tower, proclaiming that the queen is now in residence, has floated over scores of kings and queens in that same place; those mighty ramparts used now only "for pleasure and for state," were thrown up near a thousand years ago for a defense by the first William, who "loved the tall deer as though he was their father," and whose favorite hunting-seat was at Windsor. in the center of the same fair forest that surrounds it now.—*Harper's Monthly*.

Long shalt thou flourish, Windsor! bodying forth

Chivalric times, and long shall live around

Thy castle—the old oaks of British birth,

Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,

As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.

But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,

There's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renowned

Would interdict thy name to be forgot;

For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trode this very spot.—*Campbell*.

Then, hand in hand, her Thames the Forrest softly brings

To that supremest place of the great English kings,

The Garter's Royall seate, from him who did advance

That princely order first, our first that conquered France;

The Temple of Saint George, whereas his honored knights,

Upon his hallowed day, observed their ancient rites;

Where Eton is at hand to nurse that learned brood,

To keep the muses still neere to this Princely Flood;

That nothing there may want, to beautifie that seate,

With every pleasuro stored; and here my song complete.—*Drayton*.

About, about!

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:

Strew good luck, outhes, on every sacred room,

That it may stand until the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;

Worthy the owner and the owner it.



QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The several chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
 Each fair installment, coat and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you, sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
 Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
 Like sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
 Fairies, use flowers for their charactery.
 Away! disperse! but, till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom, round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

—*Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor.*

The buildings included in Windsor Castle cover twelve acres, and include the queen's private apartments, the state and visitors' apartments, Round Tower, St. George's and the Albert Chapels, houses occupied by canons, deans, and knights, and several towers.

These buildings are surrounded by a stone wall, and on the north, east, and south sides by a terrace twenty-five hundred feet in extent. The north terrace, on the river side, is always open to the public. Adjoining the east terrace are the Royal Gardens. The Home Park, in the midst of which the castle is built, is about four miles in circumference, surrounded by the Thames on three sides.

The public entrance to the castle is through Henry VIII's Gate-way, near the south-west corner of the wall. In a room over this gate-way King Henry signed the death warrant of Anne Boleyn.

Many tourists consider it a pleasant addition to their Windsor trip to visit the royal stables, or mews, as they are styled in England, where are kept the horses and carriages used by the royal family. They are open for a couple of

hours every afternoon, and are kept and conducted on a scale quite in keeping with the general magnificence of the place.

In the absence of the queen from Windsor the state apartments are open for the inspection and entertainment of visitors. As would be expected, the rooms are magnificently furnished. Every-where the eye rests on wonderfully decorated ceilings; walls hung in the most expensive tapestries or adorned with portraits and pictures by eminent artists; statuary in bronze and marble; interesting historical relics; valuable ornaments presented to the queen by different crowned heads.

In the room called St. George's Hall the coat of arms of each of the original Knights of the Order of the Garter is emblazoned on the walls.

This Order, founded by Edward III., about 1347, is the highest in Great Britain. Its members include the reigning sovereign, other members of the royal family, the principal foreign rulers, and English peers.

The Garter, always worn on the left leg just below the knee, is made of dark blue velvet, edged with gold, fastened with a buckle, from which is suspended a pendant, both made of gold.

On the velvet is this motto, inscribed in gold letters, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—"Evil to him who evil thinks."

St. George's Chapel, both outside and in, is a magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture. Its vaulted roof and stained-glass windows are remarkably beautiful. The Knights of the Garter are installed in this chapel, the choir of which is adorned with their elaborately carved-oak stalls over which their banners are suspended. At the left of the east window, built in memory of Prince Albert, is a small, bay-window-shaped apartment, projecting into the chapel, and elevated quite a height from the floor. This is for the exclusive use of Queen Victoria.

Among the several monuments of the chapel is one of Edward IV., executed by the Flemish artist, Quentin Matsys, and another of the Princess Charlotte, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of George IV., executed by the English sculptor, Richard James Wyatt, a pupil of Canova.

Henry VIII., his wife, Jane Seymour, and Charles I. are buried beneath the marble pavement of the choir.

The Prince of Wales was married in this chapel to the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, March 10, 1863. A magnificent painting was made of this ceremony by the English artist, William Powell Frith, and was one of the pictures sent by England to our Centennial Exhibition.

East of and very near to St. George's is the Albert Chapel, built by Henry VII., and restored by Queen Victoria to perpetuate the name and memory of her husband, Prince Albert.

The interior beautified with colored marble, mosaics, sculpture, stained glass, precious stones, and gilding, in extraordinary profusion and richness, must certainly be numbered among the finest works of its kind in the world. . . . In the center of the nave stands the Cenotaph of the Prince, by Triqueti, consisting of a handsome sarcophagus, enriched with reliefs, bearing the recumbent figure of Prince Albert in white marble.—*Baedeker's Guide-Book.*

From the battlements of the Round Tower is obtained the magnificent view so highly extolled by all who visit Windsor Castle.

Its beauties were never yet overrated. The English landscape is always beautiful, and here it includes an expanse covering twelve counties.

We were taken to the top of the Round Tower, where we gained a magnificent view of the park of Windsor, with its regal avenue, miles in length, of ancient oaks; its sweeps of greensward; clumps of trees; its old Herne oak, of classic memory; in short, all that constitutes the idea of a perfect English landscape.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

One must lose most of the charm of this spot if he fails to stroll along the forest walks, the elm-shaded drives, and the farm lands of the great

park, or to enjoy that finest of English views from the noble terrace that surrounds the walls, antique towers, and embattlements of the castle.—*James S. Whitman.*

Twelve counties were within range of vision; the square turrets of old English churches, arched stone bridges, the beautiful park and grounds beneath, . . . the beautiful sheet of water ("Virginia Water"), like a looking-glass beneath the sun, and the Thames winding away in the distance like a silver ribbon on the green landscape, which was dotted with villages, elegant country-seats and castle-like dwellings of the aristocracy, formed a picture that was a luxury to look upon.—*Curtis Guild.*

Only God's hand could spread that matchless view from the terrace, of winding Thames, and arching bridge, and sloping bank, and stately grove, and gliding boat, and low blue hills bounding the horizon!—*Henry Morford.*

It is almost hopeless to describe the prospect which greets the eye as you step forth upon the tower. Surely the "Earthly Paradise" by the rivers of Damascus can scarcely be more fair. Yet one should not compare it with foreign scenes. . . . The scenery is English, thoroughly English, such as, so far as our experience goes, you find nowhere but in our southern counties. Description is hopeless; we can see it before our eyes, but cannot picture it in words. Beneath our feet the wooded hills sink rapidly down to the valley; through a break in the trees Virginia Water is seen calm in the sheltered glade, reflecting, as in a mirror, the little "Fishing Temple" on its opposite shore. Behind it a wide expanse of woodland shelves gently upward. Here the somber foliage of Scotch firs seems like a broad shadow on the landscape; there the larch raises its lighter spires and brighter tints, and then again the graceful birch still more relieves the scene. Line after line the groves recede into the distance; broken now and again by a stretch of sward, now by one gleaming sheet of distant water, till at last the eye passes over a level belt of trees to rest on some distant hills low down in the horizon, part of the northern limit of the valley of the Thames.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Leading from George IV.'s Gate-way, on the south side of the castle, is the Long Walk, an avenue of elm-trees, three miles long, leading directly to the great park, covering eighteen hundred acres. West of this park lies the famous Windsor Forest, fifty-six miles in circumference.

The grounds of the great park and forest are rich in historic associations. Here walked in days of yore the Saxon and the Dane; its glades have echoed to the hoof and horn

of royal hunting parties since the days of the Conqueror ; hither Shakespeare came and gathered material for his *Merry Wives* ; and here Queen Victoria, while living at the castle, always takes her morning drive.

The trees are of magnificent growth and great age. Game is every-where abundant.

"Virginia Water" is a pretty artificial lake which the tourist finds interesting to visit. It was constructed for draining purposes by the Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden fame, in 1746.

Herne's oak, where, according to Shakespeare, the "Merry Wives of Windsor" arranged a meeting with Sir John Falstaff, was destroyed in a tempest in 1863, and another oak supplies its place.

Thy forests, Windsor ! and thy green retreat,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seat,
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to meet again.
Not chaos-like, together crushed and bruised,
But as the world, harmoniously confused ;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequered scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Not quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and open glades,
There trees arise that shun each other's shades,
Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
There wrapped in clouds the bluest hills ascend ;
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise.—*Pope.*

V.

OXFORD.

OXFORD, England, is located near the junction of the Cherwell and Isis Rivers, about fifty miles north-west of London. Population, about 38,000.

It is the county town of Oxfordshire, one of the inland counties of England.

During the tenth century the name was written Oxenaford, but during the eleventh century we find it changed to Oxenford, and it is generally supposed that the word originated from a ford for oxen located near Folly Bridge.

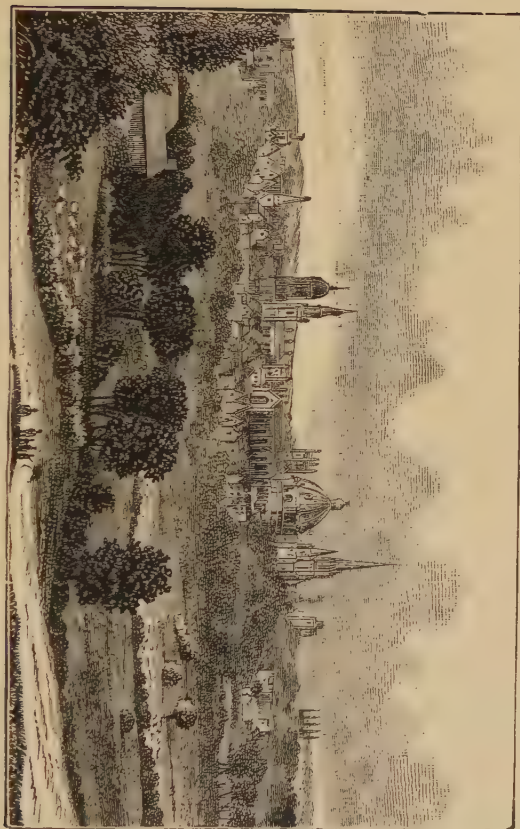
Oxford is a cathedral city, also a municipal and parliamentary borough.

The city is built with great irregularity, the streets being very crooked, and many of them so narrow that they are entitled to the name of lane, rather than street. The principal thoroughfare is High Street, in the south-eastern portion of the city. It extends east and west, and is about one mile in length. Some of the best shops in Oxford are on this street; also Brasenose, All Soul's, Queen's, and Magdalen Colleges.

Extending from the northern to the southern extremity of the city, and dividing it into almost equal parts, is a long, narrow, continuous street, having four different names—St. Giles, St. Magdalen, Cornmarket, and St. Aldates.

Nearly all of the colleges are located on the eastern side of this street in close proximity to each other, Keble being the most northern and Christ Church College the most southern of them all.

The business of the city is almost entirely confined to the demands of the University.



THE CITY OF OXFORD.

The shops are small, usually ill-lighted, and devoted to the needs and tastes of the students. The "haberdashers" are "gentlemen's furnishers," the book-sellers' windows full of text-books in all known tongues, interspersed by the far-famed Oxford editions of Bibles and prayer-books.—*Marion Harland.*

The streets and shops of Oxford indicated the composition of its population. You meet collegians in gowns and trencher caps, snuffy old professors, with their silk gowns flying out behind in the wind, young men in couples, young men in stunning outfits, others in natty costumes, others artistically got up, tradesmen's boys carrying bundles of merchandise, and washer or char-women, in every direction in the vicinity of the colleges.

Splendid displays are made in the windows of tailors' and furnishing goods stores—boating uniforms, different articles of dress worn as badges, stunning neckties, splendidly got up dress boots, hats, gloves, museums of canes, sporting whips, cricket bats, and thousands of attractive novelties to induce students to invest loose cash, or do something more common—run up a bill.—*Curtis Guild.*

The principal buildings in Oxford are those connected with the University.

There are several pleasant excursions which are very often taken by tourists visiting this city.

Woodstock, one of the oldest towns in England, is eight miles north-west of Oxford. This was the home of "Fair Rosamond," who died in 1177; Henry II., founder of the Plantagenet dynasty, and whose reign is noted for the long quarrel between himself and Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, resided for a long time at Woodstock; and here Edward, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Edward III., and surnamed, from the color of his armor, the Black Prince, was born June 15, 1330.

The village of Cumnor, "pleasantly built on a hill," is four miles from Oxford. Here, in the years that have gone, stood the old mansion called Cumnor Hall, where Robert, Earl of Leicester, one of Queen Elizabeth's favorite courtiers, confined, an unwilling prisoner, his beautiful wife, Amy Robsart. The splendid furnishings and decorations of the apartments, "which occupied the western side of the old quad-

range at Cumnor Place," to which the unfortunate countess was assigned, are minutely described in the sixth chapter of *Kenilworth*, one of the most famous of Scott's *Waverley Novels*. The closing chapter of this same book gives the account of the cruel murder of this woman by Sir Richard Varney, a pretended friend of Leicester's, assisted by Anthony Foster, the father of the countess's trusty maid, Janet, and the owner of Cumnor Place.

And ere the dawn of day appeared
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green.
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless countess e'er was seen!

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveler oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the countess's fall,
As wandering onward they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

—William Julius Mickle.

The Countess Amy was buried at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, September 22, 1560.

There is nothing remaining on Cumnor Place to-day to

remind the tourist of the existence of Cumnor Hall, but the ground on which it stood.

For a long period, says Mr. Adlard, Cumnor was deserted; the recollection of Amy Dudley's melancholy end was revived among the ignorant villagers, whose imaginations conjured up forms and horrors before unheard of, and hence arose the legendary tales that have descended to the present time. Decay followed fast on desertion, and with the aid of the wanton and mischievous, before a century had rolled away, it had become almost a ruin.

A few scattered elms here and there are all that is left to aid in realizing the former picturesque appearance of this retreat, where we are privileged to sympathize with suffering innocent and blighted affection.

The old church at Cumnor contains the tomb of Anthony Forster and his wife. It stands near the high altar, and is built of blue marble.

An old inn, called the "Bear and Ragged Staff," has replaced the one kept by Giles Gosling in the days of "Good Queen Bess," referred to by Scott in the opening chapter of *Kenilworth*.

Since the days of old Harry Baillie, of the Tabard, in Southwark, no one has excelled Giles Gosling in the power of pleasing his guests of every description; and so great was his fame that to have been in Cumnor without wetting a cup at the honny Black Bear, would have been to avouch one's self utterly indifferent to reputation as a traveler. A country fellow might as well return from London without looking in the face of majesty. The men of Cumnor were proud of their host, and their host was proud of his house.—*Scott*.

Blenheim, the splendid estate and residence of the Duke of Marlborough, is nine miles from Oxford. This property, which includes 2,940 acres, together with £500,000, or \$2,500,000, was given to the Duke of Marlborough, an eminent British general, by the English Parliament during the reign of Queen Anne, as a compensation for the decided victory gained by him at the Battle of Blenheim, a village in Bavaria about twenty-three miles north-west of Augsburg. The battle was fought by the united forces of the English and Austrians on one side against the French and

Bavarians on the other. The former were commanded by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and numbered fifty-two thousand ; the latter were commanded by Tallard, Marsin, and the Elector of Bavaria, and numbered fifty-six thousand. The engagement occurred August 13, 1704.

The mansion and grounds of this estate are just as beautiful as a lavish expenditure of money can make them.

Just one mile in a straight line from the door of the entrance hall on the main front of the building, in the center of a beautiful lawn, stands the Triumphal Pillar, a Corinthian column one hundred and thirty feet high, "erected in honor of the Great Duke, and on the summit of which he stands, in a Roman garb, holding a winged figure of victory in his hand," and "on the huge tablets inlaid into the pedestal of the column, the entire Act of Parliament, bestowing Blenheim on the Duke of Marlborough and his posterity, is engraved in deep letters, painted black, on the marble ground."

A part of the trees on this estate were set out according to the plan by which the duke arranged his troops at the Battle of Blenheim.

The history of Oxford pertains both to city and University.

The city has the prestige of age. A monastery was founded here in 727 which, during the reign of Alfred the Great, became famous. King Alfred and his three sons lived at one time in Oxford.

The city suffered greatly from the Danish invasions.

Edmund II., surnamed Ironside, was murdered at Oxford in 1016.

Canute the Great, first Danish King of England, often lived at Oxford.

Harold I., surnamed Harefoot, illegitimate son of Canute, was crowned king in Oxford in 1035, and here he died March 17, 1040.

William the Conqueror took possession of Oxford in 1067, and built a castle, now included in the county prison. His son, Henry I., built and lived in a palace on the west side of the town, which he called Beaumont.

Richard I., Cœur de Lion, was born in this palace September 13, 1157.

The English Parliament met at Oxford in 1258, and enacted a law, called the "Provisions of Oxford," by which the king's prerogative was curtailed, and the power thrown into the hands of twenty-four barons controlled by Simon de Montfort, who compelled King Henry III. to sign the law.

Charles I. made Oxford his head-quarters, during the discussion between himself and the English Parliament, until his defeat at Naseby, June 14, 1645, by Thomas Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the parliamentary forces, to whom the town surrendered.

Surely there never was a place that had such a subtle charm as that old city, sitting like some ancient sibyl among her deep, flowery meadows and embowering trees, with such a mystery of learning and wisdom in her musing eyes.—*Anon.*

No city conveys a more thorough and immediate impression of antique splendor.—*Alfred Rimmer.*

It is the finest town I have ever seen—a sort of Gothic Munich, but old, very old.—*William Black.*

Its college buildings are very beautiful, so beautiful that only to see them would be worth a journey from any part of England.—*Richard Grant White.*

The approach to Oxford over the Magdalen Bridge, where the view was pronounced by Sir Walter Scott to be "one of the most beautiful in the world;" the scene in the "High" toward sunset, when the sky is flushed with color, and the "stream-like winding of that glorious street" assumes its most striking aspect; and the general view of Oxford from the roofs of the Radcliffe Library, are the prospects which are, perhaps, most impressive to a stranger, since, besides their great general beauty, they present with distinctness the features which make Oxford to differ so widely from an ordinary English town.—*Picturesque Europe.*

A memory of a long ramble among the gray old college buildings of venerable Oxford is among the pleasantest of my reminiscences of English travel.—*Notes of a Pedestrian Tour.*

Its environs are fine, and the country around fertile. Many of the walks are delightful.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

The city of Oxford is the quaintest in England, not even excepting Chester. The rage for improvement is already at work, and great changes are in progress, but even the galleries in the streets of Chester are neither so curious nor ancient in appearance as the venerable buildings of Oxford. The new part of the city is like any other English city, but the old part, and especially the colleges, are mediæval.—*Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D.*

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Wyllys Wynn, as the city of Oxford appeared in view. "It looks like a city of churches." "It is indeed a city of institutions," said Master Lewis.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

I cannot refrain from advising every one who visits England with a desire to see its characteristic beauties, to give at least two or three days to Oxford.—*Richard Grant White.*

It is said that High Street has the greatest number of noble buildings of any street of its size in Europe.—*Hazel Shepard.*

A traveler, or in fact any non-resident, had better come to Oxford in summer, or at least under green boughs. With bare branches one misses the special pleasure of contrast which results from the presence of a certain number of full-grown trees among gray stone buildings.—*Maulger Hawke.*

Oxford is one of the most picturesque of England's cathedral cities.—*William Everett.*

The delightful walks, elegant gardens, invaluable libraries, and public display of learning, the beauty of the meadows and river, which constantly refreshen the sight, added to the salubrity of the air, conspire to render the city one of the ornaments of the kingdom.—*Tombleson.*

Oxford's appearance from a distance, with its towers, spires, and stately public buildings rising among gardens and waters, is picturesque and imposing.—*American Cyclopædia.*

Oxford occupies an undulating site, is surrounded by rich and wooded meadows, and presents to the eye of the approaching visitor a scene of unequaled architectural magnificence.—*Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

The towers and spires, numerous and yet varied in character, the quadrangles old and new with their profusion of carved stone-work, the absence of large factories and tall chimneys, the groves and avenues of trees, the quiet college gardens, the well-watered valleys and encircling hills, all these combine to make Oxford the fairest city in England.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

The number, stateliness, and beauty of the buildings, together with their look of antiquity and repose, combine to produce a feeling of admiration, and

a certain amount of awe that will not fail to fix the remembrance of Oxford in the mind as a thing not to be forgotten.—*Official Tourists' Guide.*

A place of great grandeur and beauty. The whole town has an unrivaled air of magnificence and dignity.—*Prof. Benjamin Silliman.*

A picturesque old place of that mediævo-ecclesiastical architecture, half-religious, half-military, which tells so impressively the story of its day; a town of towers and turrets and spires, . . . of classic streams and time-stained halls consecrated by the tradition of faith and learning, and hallowed with the names and memories of the great and good of England.—*W. W. Nevin.*

Here Latimer and Ridley in the flames bore witness to the truth.—*Southey.*

The city of Oxford appears to the stranger to be the metropolis of the muses; the greater part of the edifices that meet his eye are designed for the immediate purposes of study; for teaching and for learning; the spires, towers, and domes of colleges, of schools and libraries, rise above the venerable trees, amid pleasant meadows and gardens.—*Westminster Review.*

Oxford by moonlight! Towers shooting silently up into the blue sky, and silvered with the lunar rays, met the eye in every direction, relieving the dark, square masses of the colleges, which were half seen in shades below. We had never beheld any actual scene which appeared more completely to justify those pictures of Grenada, Constantinople, and other romantic cities which painters present to us, and the truthfulness of which we always suspect till we see the actual places.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

And now I take leave of Oxford without even an attempt to describe it, there being no literary faculty attainable or conceivable by me, which can avail to put it adequately or even tolerably upon paper. It must remain its own sole expression; and those whose sad fortunes it may be never to behold it have no better resource than to dream about gray, weather-stained, ivy-grown edifices, wrought with quaint Gothic ornament, and standing around grassy quadrangles where cloistered walks have echoed to the quiet footsteps of twenty generations; lawns and gardens of luxurious repose, shadowed with canopies of foliage and lit with sunny glimpses, through archways of great boughs, spires, towers, and turrets, each with its history and legend, dimly magnificent chapels, with painted windows of rare beauty and brilliantly diversified hues, creating an atmosphere of richest gloom; vast college halls, high-windowed, oaken-paneled, and hung around with the portraits of the men in every age, whom the University has nurtured to be illustrious; long vistas of alcoved libraries, where the wisdom and learned folly of all time is shelved . . . make all these things vivid in your dreams, and you will never know nor believe how inadequate is the result to represent even the merest outside of Oxford.—*Hawthorne.*

As one wanders down the sinuous windings of that glorious city, or plunges into the meanest of her suburbs, Oxford fronts the most careless of her observers with traces of each age of her history.—*J. R. Green.*

And this is not a dead city, nor is it asleep; the modern work completes and increases the ancient work; the contemporaries, as in former times, contribute their buildings and their gifts.—*H. Taine.*

Oxford, the great glory of England, and second only in objects of interest to its metropolis.—*John Timbs.*

Oxford, ever since the Reformation, has been the consecrated abode of Tory politics and High-church divinity.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Oxford, ancient mother! hoary with ancestral honors.—*De Quincey.*

That venerable seat of learning.—*Scott.*

Oxford's a place where wit can never starve.—*Dryden.*

The palace of the scholar; his paradise of literary rest, his final reward.—*Professor Hoppin.*

Nothing is wanting at Oxford, neither the beauties of art, nor the freshness of nature, nor the great and grandiose impressions of history.—*H. Taine.*

Here men understand, and are employed in works worthy their noble natures.—*Tattler.*

A historic religious center of England, and, as the centers of learning always are, a most conservative spot.—*W. W. Nevin.*

This ancient seat of culture.—*Moncure D. Conway.*

No well-read American can visit Oxford without feeling his mind taken hold of by the fascination of a peculiar interest. Here he will see where the intellectual life and stature of a mother of nations were cradled.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Ancient Oxford! noble nurse of skill!

A citie seated riche in everye thing:

Girt with wood and water.—*Ralph Aggas.*

The life of England for some eight centuries may be traced in the buildings of Oxford.—*Andrew Lang.*

Oxford, some one says, is bitterly historical.

Oxford lends sweetness to labor and dignity to leisure. When I say Oxford, I mean Cambridge.—*H. James, Jr.*

In Oxford you feel as if you were under the mystic pressure of accumulated centuries, whose strange influence of antiquity is all about you.—*Joseph Hatton.*

Oxford would seem to be a place in which to forget the present, to lose the future, and to walk and muse life away in the dim cloisters of the past.—*Professor Hoppin.*

The memories that make Westminster and York and Canterbury what they are, that make Oxford, too, what it is, are like the old ivy that grows only where age has given it a foothold and prepared the way.—*Anon.*

No institutions have exerted a greater influence on the world than this and its companion at Cambridge.—*T. W. Silloway and L. L. Powers.*

Oxford's historical associations are spread over a long succession of ages.—*Saturday Review.*

When Oxford was not a seat of learning the chronicles of England do not show.—*S. I. Prime.*

A city full of the noblest, the most astonishing monuments of an ancient period, and every thing modern is but an insignificant accessory.—*F. Von Raumer.*

It is only natural that Oxford, abounding as it does in traces of the past, should be a favorite field of archæological observations.—*T. E. Holland.*

Who can visit a place like this, devoted to study and the pursuit of literature, without feeling that he has passed into another sphere from that of a working world.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Oxford typifies the luxury of knowledge; it is the scholar's paradise. . . . The poetry of academic life is here concentrated; study is idealized and consecrated, and the scholar's life enshrined.—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

Oxford is the right lobe of the great heart of educational and ecclesiastical England.—*Elihu Burritt.*

The methods of the University and its colleges grew up of old in obedience to definite ends, and their development has mainly been along the lines of England's highest character, the eternal parallels of conduct and culture.—*Moncure D. Conway.*

To the barbaric mind ambitious of culture Oxford is the usual happy reconciliation between research and acceptance. It typifies to an American the union of science and sense: of aspiration and ease.—*H. James, Jr.*

The wisdom and learning of this University, above that of all others, may be compared to the sun.—*Anthony Wood.*

Conservative as Oxford is, the home of "impossible causes," she has always given asylums to new doctrines, to all the thoughts which comfortable people call "dangerous."—*Andrew Lang.*

Its name raises a train of memories, reaching back into the legendary age of England, which all our romance, reading and castle-building from boyhood

have combined to make very attractive to us. There is scarcely a spot in the older portions of the city which will not speak to one who has ears to hear, of scenes and incidents of history and fiction, which will appeal irresistibly to the vein of romance in every nature. He must have been dipped, not in Stygian, but in Lethean waters, who can live among such associations and resist their influence.—*Ansley Wilcox.*

How many advantages does the Oxford student enjoy, besides the admirable opportunities for study and for storing the mind, from the treasure-houses that are ready at his hand, with riches that cannot be stolen; the delicious and romantic walks, rural parks, and grounds about here; the opportunities for boating, which may be extended to the river Cherwell, where the greater width affords better opportunities for racing—attrition with the best mettle of the nation; instruction from the best scholars; and a dwelling-place, every corner of which is rich in historic memories.—*Curtis Guild.*

Oxford is a center alike for the associations of the past, and the most vital interests of the present. In its quiet cloisters and peaceful quadrangles, its beautiful cathedrals and spacious libraries, one feels one's self the representative and the heir of all the ages that are gone.—*Vida D. Scudder.*

About 882 Pope Pope Martin II. refers to Oxford as a seat of learning.

The University originated in a gradual union of the schools connected with the monasteries and other religious houses. The first known record of the institution as a University is in a statute enacted in 1201, during the reign of King John. His successor, Henry III., granted a charter recognizing it as a corporate body and increasing its privileges. In 1570 Queen Elizabeth continued and confirmed all previous charters, of both Oxford and Cambridge, which continued to be their principal source of power and privilege until 1854.

James I., in 1603, established the right, still maintained, of sending two representatives to Parliament, called burgesses.

In 1629 Archbishop William Laud, an eminent English prelate, prominent in urging the forced establishment of episcopacy in Scotland, codified the statutes of the University which were adopted by this institution and ratified by King

Charles I. (who held Laud as his confidential adviser in all ecclesiastical affairs) in 1635.

Oxford was the birthplace of Wycliffism, in 1381 ; and it was here in 1729 that Wesley gathered about him the little company of Christians who were nicknamed Methodists.

During the greater part of the seventeenth century Oxford was invaded by the spirit of Jacobitism, a party composed of the adherents of James II., who during his reign attempted, without success, the overthrow of the constitutional system of England, and the restoration of the Catholic religion.

Prof. Goldwin Smith thus writes of Oxford's condition during this period :

In truth the University, in the proper sense of the word, could scarcely be said to live in those days. Her corpse was possessed by an alien spirit of clerical depravity and political intrigue. Learning slept, education languished, university and college examinations became a farce. Life in most of the colleges was indolent, sensual, and coarse.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century learning revived, and Oxford became once more an acknowledged power in the intellectual world.

From 1833-44 occurred the Anglo-Catholic or Tractarianism movement, so called from a series of publications, ninety in number, entitled *Tracts for the Times*, consisting of extracts from the writings of the " antenicene fathers," ecclesiastical writers of later times, and original works from the pens of Drs. Pusey, Keble, Williams, Newman, and other eminent divines. The subjects included special doctrinal points. The last one, No. 90, published by Dr. Newman, was condemned by the University, and its author, together with other prominent members of the English Church, united with the Catholics.

The University includes twenty-one colleges and five halls.

Each college has its own government, board of instructors, and buildings. The government of each college is vested in

a body consisting of a Head, or president, and several members called Fellows.

The Head, with a few exceptions, is chosen by the Fellows, and generally for life. The Fellows are usually appointed by the Head, after a competitive examination. This position is forfeited by marriage. Instruction is given by professors and tutors.

All degrees are conferred by the University. George Peabody, Henry W. Longfellow, and James Russell Lowell, each received the honorary degree of D.C.L., and Rev. Phillips Brooks that of D.D., from this institution.

University College is the oldest. Alfred the Great has been claimed as its founder, but this honor is now granted, by common consent, to William de Lanum, Archbishop of Durham.

Merton College was founded by Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, in 1270, for the special purpose of establishing a system, hitherto unknown, whereby all scholars should be obliged to fill the one vocation of parish priest.

The chapel is one of the largest in Oxford, and the library one of the oldest in the kingdom.

Balliol College, founded between 1260-69 by John de Balliol and his wife, is noted for the intellectual attainments of its members. John Wycliffe was once master of the college.

Exeter College was founded in 1314 by Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, whose untimely death prevented the completion of the work. In 1565 it was incorporated by a charter from Queen Elizabeth, and its extensive buildings have all been erected since the fifteenth century. The chapel, in imitation of the *Sainte Chapelle*, in the south court of the *Palais de Justice*, in Paris, is magnificently decorated inside with clustered columns, inlaid screens, mosaics, and wood carvings. Outside, its tall slender spire is a conspicuous object of interest. Benjamin Kennicott, an eminent

clergyman and Hebrew scholar; Samuel, the father of the Wesleys, and the English historian Froude are among the eminent members of Exeter. The library contains a valuable collection of mathematical works.

Oriel College was founded by Edward II. in 1326. Among its celebrated members are Sir Walter Raleigh, John Keble, Thomas Arnold, and Samuel Wilberforce.

Queen's College, named for the wife of Edward III., was founded by Robert de Eglesfield in 1340. Wycliffe was among its earliest members.

William of Wykeham founded New College, June 30, 1386. The chapel has a massive detached bell-tower, and the gardens are very beautiful, being bounded on one side by a perfect remnant of the old city wall.

The idea of Richard Flemyng in establishing Lincoln College, in 1427, was to prevent the spread of Wycliffism; yet the original manuscript of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, completed about 1383, is to-day the most valued treasure in the library. John Wesley was tutor at Lincoln from 1729 to 1735.

Sir Thomas White, a London merchant, founded St. John's College in 1555. Its gardens are considered among the most attractive of Oxford.

All Souls College was founded in 1437 by Henry Chichele, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. The chapel contains a wonderful altar-piece; the library, a valuable collection of legal works, and the original plan of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, by Sir Christopher Wren.

Magdalen College was founded in 1456 by William Patten, Bishop of Winchester. The buildings cover over eleven acres, and the grounds include lawns, gardens, shady walks, and a small deer park of about one hundred acres. On the north side of this park is a long, leafy avenue called Addison's Walk, because while a student here it was a favorite resort of this eminent author. Its magnificent

tower is one hundred and fifty feet high, containing a peal of bells.

Cardinal Wolsey was a member of Magdalen.

Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, founded Corpus Christi College in 1516, and established, for the first time in the history of the University, professorships in Greek and Latin.

This college has always been famous for its educational facilities. Among its famous members is Bishop John Jewell, prominently connected with the religious hostilities of Elizabeth's reign, and author of the *Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, published in 1562.

The famous English prelate, Cardinal Wolsey founded Christ Church College in 1525. After his attainder, in 1529, the college, with all its revenues, came under the control of Henry VIII. The dining hall has a wonderfully carved oak roof. Its walls are adorned with a large and fine collection of original portraits of eminent personages, painted by eminent artists, among them that of Henry VIII., by Holbein. Surmounting the grand gate-way of the Great Quadrangle is a tower containing a bell weighing seventeen thousand pounds, called "Great Tom of Oxford." At five minutes past nine every night it strikes one hundred and one times, after which the college gates are closed.

Christ Church Meadow is the pride of Oxford and delight of all tourists. It includes fifty acres, surrounded by a shady walk a mile and a quarter in extent, terminating in an avenue of magnificent elms, called the Broad Walks. Christ Church has educated many of England's eminent men. John Locke, Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sidney, Isaac Casaubon, Sir Robert Peel, William E. Gladstone, and a long, long list of statesmen, scholars, and poets.

Keble College, incorporated by royal charter June 6, 1870, was built with solicited funds in commemoration of the eminent English divine, Rev. John Keble, also "for perpetuating academical education definitely based upon the princi-

ples of the Church of England." The chapel, the most modern and magnificent in Oxford, was built at the expense of one man, Mr. W. Gibbs, of Tintestield, Bristol, and dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, April 25, 1876. The famous picture, "The Light of the World," by the famous artist, William Holman Hunt, hangs in the library.

Between 1445-80, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, founded a library at Oxford. During the reign of Edward VI. many of the books were scattered and destroyed. In 1587 Sir Thomas Bodley conceived and executed the idea of the restoration of this library. It was opened for public use November 8, 1602, and bears the name of its second founder. The Bodleian Library contains over three hundred thousand volumes, representing every department of literature; a rare and extensive collection of old manuscripts and autographs; wonderful specimens of illuminated books, hand-work of the old monks, between the years 800 and 1000; books of ancient literature, Sanskrit, Hebrew, Coptic, Chinese, and Persian, and a large collection of historic relics. It is entitled by law to a copy, free of cost, of every book published in the United Kingdom, while from the funds left by Sir Thomas Bodley, and other donors, its wealth of literature is constantly being increased, and it is numbered among the noted libraries of the world.

Another interesting building is the University Museum, founded and used for the special study of Natural Science. Every facility required is extensively supplied, apparatus, specimens, lecture rooms, laboratories, and the famous Ratcliffe Library of Natural Science, founded by Dr. Ratcliffe, for the special encouragement of scientific studies.

Elias Ashmole, the English antiquary, presented to Oxford University an enormous collection of ancient coins, antiquities, and books, which led to the founding of the Ashmolean Museum in 1682. The collection contains many curious relics, among them the sword bearing the inscription, "Defender of

the Faith," presented by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII. in 1514.

The Sheldonian Theater is used for the annual commemoration exercises, consisting of Latin orations delivered in memory of its founder, Archbishop Sheldon, and the many benefactors of the University, and the recitation of prize compositions. All honorary degrees are conferred in this room.

The Church of St. Mary the Virgin is intimately associated with the religious history of Oxford, especially with the lives of Wycliffe, the Wesleys, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. It is the University Church, and the famous Bampton Lectures are delivered here.

A cross in the pavement in front of Balliol College designates the spot where the Christian martyrs, Latimer and Ridley, were burned at the stake, October 16, 1555, and Thomas Cranmer, March 21, 1556. In St. Giles Street a fine gothic monument, erected in 1841, commemorates the event. It is called the "Martyrs' Memorial," and is declared, by Goldwin Smith, to be "the architectural manifesto of the Protestant party against the Romanizing doctrines of Dr. Newman and his disciples."

Oxford is old, even in England, and conservative. . . . It is a British story, rich with great names, the school of the island, and the link of England to the learned of Europe. . . . On every side Oxford is redolent of age and authority. . . . Oxford is a Greek factory, as Wilton mills weave carpets, and Sheffield grinds steel. They know the use of a tutor, as they know the use of a horse; and they draw the greatest amount of benefit out of both. . . . England is a land of mixture and surprise, and when you have settled it that the universities are moribund, out comes a poetic influence from the heart of Oxford, to mold the opinions of cities, to build their houses as simply as birds their nests, to give veracity to art, and charm mankind as an appeal to moral order always must."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

The name of Oxford calls up at once the image of venerable antiquity embodied in all the architectural beauty of the past. To the historic eye the city is, in fact, the annals of England written in gray stone. And those annals are a varied and moving tale. . . . "Those buildings must be very old," said an American visitor to his Oxford host, pointing to a very black-



THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

looking pile. "No," was the reply, "the color of the stone deceives you; their age is only two hundred years." Two hundred years, though a great antiquity to the inhabitants of a new country, are but as the flight of a weaver's shuttle to the age of the pyramids. It is by another measure that the age of such cities as Oxford must be meted. Between her earliest and latest monuments lies the whole intellectual history of Christendom, from the very infancy of mediæval faith to this skeptical maturity (as it seems to us) of modern science, together with all the political, social, and ecclesiastical memories which intellectual history brings in its train. Movements and reactions, the ebb and flow of contending and fluctuating thought, have left their traces all around. As you walk those streets, you see, in the spirit of history, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, Wycliffe, Erasmus, Wolsey, the chiefs and martyrs of the Reformation. Hooker, Laud, Butler, Shelley. . . . Nowhere do you feel more intensely the power of the past, and the ascendancy of the dead over the living. . . . Nor is the calmness of the past less felt in Oxford than its power. Thither turn your steps, if you desire to put off for a time the excitement of the passing hour. The keep of the Norman castle is that from which the Empress Matilda made her escape during the war in the time of Stephen. Merton College is a memorial of the Barons' war in the reign of Henry III.; Magdalen, of the War of the Roses. Traces of the political and ecclesiastical struggle between Charles I. and the Commons are everywhere to be seen. Over the gate of the University College stands the statue of James II., who, when he sojourned within those walls, was striking the last blow struck by a Stuart king for the Stuart cause. Five civil wars—with their divisions, that seemed eternal—their hatreds that seemed inextricable—all turned to charitable memories and tranquil dust.—*Goldwin Smith.*

VI. STRATFORD.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON is located in Warwickshire, a mid-land county of England. The town is about half-way between Liverpool and London, on the line of the North-western Railway. The name Stratford originated in the fact that a *ford* crossed the river, connecting the main *street* or road leading to London.

Population, about 8,000. The town is very quiet and quaint, yet cozy and home-like.

The "Red Horse Inn," where Washington Irving was so comfortably housed during his visit to Stratford, is still open for public patronage.

To a homeless man who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boot, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his scepter, and the little parlor, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire.

It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on a pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like

a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the *Stratford Guide-Book* under my arm as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakespeare, the jubilee, and David Garrick.—*Irving*.

The Avon River, upon which Stratford is located, adds much to the beauty of the place. It rises near Naseby, in Northamptonshire, runs a south-westerly course across Warwickshire, and empties into the Severn River near Tewkesbury. Its length is about one hundred miles, and it is not at any point very wide.

TO THE AVON.

Flow on, sweet river! like his verse,
Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse;
Nor wait beside the church-yard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall erelong
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er;
He stands upon another shore;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.—*Longfellow*.

A placid stream, broadly befringed with sedges, winds in tortuous reaches through rich meadows; and now it sparkles in open sunlight, for the trees recede; and anon it steals away, scarce seen, amid the gloom of bosky thickets. And such is the Avon, Shakespeare's own river. Here must he have wandered in his boyhood, times unnumbered. That stream, with its sedges, and its quick glancing fins—those dewy banks, with their cowslips and daffodils, trees chance-grouped, exactly such as these, and to which

these have succeeded—must all have stamped their deep impress on his mind. . . . Here he must have walked in sober middle life, when fame and fortune had both been achieved, happily to feel amid the solitude that there is but little solid good in either, and that, even were it otherwise, the stream of life glides away to its silent bourn, from their gay light and kindly shelter, to return no more forever.—*Hugh Miller.*

Charlecote is about four miles from Stratford. This place is always associated with Shakespeare on account of a youthful indiscretion, which, according to good authority, he may or may not have committed. The story is this : Sir Thomas Lucy, owner of Charlecote, prosecuted Shakespeare and some of his companions for deer-stealing in his park. Shakespeare thought the punishment greater than the offense merited, and as a revenge wrote a spiteful ballad, which he placed on the entrance gate at Charlecote. This enraged Sir Thomas, who increased the severity of his prosecutions to a degree that rendered it necessary for Shakespeare to leave Stratford.

The place is still owned by the Lucy family, and remains essentially unchanged since its erection in 1558.

The old mansion of Charlecote. . . . As the house stood but a little more than three miles' distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakespeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery. . . . My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fancy doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley ; sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders ; sometimes disappearing among groves, or beneath green banks ; and sometimes rambling out into full view, and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called The Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, while all the soft intervening landscapes lie in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon. . . . I turned off into a foot-path which led . . . to a private gate of the park. . . . I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. . . . The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue, and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening. . . . I had now come in sight of the house. It is a

large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day. . . . A great gate-way opens from the park into a kind of court-yard in front of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower beds. . . . The front of the house is completely in the old style, with stone-shafted casements, a great bow window of heavy stonework, and a portal with armorial bearings over it carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weather-cock.—*Irving*.

Anne Hathaway's cottage, at Shottery, is less than a mile from Stratford. The house is low, long, narrow, and thatched-roofed, with an orchard and a garden at the back and side. The cottage is entered by the same pathway and door as in Shakespeare's day. The old kitchen contains the same settle and fire-place on and before which he sat. A bedstead with wonderful carvings and articles of linen marked with the Hathaway initials are the principal family mementos shown.

The cottage of Anne Hathaway. Time, whose hand has not dealt unmercifully with Stratford, has here fallen with its softest touches. The sky still canopies the wide green stretches, the pleasant hedges, and the rural path that were familiar to the boy Shakespeare hastening to his lover. Nothing here can have altered much, for fields and meadows are practically changeless, save for the gentle changes of the seasons. On reaching the village indeed we step forward a little in modern life only to step back again into the past as we pause before Anne Hathaway's cottage and enter its rustic door. Here another old woman awaits us. . . . She displays with pride old oaken bedsteads that antiquaries would be rejoiced to buy, and bed-linen worked and adorned with exceeding care by the fingers of a generation that still found time to make common things beautiful.—*Justin McCarthy*.

Stratford can justly be called an ancient town, as, previous to the year 718, it is mentioned in a charter granted to Egwin, Bishop of Worcester, the county in which at that time Stratford was situated. Four years before the Norman conquest a monastery was built at Stratford, which became the headquarters of the superior clergy of Worcestershire.

The municipal government of Stratford was in its earliest history organized and controlled by the bishops. They held their courts semi-annually.

In 1550 this municipal power was transferred from the bishops to one of the Earls of Warwick, and finally to the English crown.

In 1553 Edward VI. granted a charter of incorporation to the town.

A perfect model of an English country town—a quiet, sunny place.—*Official Tourists' Guide.*

"The Home of Shakespeare!"—at once his birthplace and his burial place—is Stratford-upon-Avon.—*Neil's Guide-Book.*

Attractive as a quiet and pleasant old English town, it is naturally in the birthplace and grave of Shakespeare that all interest is here concentrated; an interest which yearly draws hither crowds of travelers from every part of the civilized world.—*Black's Guide-Book.*

Stratford-upon-Avon is chiefly known and visited by the stranger from its being the place

Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,
Where his first accents faltered on his tongue.

—*Cooke's Guide-Book.*

The town is neatly built and has quite a modern look, most of the old houses having disappeared.—*Library of Universal Knowledge.*

This Stratford is a small town and has in it a good many quaint old houses, and is characterized (so I thought) by an air of respectable, standstill, and meditative repose.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

A clean, quiet country town, that would have dwindled into a village long ago had not John Shakespeare's son been born on High Street.—*Marion Harland.*

A sweet English town is this Stratford.—*Mrs. Mary Cowden Clark.*

A remarkably bright-looking, cheerful town, and is, of course, more visited than any other of its size in England.—*Alfred Rimmer.*

The country round about Stratford presents the perfection of quietest English scenery; it is remarkable for its wealth of lovely wild-flowers, for its deep meadows on each side of the tranquil Avon, and for its rich, sweet woodlands.—*Edward Dowden, LL.D.*

Three centuries cannot have much changed the face of nature here. The flowing river is the same in size and motion; the billowy hills are not high, but regular and graceful as the undulations of the sea; the pasture fields, the meadows, the shady nooks and corners—these are about the same as

when William Shakespeare was a boy. These are the scenes which interested his young soul; and here were penned those mature and majestic poems which outrank the classics of Greece and Rome.—*Alexander Clark.*

The first *locale* in all England to our countrymen is Stratford-upon-Avon.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Participating in this tendency of mankind, we lately turned our wandering steps to England's great shrine—going in pious pilgrimage to our own Mecca—the birthplace and grave of William Shakespeare.—*J. A. Langford.*

To visit Stratford is to tread with affectionate veneration in the footsteps of the poet. To write about Stratford is to write about Shakespeare.—*William Winter.*

The whole country about here is poetic ground: every thing is associated with the idea of Shakespeare. Every old cottage that I saw, I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitious which he has woven like witchcraft into his dreams.—*Irving.*

Stratford-on-Avon, perhaps the most interesting town, so far as association with a great name can make a town interesting beneath the canopy of heaven, always excepting that one town which stands among the haunted hollows of the Syrian hills.—*Justin McCarthy.*

A quiet little English town, but whose inns have yearly visitors from half the nations of the civilized world, pilgrims to this shrine of genius, the birthplace of him who wrote "not for a day, but all time."—*Curtis Guild.*

Stratford will ever remain a beacon to the enthusiast in nature's loveliness, as well as to the admirer of intellect and genius in man.—*Rev. A. Danker.*

This is "Shakespeare's land." The town lives and moves and has its being in his memory and tradition.—*W. W. Nevin.*

Stratford, which but for one circumstance in its eventful history, had else been unknown and unvisited.

To that spot genius has imparted an interest that does not attach to any other place on the globe. Many a pilgrim has walked the quiet streets of that quaint old Warwickshire village and sought out a rude thatched house in Henley Street, where, during the month that the trees put forth their bud and blossoms, in the seventh year of the reign of "Good Queen Bess," in a low-roofed apartment, with huge oak beams and roughly-plastered walls, on whose surface myriads of autographs cross each other, so closely written and so continuous that it has the appearance of being covered with fine spider-web, was born the immortal Shakespeare. There you may still see the church in which he was baptized and buried; the same sweet sil-

very Avon where he fished and sailed and swam; the school-house in which he was taught.

"Small Latine and less Greeke;" the same path-way through woods and flowery fields that led the poet to the cottage of his lady love, "sweet Anne Hathaway," and the old mansion of the Lucys, intact as in the days of the "myriad minded," to use Coleridge's happy expression, almost the only epithet of the many applied to Shakespeare that is to be tolerated.—*Harper's Monthly*.

It is by Shakespeare that England takes rank in the world of literature: for it is by him that we have given to mankind a new type of genius—something that cannot be paralleled, something that cannot be replaced, and it is by Shakespeare that Stratford has become a center for the curiosity and love of all who love bright thoughts nobly expressed, and admire the creative might of the imagination.

Fairer seems the ancient borough,
And its sunshine seems more fair;
That he once has trod its pavements,
That he once has breathed its air.—*Neil's Guide-Book*.

Stratford, were it not hallowed by associations, though it might always hold a place among the pleasant memories of the traveler, would never have become a shrine for the homage of the world. To Shakespeare it owes its renown; from Shakespeare it derives the bulk of its prosperity.—*William Winter*.

It would seem that he who throughout life was the least ambitious, the most careless about his fame of all distinguished men, was, by the very echo of that fame, after the lapse of centuries, to give the chief impulse to some five or six thousand persons, dwelling on the spot where he first drew breath.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

A little old-world town, where the bust of Shakespeare looks down upon you from every coigne of vantage. Mysterious being, who sprang from impenetrable obscurity in that quiet village to light the beacon of an immortal flame, and sink back into the uncertain shades of his native place until he rests definitely in the beautiful parish church, so still among its trees, with the Avon laving the wall of the church-yard.—*Sarah B. Wister*.

You seldom fail to see, even in that quaint little town, small groups of people on whose faces and in whose demeanor you will recognize the stranger stamp. There is something to see in those unfrequented streets, and they have come a long way to see it. What wonder? The town is Stratford-on-Avon! It is the birthplace and burial place of William Shakespeare.—*Anon*.

In all the world there is no shrine of pilgrimage like this.—*English Pictures.*

The place is hallowed ground to all who take a special interest in the circumstances of the birth and death of our national poet.—*John Timbs.*

As you walk through the streets, and in the neighborhood, Shakespeare entirely occupies your thoughts.—*Anon.*

Stratford appears now to live on the fame of Shakespeare. You see mementos of the great native poet wherever you turn.—*Howitt.*

If the surroundings of a man's life produce any effect on the development of his character, we might expect that a thoroughly English poet would be born in our midland counties. This expectation is fulfilled in the birth-place of Shakespeare. Stratford-on-Avon stands among characteristic mid-England scenery.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Little did John Shakespeare and the gossips dream, when the baby William's name was duly inscribed in the register book, with its corners and clasps of embossed brass, that he was destined to become England's greatest poet. Little did they dream, honest folk, that the old market town and the house on Henley Street and the meadows across the river . . . would become sacred ground to hundreds of thousands of people from all quarters of the globe, who should come, year by year, on reverent pilgrimage to Shakespeare's birthplace.—*Rose Kingsley.*

I cannot hope to give in their fullness the feelings with which I approached this shrine of my highest intellectual worship, to tell how every hill and green shadowed vale and old tree and the banks of that almost sacred river spoke to my hushed heart of him who once trod that earth and breathed that air and watched the silver flowing of that stream; of him whose mind was a font of wisdom and thought, at which generation after generation has drunk, and yet it fails not.—*Grace Greenwood.*

I have been in many famous places and have wandered to many distant shrines, but never to any spot which I have left with so warm a sense of reverence and affection as the quiet little Warwickshire town which contains the place of birth, the place of death, and the place of sleep of Shakespeare.—*Justin McCarthy.*

The memory of Shakespeare covers with its disk the whole life and being and history, ancient and modern, of Stratford-upon-Avon.—*Elihu Burritt.*

How it would have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the

boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amid the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!—*Washington Irving.*

The magnificent Shakespeare Memorial Theater stands on the banks of the Avon, a short distance from New Place. The main entrance is a fac-simile of the poet's birthplace. The building contains a theater, library, and picture-gallery. It was opened for public use April 23, 1879, this being the three hundred and fifteenth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth.

The Chapel of the Guild, where Shakespeare often attended church, is still standing. Adjoining the chapel is Guildhall, where the poet attended school from 1571 to 1578, and where he "learned those letters which he was afterward to put together to such magic purpose."

The foundation and grounds of New Place are on the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane. Here stood the house where Shakespeare spent the last years of his life, and where he died April 23, 1616. He purchased this property in 1597, and after his death it became the inheritance of his daughter and granddaughter. At their decease the property was sold to Sir Edward Walker, in 1675. His only daughter married a Clopton, and New Place remained in possession of this family until 1751. Rev. Edward Gastrell bought it of the Clopton estate in 1753. Six years afterward, in a fit of anger occasioned by what he considered unjust taxation, he leveled it to the ground. Fortunately, his anger was appeased on reaching the foundation, which still remains.

Between 1775 and 1829 New Place was owned by four different parties, and, during the latter year, was divided and sold into six lots. In 1862 a public subscription was raised and expended by Mr. J. O. Halliwell in purchasing the entire property, which was vested in the corporation of Strat-

ford to be preserved by them forever for the cultivation and enjoyment of the English people.

The foundation stones of the house are covered with a frame-work of wire netting.

The grounds are about three hundred feet square, in which the lawn is beautifully kept, flowers are profusely cultivated, and shade trees are abundant. The whole is inclosed by a stone wall and iron fence, the latter having at regular intervals the monogram W. S., while on the entrance-gate is recorded the name and date of Shakespeare's birth and death.

It can scarcely be doubted that Shakespeare purchased New Place in order to provide a home for his wife and children during his long absence in London—a home which he labored hard to sustain—a home to which he always retired when the seasons of temporary repose arrived; when, being set free from the mental and physical exertions necessary to carry on the business of Blackfriars and the Globe Theater, he would enjoy (as he ever loved to do) the sweet associations of that home, and the delights of the Garden of England—the luxuriant valley of the Avon.—*J. C. M. Bellew.*

The house where Shakespeare was born is on Henley Street. Purchased by his father, John Shakespeare, in 1556, it was occupied by him until his death, in 1601. After this event it changed owners several times. For several years part of the house was used as a butcher-shop, and part as an inn.

In 1847, owing largely to the zealous efforts of Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, the house was purchased by the government for about £3,000, or \$15,000. By them the property has since been owned and controlled, the special supervision being intrusted to a Board of Trustees. After the purchase, the building was carefully restored to its original condition by Mr. Edward Gibbs.

The house is on the north side of Henley Street, built of brick, the outside plastered and paneled with wood painted black. It has three dormer windows, three doors, and a projecting porch on the side toward the street. The interior wood-work is oak, and originally the house was considered one of the finest structures in the vicinity.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offsprings in by- corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.—*Irving.*

The house is recognized the moment it comes in sight. . . . With a feeling something like awe, I reach out my hand to the iron bell-pull and almost tremble as I hear the hoarse jangling I have made, echoing its way within the haunted walls. . . . Footsteps approach, the sacred door swings back, and a neat, demure old lady appears and invites me to enter. With beating heart I obey, and cross the threshold; the door closes behind me; I am there at last. I remember how, on my first day at Athens, the companion who led me up the Acropolis, turned to me as we touched the steps of the Parthenon, and said, "Put off your shoes, for the ground you tread is holy." The words came to my mind again and the wish to obey them. . . . Here in this low room, with its wooden beams that time has tempered almost to the hardness of porphyry, the child of the wool-stapler, whose name makes England the rival of Greece and Rome, was born. Let the irreverent laugh as they will, there is a sanctity about associations, a holiness or a wonder about the places where great men have lived, or fair women loved, plotted, and deceived, which is strong enough to defy the degradation of a thousand tourists, and the exorcisms of a wilderness of guides.—*Justin McCarthy.*

There was an interest to every thing about the house, even to the quaint iron fastenings about the windows; because those might have arrested that child's attention, and been dwelt on in some dreamy hour of infant thought. The fires that once burned in those old chimneys, the fleeting sparks, the curling smoke, and glowing coals, all may have inspired their faucies.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

This humblest of dwellings . . . rises in interest over the palaces of kings.—*Hugh Miller.*

That antique relic of the past, the poet's birthplace, which we at once recognize from the numerous pictures we have seen of it, I stood before with a feeling akin to that of veneration—something like that which must fill the mind of a pilgrim who has traveled a weary journey to visit the shrine of some celebrated saint.—*Curtis Guild.*

If there be one spot in old, in historic, England sanctified by past associations, it is the cottage where the poet of the world passed his youth, where he wooed and won, and encountered the struggles of early life—the birthplace of William Shakespeare.—*J. O. Halliwell-Phillips.*

Time has gently laid his withering hands
On one frail house—the House of Shakespeare stands:
Centuries are gone, fallen are 'the cloud-capt towers,'
But Shakespeare's home, his boyhood home, is ours.—*Anon.*

The porch door opens directly into the old kitchen, connected by a narrow stair-way with the front room in the upper story where Shakespeare was born, April 23, 1624.

A low, rude apartment, with huge beams and plastered walls, and those walls one mosaic mass of penciled autographs and inscriptions of visitors to this shrine of genius. . . . Even the panes of glass in the windows have not escaped, but are scratched all over with autographs by the diamond rings of visitors; among these signatures I saw that of Sir Walter Scott. At the side of the fire-place is the well-known actor's pillar, a jamb of the fire-place thickly covered with the autographs of actors who have visited here; among the names I noticed the signatures of Charles Kean, Edmund Kean, and G. V. Brooke.—*Curtis Guild.*

Back of the birth-room is another similar, and equally ancient in general appearance.

It contains a valuable oil-painting, called the "Stratford Portrait," which was presented to the town by one of its old residents, Mr. William Hunt. Just below the picture is a brass plate with the following inscription:

This portrait of Shakespeare, after being in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town-clerk of Stratford, and his family, for upward of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins, of London, and, being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, to be preserved in Shakespeare's house, April 23, 1862.

Part of the building contains a museum, where are exhibited various articles and documents belonging to, and connected with, the life of Shakespeare.

The most favorite object of curiosity is Shakespeare's chair. . . . Here he may many a time have sat, when a boy, watching the slowly revolving

spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening listening to the cronies and gossip of Stratford, dealing forth church-yard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England.—*Irving*.

Not the least interesting of these relics was the rude school desk, at which Master Will conned his lessons at the grammar school. A sadly battered affair it was, with the lid in the middle raised by rude leather hinges, and the whole of it hacked and cut in true school-boy style. . . . Next we came to the old sign of "The Falcon," which swung over the hostelry of that name at Bedford. . . . Here is Shakespeare's jug, from which David Garrick sipped wine at the Shakespeare jubilee, held in 1758; . . . Shakespeare's gold signet-ring, with the initials W. S. inclosed in a true-lover's knot. Among the interesting documents were a letter from Richard Quyncey to Shakespeare, asking for a loan of thirty pounds, which is said to be the only letter addressed to Shakespeare known to exist.—*Curtis Guild*.

Adjoining the house is a garden, where are carefully cultivated the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, where the poet is buried, is of ancient date, although the changes and innovations of different periods have given its architecture a somewhat modern appearance.

The tower is the oldest portion of the building, and the chancel the most beautiful. A garden and cemetery separate it from the street, while the trees shading the chancel dip their branches in the Avon.

The somber effect of its gray, mossy walls is greatly relieved by the brilliant colored wall-flowers growing here and there on its different sides.

An avenue of lime-trees, trimmed so as to form an archway, leads from the church-yard gate to the main entrance.

Shakespeare is buried in the chancel, and his grave is designated by a flat stone in the floor bearing the following inscription:

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

These lines, it is claimed, were composed by Shakes-

peare, and have proved an effectual safeguard against the removal of his remains.

The chancel also contains the grave of Shakespeare's wife, his daughter Susanna, and other relatives. Near the altar is the tomb of his intimate friend, John Combe.

I entered the silent church, and passed along its rooms of old oak pews, on to the chancel. The shadows of the trees outside were projected dark against the windows, and the numerous marbles of the place glimmered cold and sad in the thickened light. The chancel is raised a single step over the floor, a step some twelve or fourteen inches in height; and ranged on end along its edge, just where the ascending foot would rest, there lie three flat tombstones. One of these covers the remains of "William Shakespeare, Gentleman;" the second, the remains of his wife, Anne Hathaway; while the third rests over the dust of his favorite daughter, Susanna, and her husband, John Hall.—*Hugh Miller.*

I could not help noticing, while standing beside the slab that marked the poet's grave, how *that* particular slab had been respected by the thousands of feet that had made their pilgrimage to the place; for while the neighboring slabs and pavement were worn from the friction of many feet, this was comparatively fresh and rough as when first laid down, no one caring to trample upon the grave of Shakespeare, especially after having read the poet's invocation, "Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones;" and so, with uncovered head and reverential air, he passes around it, and not over it, although no rail or guard bars his steps, that one line of magic power a more effectual bar than human hand could now place there.—*Curtis Guild.*

In the side wall of the chancel is a half-length statue of Shakespeare, representing him as engaged in writing, and beneath the cushion upon which his hands are resting, are the following inscriptions:

JVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPVS HABET.*

STAY, PASSENGER; WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST?
READ, IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOWS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITHIN THIS MONVMENT: SHAKESPEARE, WITH WHOME
QVICKE NATVRE DIDE; WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK YS. TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SITH ALL YT. HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.

Obiit. Ano. Doi. 1616.

Ætatis 53. Die 23. Ap.

* In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil. The earth covers him, the people mourn for him, Olympus has him.

The book containing the entry of Shakespeare's baptism, April 26, 1564, and the partially destroyed baptismal font, are both kept in this church.

A most charming view of the Holy Trinity, the Avon, and the meadow lands is obtained from the old stone bridge. This bridge was built in the sixteenth century by Sir Hugh Clopton.

The Stratford church, in which Shakespeare is buried, is a large and elegant structure, with graceful spire.—*Satchel Guide*.

It is delightfully situated on the banks of the Avon.—*Harper's Guide-Book*.

The church is a fine ecclesiastical structure, adorned with busts and stained windows to his memory.—*Beck's Guide-Book*.

The old church. . . . standing at the back of its long yard, thick shadowed by great trees, with its wide-flagged walk beneath them, up and down which so many generations have passed, wearing the stones into thin, smooth hollows.—*Mrs. Whitney*.

Even Walter Scott has not a more poetic monument than this church, standing as it does amid old, embowering trees on the beautiful banks of the Avon.—*Mrs. Stowe*.

The appearance of the church is most venerable and beautiful, standing amid a great green shadow of lime-trees, above which rises the spire, while the Gothic battlements and buttresses and vast arched windows are obscurely seen through the boughs.—*Hawthorne*.

It struck me at little distance, rising among its graceful trees, beside its quiet river, as one of the finest old English churches I had ever seen. . . . The quiet street gets still quieter as one approaches the church. We see on either side a much greater breadth of garden-walls than of houses,—walls with the richly fruited branches peeping over; and at the church-yard railing, thickly overhung by trees, there is so dense a mass of foliage, that of the church, which towers so high in the distance, we can discern no part save the door. A covered way of thick overarched limes runs along the smooth, flat grave-stones from gate-way to door-way. The sunlight was streaming this day in many a fantastic patch on the lettered pavement below, though the checkering of shade predominated. But at the close of the vista the Gothic door opened dark and gloomy, in the midst of broad sunshine.—*Hugh Miller*.

The dusky spire of Trinity, keeping its sacred vigil over the dust of Shakespeare. Nothing here is changed. The same tranquil beauty, as of old, hallows this place; the same sense of awe and mystery broods over its silent shrines of everlasting renown.—*William Winter.*

The gem of Stratford—the church-yard and church of the parish—which would well repay a visit, even if it were not Shakespeare's last resting place. A lime-tree avenue leads up to the porch, but we must first turn aside for a few moments to the church-yard, and visit a path which he doubtless often trod, for no poet could have resisted its charms. It is a terrace walk beneath a row of fine old elms. On one side rises the church-spire, transepts, chancel, grouping themselves afresh at every step through the leafy openings of overarching boughs, the shoots of bright-green foliage contrasting with the gray old stones, worn but not defaced by the storms of centuries, like childhood on the lap of age. On the other side the Avon slowly glides past the bridges and houses, past the green meadows on its opposite brink—giving a gentle kiss to every sedge he overtaketh on his pilgrimage—on through the broadening valleys to the Severn's stream, "till the river becomes a sea."—*Picturesque Europe.*

Nothing else upon earth—no natural scene, no relic of the past, no pageantry of the present—can vie with the shrine of Shakespeare, in power to impress, to humble, and to exalt the devout spirit that has been nurtured at the fountain of his transcendent genius.—*L. L. Holden.*

The church that keeps Shakespeare's dust, so consecrated by the reverence of mankind "that kings for such a tomb would wish to die."—*William Winter.*

I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude! What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum!—*Irving.*

VII.

CHESTER.

CHESTER, England, the capital of Cheshire, is seventeen miles south of Liverpool, on and near the mouth of the river Dee, which was the deified stream of the ancient Britons.

The name Chester is derived from the Latin word *Cestriæ*.

The population is about 37,000.

Anciently it was an important sea-port; at present its maritime interests are confined to coasting trade.

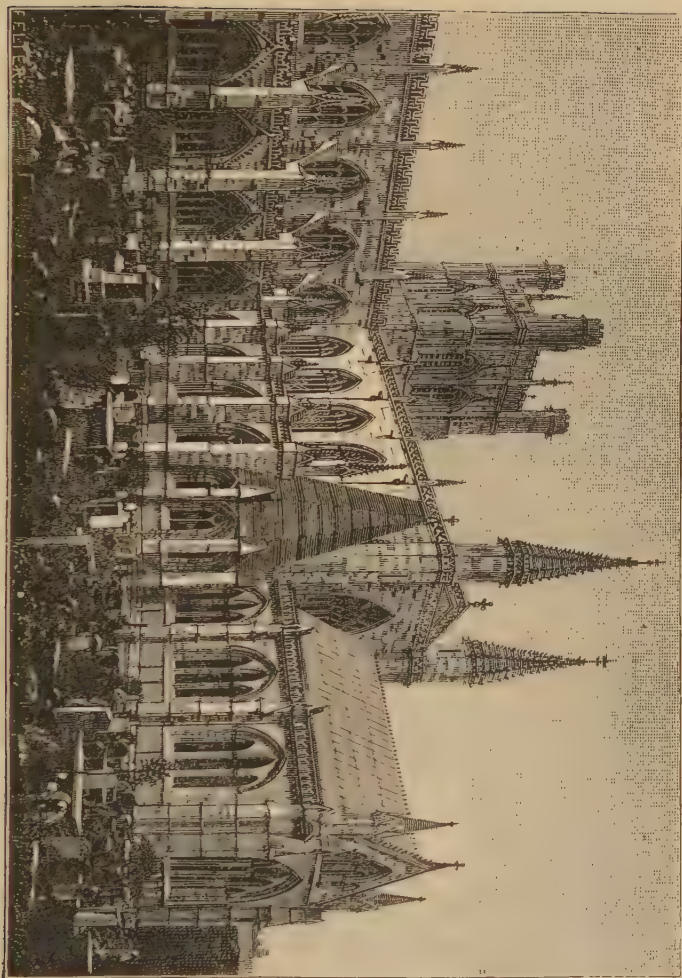
Its manufactures "include rope and sail-making, paint, shot, lead pipe, whips, thread, gloves, and tobacco."

Chester is an important railroad center. Six hours by rail, *via* the London and North-western, brings the tourist to London. Eight hours brings him to Ireland, *via* the Chester and Holyhead Railroad. The latter route skirts the southern coast of the Irish Sea, passes through the wild scenery of northern Wales, crosses the wonderful suspension bridge over the Menai Strait, thence across the islands of Anglesea and Holyhead to the town of Holyhead, and thence by steamer to Dublin.

The four principal streets in Chester are Eastgate, Watergate, Northgate, and Bridge. These streets were laid out by the Romans in the form of a cross, each one terminating in a stone gate-way in the four sides of the city walls.

The point where these streets intersect is called the High Cross, because for centuries this spot was ornamented with a high stone cross erected by the Romans, and by reason of its great antiquity highly prized by the people of Chester; but which, alas! was destroyed by the Puritans in 1646.

Some of the city streets are several steps below the space assigned to pedestrians.



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

On Eastgate, Watergate, Northgate, and Bridge Streets we find the Rows for which Chester is peculiarly famous.

From Catherall's *Guide to Chester* we clip the following description from "the pen of an American: "

The second story of most of the houses is thrown forward, as you have seen it in the old settlers' houses at home. Sometimes it projects several feet, and is supported by posts in the sidewalk. Soon this becomes a frequent and then a continuous arrangement; the posts are generally of stone, forming an arcade, and you walk beneath them in the shade. Sometimes, instead of posts, a solid wall supports the house above. You observe, as would be likely in an old city, that the surface is irregular, that we are ascending a slight elevation. Notwithstanding the old structure overhead, and the well-worn flagging under foot, we notice the shop fronts are filled with plate glass, and with all the brilliancy of the most modern art and taste. Turning, to make the contrast more striking, by looking at the little windows and rude carvings of the houses opposite, we see a banister or hand-rail separates the sidewalk from the carriage way, and are astonished in stepping out to it, to find the street is some ten feet below us. We are evidently on the second floor of the houses. Finding steps leading down, we descend into the street, and discover another tier of shops, on the roof of which we have been walking.

The passages under the porticoes are found to be rather narrow of a forenoon, when a crowd of women and girls have come out to look at the shops, and when the only alternative to waiting one's turn and getting along is to descend ignominiously into the thoroughfare below. Now no stranger who comes to Chester would think of walking along an ordinary pavement so long as he can pace through those quaint old galleries that are built on the roofs of the ground-row of shops and cellars.—*William Black.*

The most utterly indescribable feature of Chester is the Rows, which every traveler has attempted to describe. At the height of several feet above some of the oldest streets, a walk runs through the front of the houses, which project over it. Back of the walk there are shops; on the outer side there is a space of two or three yards, where the shopmen place their tables and stands and show-cases; overhead, just high enough for persons to stand erect, a ceiling. At frequent intervals little narrow passages go winding in among the houses, which all along are closely conjoined and seem to have no access or exit, except through the shops, or into these narrow passages, where you can touch each side with your elbows, and the top with your hand. . . . These avenues put me in mind of those which run through ant-hills, or those which a mole makes under-ground. . . . These

Rows are the favorite places of business in Chester. Indeed, they have many advantages, the passengers being sheltered from the rain, and there being within the shops that dimmer light by which tradesmen like to exhibit their wares.—*Hawthorne*.

Throughout England at least, Chester is noted for her races. These are held annually in May, on the Rood-eye, a race-course one mile and fifty yards in circuit, and located outside the walls in the southern part of the city.

The walls surrounding Chester were doubtless built by the Romans. During the wars of the Britons, Saxons, and Danes, they were almost entirely destroyed. They were rebuilt about the year 907 by Ethelred, Earl of Mercia, and his wife, Ethelfleda.

These walls are built in the form of a parallelogram, and are two miles in length. They are kept in repair by the Chester corporation, form *the* promenade of the city, are the pride of its inhabitants, and considered by the whole English nation as the most perfect remains of ancient fortifications in Great Britain.

The old walls of Chester are the great attraction of the city; in fact, Chester is the only city in Great Britain that has preserved its old walls entire; they inclose the city proper, . . . affording a delightful promenade and prospect of the surrounding country. . . . They have looked down upon some of the most eventful scenes of history.—*Curtis Guild*.

The walls are certainly the most remarkable memorials of old times which Chester has to boast of.—*George Borrow*.

A walk around the walls of Chester! Now, then, for a choice *tête-à-tête* with the past! Away with the commonplace nineteenth century! Away with the mammon-loving world of to-day! The path we are now treading, high above the busy haunts of men, has a traditionary halo and interest peculiarly its own.—*Catherall's Guide-Book*.

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers.
For me you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

—*Jonathan Swift*.

At the north-east corner of the wall the tourist ascends a flight of steps into Phoenix Tower, commanding a fine outlook of the city and its environs. Looking from one of the windows of this tower, Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his troops at Rowton Moor, and the fact is recorded on a tablet placed over the door.

A pleasant excursion from Chester is to the magnificent seat of the Duke of Westminster, Eaton Hall, about three and one-half miles south of the city. The estate includes a tract of land twelve miles by eight, every inch of which is under the most perfect cultivation. The gardens, lawns, pasture lands, deer-parks, walks, and driveways, are all wondrously beautiful. The conservatories cover acres, and are filled with the rarest and most luxuriant plants with the most bewildering mass of bloom. The Hall is built of white free-stone in Gothic style, and contains the family apartments, the banqueting and entertainment halls, and the chapel, with its chimes playing every fifteen minutes. The estate and mansion is considered one of the finest in the kingdom.

All traces of the earlier history of Chester vanished before the Roman invasion in 61 A. D., and from this event its tangible history dates. The Romans held the town for four hundred and fifteen years -61 to 476. During this period its public buildings, dwelling-houses, and streets were all constructed according to Roman ideas, and a wall was built around the town, according to Roman customs. Indeed, so deeply did Rome leave her impress upon Chester, that even at the present day it is no unusual thing for the laborer, in digging, to discover old Roman crypts and articles used in their warfare and daily occupations.

During the reign of Alfred the Great the Danes captured and held the city for a short time; with this exception, the possession of Chester, from 476 until 1066, was divided between the Britons and Saxons.

For one hundred and sixty years the town was governed by the seven "Norman Earls of Chester," who held unlimited power throughout the county. The first one was Hugh d'Avranches, surnamed *Lupus*, who received his appointment from his uncle, William the Conqueror.

After the death of the seventh earl, John Scot, in 1237, there being no male successor, Henry III. arranged with his daughters for an exchange of land and gave this earldom to his eldest son Edward, the first Prince of Wales, conferring with the gift the title Earl of Chester, a title ever since held by the eldest sons of the English kings.

The Welsh attempted the destruction of Chester in 1255.

Edward I. visited the town six times, and during his conquest of Wales it was the head-quarters of his army.

After the declaration of war between Charles I. and Parliament, 1642-45, Chester became an important military post of the king's army. Warmly espousing his cause, the citizens resolved themselves into an army of defense, and set vigorously to work building outworks, intrenchments, planting batteries, and in every way possible making the town impregnable to the expected attacks of the parliamentary troops.

July 19, 1643, and February 13, 1644, the Roundheads, commanded by Sir William Brereton, "General of the Parliament forces in Cheshire," were defeated in their attempts to obtain possession of the town.

The following September, troops from Beeston Castle, on the Dee, a few miles south from Chester, made the third unsuccessful assault.

Brereton then ordered garrisons to be placed in townships contiguous to Chester, and thus he surrounded the town, and his troops remained so stationed from February to September of the year 1645.

September 27 King Charles entered the city, and, according to arrangement, in the afternoon of the same day,

the two armies met at Rowton Moor, about two miles from Chester, where a decided victory was gained by the parliamentary troops. The following day the king made his escape from the city to Denbigh Castle, in northern Wales, leaving this command with his general: "If you do not receive relief in eight days, surrender the garrison." Relief never came; but the courageous garrison stoutly refused to yield until, after a five months' siege, the horrors of famine compelled them so to do, and on February 3, 1646, the parliamentary army entered and took possession of the city.

Chester has always been the residence of many wealthy families, and has at all times been celebrated for its amusements.—*Cyclopædia of Geography*.

Society in Chester is superior to that in most provincial towns.—*Imperial Gazetteer*.

The figure and construction of the town attest its Roman origin.—*McCulloch's Dictionary*.

Chester stands on a rocky elevation, in a great part inclosed by ancient and massive walls.—*Lippincott's Gazetteer*.

In the streets are several examples of the old timbered houses of the seventeenth century, and some good specimens of modern imitations of them, all combining to give a picturesque and foreign character to the town.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

In addition to many curious wooden dwelling-houses of venerable age, Chester contains numerous objects interesting to the antiquary.—*American Encyclopædia*.

The "Rows," together with the ancient walls, and the half-timbered construction of many of the houses, with quaintly carved ornamented gables of the sixteenth century, render Chester, perhaps, the most picturesque city in England.—*Chambers's Encyclopædia*.

This grand old city. It is essentially a Roman city, the walls gray with the memories of two thousand years.—*Official Tourists' Guide*.

The great novelty of the town of Chester is its angular-looking houses, with sidewalks for foot-passengers on their roofs.—*Harper's Guide-Book*.

One hardly feels that he is in the "Old Country" while he is in Liverpool. . . . If he wants to feel himself really in a foreign land, let him go to Chester. It is the best possible entrance to the England of his dreams, the England that he has so long desired to see, and upon whose threshold he stands at last.—*Satchel Guide*.

An ancient and very interesting city on the Dee, built in the form of a quadrant.—*Murray's Guide-Book*.

Chester, an important military post of the Romans.—*Loomis's Index Guide*.

The quaint old city of Chester, with its thousand associations of the past, is one of the most interesting cities in the kingdom to the visitor and tourist.—*Heywood's Guide-Book*.

The old walls round the city, the picturesque old houses, with their first stories overhanging the streets, the fine old cathedral, containing the flag borne by the local regiment at Bunker Hill, will well repay the American visitor.—*Weekly Register*.

The city of Chester stands forth before the world certainly the most curious city in the British Isles, second to none of its fellows in martial strength or historic importance, and as a faithful and enduring relic of the past, "peerless and alone!"—*Catherall's Guide-Book*.

A delightful city to walk in, a city which it is a pleasure to have any business to transact in."—*Alfred Rimmer*.

Its position gives it a picturesque appearance. . . . It is one of the most ancient cities in England.—*John Timbs*.

The curious old town, with its many relics of times long distant.—*Julia Ward Howe*.

Chester, an admirable memorial of the past of more than one age.—*E. F. Hale*.

This old town, and its quaint-looking houses, with porticoes running along the front.—*Elizabeth Peake*.

The queer old town of Chester, full of quaint and curious houses of the olden time.—*Frank R. Stockton*.

Every thing in Chester seems grandly and substantially old. Walking in and out among the rectangular streets and narrow ways, one comes upon the ancient churches, gray and ivy-grown, and which, even after the weather beatings of centuries, look like the everlasting hills, so still and quiet and immovable.—*Harper's Monthly*.

It is so identified with antiquity, that, while there we can easily imagine ourselves contemporary with the Romans, with the Britons, and the Saxons.—*Prof. Benjamin Silliman*.

The vignette scene of England, and a very charming one. . . . Chester is by English law a city, being a cathedral site, and fairly bubbles over with tradition, legend, and history.—*W. W. Nevin*.

Those who come for the first time from the United States to Europe frequently hasten to Chester with a feeling of extraordinary interest, partly

because it is the nearest cathedral city, partly because it is a walled city.—*Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D.*

It has been a walled town time out of mind, and has repeatedly endured the terrors and horrors of a military siege.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

Chester is the seat of rare monuments of the past.—*T. W. Silloway and L. L. Powers.*

The oldest and oddest town in England—one immense antiquarian museum for the student, never forgotten by those who once set foot within its encircling walls.—*Henry Morford.*

Chester, one of the quaint old towns which nearly all Americans visit, and which every one should.—*P. B. Cogswell.*

Not very far from Liverpool, and in the very heart of Cheshire, we come to the small and very interesting city of Chester.—*Joel Cook.*

Chester—there the traveler finds himself transplanted into the Middle Ages, with not a few memorials of an antiquity to which they are modern.—*Andrew P. Peabody.*

Sunshine and the ordinary avocations of life cannot dispel the antiquated charm that, like a subtle atmosphere, pervades Chester; seen in detail, and with a broad light playing over its compact dwellings and old churches, the venerable still predominates.—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

A strange old place it seemed to be. Narrow streets, like lanes or back passages, houses of all forms and sizes, painted grotesquely in squares and triangles, with little gables, apparently pitching headforemost into the street, were the first things that met our eyes.—*James Freeman Clark.*

Chester, the most curious town in England, with its encompassing wall, its ancient rows, and its venerable cathedral.—*Hawthorne.*

When we stop at Chester, we seem to have plunged at once into some crypt, so subterranean do its dark streets appear after the riant freshness of the country.—*Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.*

The railroad in a few short hours brings the traveler from the very heart of London and its confusion to the quiet old romantic town of Chester, and he suddenly finds himself in another world, in striking contrast to that he so lately left behind. He beholds a city of an age gone by.—*Louise Stuart Costello.*

The shape of a cross in which it is laid out, its walls and towers, its four-arched gate-houses with biblical inscriptions, its cathedral . . . present a *tout ensemble* highly romantic in itself, and charming, indeed, to transatlantic eyes.—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

That oldest of English cities, Chester.—*Curtis Guild.*

Chester at present has peculiarities of position, as well as of architecture, which makes it unique in England and a loadstone to Americans.—*Lady Blanche Murphy.*

The old city is full of quaint characteristics.—*Sarah B. Wister.*

Queer, quaint, old Chester.

The very streets are galleries, and I trow
Thy people all were born some hundred years ago.

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Every thing in Chester seems grandly and substantially old.—*Mrs. E. C. Walton.*

I love to take every opportunity of going to Chester, it being the one only place within easy reach of Liverpool which possesses any old English interest.—*Hawthorne.*

Rare old city of Chester! Even in these days of rocket-like traveling, a man might fly all over Great Britain and Ireland, with an extra "day ticket" for Berwick-upon-Tweed, before he saw any thing half so fine as the moldering old walls and towers of that venerable city, or looked upon any thing half so fair as the prospect of vale and mountain, wooded headland, and spire-pointed plain that surround it.—*Albert Smith.*

Chester, a town where every street and almost every house was interesting.—*Richard Grant White.*

Chester seems to hoard her antiquities with a love which defies the modern spirit of destructiveness.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Chester Castle occupies the south-western corner of the angle formed by Grosvenor and Bridge Streets, and has always been identified with the city's history. Its founders are unknown. It formed the "camp and court" of the Norman earls. After Chester reverted to the supremacy of the English crown, in the reign of Henry III., this castle was at different times the prison-home of some of her eminent men and women, among them Richard II. At present the building is used for military purposes, the assize court, and county jail.

The finest modern building in Chester is the new town hall.

Many of the oldest houses are ornamented with curiously carved fronts, which for their age and oddity are worth study-

ing. Nearly all the buildings on Watergate Street are gable-fronted, and have a decidedly quaint appearance. Near the east end is a house with this inscription written on a beam: "God's providence is mine inheritance—1652." It is always called "God's Providence House." This title comes from the fact that when the Plague was raging in Chester the inhabitants of this house were among the very few who escaped its ravages.

Farther down on the south side is the Old Palace, or Stanley House, one of the oldest and best preserved houses in the city, and owned by the Chester Archæological Society. It is a three-gabled oak building, with an elaborately carved front, and was built in 1591.

The most wonderful specimen of wood-carving found in Chester is the front of the "Bishop Lloyd's House," on Watergate Row. The idea of the carver seems to have been to portray important scriptural scenes, commencing with the Garden of Eden and closing with the crucifixion. They are all quaintly drawn and arranged in panels. There are, also, other panels bearing different designs, and the entire front is a mass of profuse ornamentation.

On the corner of Castle and Bridge Streets, the house where Charles I. stayed during the siege of Chester is still standing.

Trinity Church, on the north side of Watergate Street, contains the graves of two eminent men, Matthew Henry, the English biblical commentator, and Thomas Parnell, the Irish poet. Matthew Henry was ordained at Chester, and preached in a chapel on Crook Street, from 1687 to 1712. A new chapel now stands on the same site.

On the south side of the city, just outside the walls, on the banks of the Dee, stands St. John's Church, founded in 689, rebuilt about 1057, and recently restored. Its architecture is of the early Norman style, consequently specially interesting.

Occupying about the central portion of a tract of land,

bounded on the north and east by the city wall, on the south and west by Eastgate and Watergate Streets, stands the famous Chester Cathedral.

Tradition gives to the Druids and Romans the honor of first erecting temples upon this site. Some historians claim that the King of Mercia, the largest kingdom of the Saxon heptarchy of Britain, and Melpherus, his wife, wishing to gratify the desires of their daughter, St. Werburgh, for a convent life, built an abbey at Chester; that during the reign of Ethelred, the fourth Saxon king, his wife, Ethelfleda, rebuilt this abbey, dedicating it to the memory of St. Werburgh, and until the Reformation it was called the Church of the Abbey of St. Werburgh. Sir Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, founded a new abbey on a far more extensive scale, adding to it a monastery of St. Benedict's order. In 1272, the first year of Edward I.'s reign, the reconstruction of the abbey was again commenced, and in 1492, the seventh year of Henry VII.'s reign, the work was completed, and no marked changes have since been made in the building. During Henry VIII.'s reign the abbey and monastery were abolished, and it became, what it has ever since remained, the Cathedral of the see of Chester.

The building is 375 feet long and 200 wide. Height of tower, 120 feet. It is built of the red sandstone found in abundance all through Cheshire.

The stained-glass window over the west entrance to the cathedral is very beautiful.

The north transept contains several interesting monuments, among them that of Bishop John Pearson.

The choir is 125 feet long, 74 wide, and 78 in height.

The carving of the oak stalls is wonderful. Hawthorne thus writes of it:

Within the choir there is a profusion of very rich oaken carving, both on the screen that separates it from the nave, and on the seats and walls; very curious and most elaborate, and lavished (one would say) most wastefully where nobody would think of looking for it; where, indeed, amid the dim-



CHESTER CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR OF NAVE.

ness of the cathedral, the exquisite detail of the elaboration could not possibly be seen. Our guide lighted some of the gas-burners, of which there are many hundreds, to help us see them; but it required close scrutiny even then. . . . There was a row of niches, where the monks used to stand for four hours together in the performance of some of their services; and to relieve them a little, they were allowed partially to sit on a projection of the seats, which were turned up in the niche for that purpose; but if they grew drowsy, so as to fail to balance themselves, the seat was so contrived as to slip down, thus bringing the monk to the floor. These projections on the seats are each and all of them carved with curious devices.

The Lady Chapel, adjoining the choir on the east, is the oldest part of the cathedral. During Queen Mary's reign, in the year 1554, George Marsh, a Protestant minister, was tried and condemned for heresy in this chapel. Hugh Lupus, the first Norman earl, is buried in the Chapter-house, and here the tourist has also the pleasure of seeing battle flags used by British regiments at Waterloo and during the Revolutionary War.

This cathedral church has had its full share of association with varied historical incidents, and with recollections of eminent men.—*J. S. Howson.*

I never realized the force of the expression "the corroding tooth of time" till I saw this magnificent old cathedral. Portions of it which were once sharply sculptured in various designs are now worn almost smooth by age, the old red sandstone looking as though time had sand-papered it with gritty hail and honey-combed its stones with melting rains; but the whole was surrounded with a mellow, softened beauty of groined arches, beautiful curves, dreamy old cloisters, and quaint carving, that invested even the ruined portion with a hallowed beauty.—*Curtis Guild.*

The cathedral befits the city.—*Andrew P. Peabody.*

It is one of the least imposing and interesting, yet for an American just landed it is a profound revelation.—*Sarah B. Wister.*

The most interesting building is the cathedral, a noble Gothic edifice. . . . I visited the silent cells, where of old the Eremites were wont to offer up their orisons, and trod the cloisters with a step solemn and slow, reflecting upon the ancient day and the revolutions made by time. The hoary walls, the crumbling fane, and the sacred gloom of the inner court invested the venerable pile with a charm irresistible in its influences to lead the mind captive to pleasing contemplation and divine melancholy.—*Benjamin Moran.*

VIII. EPWORTH.

BY REV. ARTHUR COPELAND, A.M.

"EPWORTH, not Oxford, was the cradle of Methodism." These are the words of the greatest of Methodist historians, Dr. Abel Stevens. They express a fact growing clearer with each year and immensely emphasized, and to be more so by the organization of the Epworth League. If ever there is demanded an apology for this name, to the exclusion of any other, let Stevens and history be the apologist.

As an enthusiastic Epworth Leaguer the writer, before leaving America, resolved to make a pilgrimage to this spot. The resolution is carried. He is here; and from under the walls that now surround the rectory—that rectory the home, the nursery, the school and church of the second Reformation—he pens these lines to those millions across the sea whose sympathies, with his, twine about this hallowed home.

In London it was next to impossible to find where Epworth was, and after finding it none could say how to reach it. The first authentic information was gleaned at Lincoln, not far from the great minster, and from there by the Great Northern Railroad we came to Haxey, one hour's ride, and from there for one shilling a cab will take you all the way—five miles—to Epworth.

It is an English country road that winds over a flat plain, up a rise or two, past great windmills grinding corn and wheat, through huddles of houses, and then all at once sets you down in the quiet country town of two thousand souls, with only one bit of history in it, but that one how important!



THE EPWORTH RECTORY.

—the birthplace of John Wesley, his home till he went to the Charter House School at London, and thence to Oxford, and the place where for several days he held services in the church-yard, preaching from his father's tomb. That father, Samuel Wesley, was one of the saints and scholars of his day, unfortunate, unappreciated, but not unremembered. I stood to-day in the church over which he was for thirty-nine years the rector. There, in that firm pile of masonry from whence this poet, pastor and priest was wont to utter the counsels of God, one finds now but a shadowy memorial of its chief personage.

The wife of the sexton opened an old chest, hid as rubbish in one corner, which was the chest where were kept the communion service and the church registers of the Wesleyan epoch. She brought from it a plain wooden collection-box, used also in that day, and broke off a piece of wood from a covering within as an unasked memento. The pulpit is gone to London, and is in the hands of its true owners, the Wesleys. Near the door as we entered is the stone baptismal font—a most sacred one when we consider that kneeling here Susannah Wesley presented her children for holy baptism at the hands of their father and pastor. Just outside is the tomb, a slab on a marble block with this inscription: “Here lieth all that was mortal of Samuel Wesley, A.M. He was rector of Epworth 39 years, and departed this life the 25th of April, 1735, aged 72. As he lived so he died, in the true catholic faith of the Holy Trinity in unity, and that Jesus Christ is God incarnate, and the only Saviour of Mankind” (Acts iv, 12). And then follows the passage from Rev. xiv, 13.

It was from this tombstone that his son, John Wesley, years afterward, preached each afternoon during a week to such a congregation as Epworth had never seen before. And why here? Because the curate of the church, a drunkard, as Stevens calls him, refused him the use of his father's

pulpit. A few years later he was again at Epworth, received communion at the church, and then went to the Cross (so called, though only a straight stone and iron pillar surmounting several conical-shaped stone steps in the center of the village), and again preached to a throng that filled the square.

Only last March the Cross was broken down in a storm, and one hour ago I stood on the stone steps beneath it, worn with age, but a firm memorial of an outdoor campaign for souls and for ideas—memorable as that of Wellington's or Grant's, and vastly farther reaching.

The church is at the summit of the town, which straggles up toward and around it with its narrow streets and brick roofs of red tiles, that contrast strongly with the rich green foliage of trees and clambering vines on every side. From this church door let us reflect how that Samuel Wesley was not only buried, but once arrested for debt, carried to Lincoln, and for three months kept in prison in the historic Norman castle. And it was then that that devoted wife—reduced already to poverty—stripped herself of her few rings, her souvenirs of many memories, and sold them to buy food and raiment for her persecuted husband. That woman was Susannah Wesley. And that name, above Samuel's or John's or Charles's, is the one that stands written over Epworth, and which no smile at its oft repetition should banish from perpetual resurrection and sweet praise.

Four little boys, as I write these lines, hand in hand are running up the road in front of the high brick wall that now shuts in the house and grounds of Epworth rectory. There was no high wall in her day, and four such little fellows she could plainly have seen, and with them many others. They bring back a marvelous past.

In my mind's eye I see those children who once lived here, in this very house, and who with their parents constituted the most loving and best regulated family in Lincolnshire.

From those beginnings in that home I see the sources of the strength of Methodism. "For who can doubt," as Stevens asks, "that the practical Methodism of the rectory, *more than any other human cause*, founded the ecclesiastical Methodism which is to-day spreading the Wesleyan name around the world?" He who doubts it reads history with half-averted eye.

Epworth is the beginning. I am nearer the source than when I was at Wesley's room in Lincoln's College, Oxford; nearer than when at his pulpit in City Road Chapel; nearer than when I stood among the streets now covering the ancient Moorfields in London. I am here with *his* mother and ours. What a sad yet singular fate that her husband lies at the church door of Epworth, while she is alone far away in Bunhill Fields, in mighty London! But her son, John, sleeps across the street, and Charles a few miles away. But how scattered! Do they not confess in death that they were strangers and pilgrims on earth?

If only she might rest at Epworth! We would all rest better, too. Her home-work, her life-work, was in the house which I visited to-day. It is of brick, two and one half stories, and stands close to the street, from which a wall shuts it out, and facing the south. Another high wall runs from about the middle of the house at the rear, separating the grounds of about two acres into nearly equal portions. In one part of the grounds is a garden of flowers and foliage plants, with an arbor and wide lawn, upon which the present rector—a rising man in the Establishment, Mr. Overton—was playing croquet. The other or back yard (for it has no front yard) seems more like a common, with a fine double row of elms at the rear.

The present rector, a man of means, has added some rooms toward the flower-garden, and one of his predecessors, who was rector here, like Samuel Wesley, for thirty-nine years, added what is now known as the servants' quarters; so that now the rectory, with its out-buildings, presents a rambling

appearance, but still stands firm and dignified, though secluded among its wealth of green trees and flowers, and holding up huge tresses of ivy that half hide the very windows from view.

Of course the first Epworth rectory was, as we know, destroyed by fire after a second attempt, set by rowdies who disliked the plain preaching of Samuel Wesley. I saw the site of the window from whence John, a little lad, was rescued that night—a fact so important to him that he had engraved on one of his portraits an emblem of a house in flames with this motto: “Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?”

But much of the first structure is incorporated in the second rectory, and we know that the whole of the upright of the present is the very house to which Samuel Wesley was sent on the strength of the dedication of one of his poems to Queen Mary, to which he brought as a wife and mother the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Dr. Annesley, and the home where that father and mother on one thousand dollars a year sustained and educated a family of nineteen children. It is the same house, too, where Susannah Wesley read sermons to the people, gathered to the number of two hundred at a time, in the absence of her husband—the beginning but not the end of woman’s sphere of labor in that department in the church. It is the same, too, from whence she kept up that remarkable correspondence with her sons at Oxford, correcting their theology and stimulating their zeal. It is the same house whence were buried several of the children, though one looks in vain for any grave or memento of them in the church-yard; and, sad to say, the house, too, from which her husband—because she refused to say “Amen” at evening prayer for the king, the Prince of Orange, on the ground that she did not believe his title good—left her for a whole year from that very evening—a strange picture of inflexible will, of sturdy but cruel devotion to opinion. But it is a significant fact that when, after the king died and Anne

came to the throne, and Samuel returned and conjugal harmony prevailed, John Wesley himself was the first child born after their reconciliation.

And then, too, it is this same Epworth home to which John Wesley refused to return, on the earnest plea of his father, verging toward death and bankruptcy, asserting that it was his duty as a son to be his successor at Epworth church and rectory for his mother's sake, and to keep together the home and children. That plea was made doubly strong by a father's death.

But there was a call from another direction. It was the voice that Paul heard; it was the call to accompany his brother Charles as a missionary to the Indians of Georgia. Which will he heed? He writes to the Epworth rectory, to that widowed mother, for a reply; and this was the answer that went up from the hallowed walls upon which as I write the sun is setting through cloud and rising dusk: "If I had twenty sons I should rejoice that they were all employed as missionaries, though I should never see them again."

In view of what Susannah foresaw, and of which Samuel Wesley was the prophet, no more heroic utterance ever was penned. John Wesley went forth, but the Epworth home went down. Poverty and necessity entered as a terrible wedge into this center of piety and learning and this nursery of great ideas. From that hour the family could no longer be held together; the farewells to the haunts of nearly forty years had to be spoken, and the great shadow of separation and strangerhood settled thick upon Epworth rectory. Will American Methodism forget the reason? Will any one in her home so beautiful, so comfortable, ask why there should be an *Epworth League*—a perpetual remembrancer of the place, the personages, the pains of Epworth of 1735? The answer is full enough for those who read Methodist history. It comes back in tears; but it is perpetual and sufficient.

EPWORTH, ENGLAND, *June*, 1890.

Bishop Gilbert Haven visited Epworth more than thirty years ago, and made this record of his visit in his *Pilgrim's Wallet* :

The flat country on which we had walked all the previous evening began to rise slightly. The gray tower of the church appeared on one of the most considerable of the knolls, with trees scantily covering its northern and eastern sides, but thickly shading its southern front. At its foot were the crowded streets of an English town, with their red-tiled roofs blazing in the sun. This was Epworth church and village, the birthplace and youth-place of John Wesley. It is a small place of half a dozen streets, compact together and void of beauty. . . .

The church stands outside of it on its north-eastern limit. Its entrance is through a row of lofty sycamores and elms. The chimes cease their cheerful rattling and the few homespun villagers enter the antique porch. It is a very old edifice, with but little architectural comeliness. Its bare walls and rafters look as though they had been untouched long before the days when the bright Johnny and Charlie, with the other children of the rector's family, used to be led hither by their pious and lovely mother.

Leaving the church by its chancel porch, and stepping a few feet to your left, you stand beside Samuel Wesley's tomb. It is a plain slab, on a brick base, with a too-long inscription, under an old, fine-spreading tree, close to a door of the vestry. The story goes that that was the door out of which John Wesley was put by the authorities of the church, and that he instantly mounted the low slab beside it and proclaimed the word from that far more sacred pulpit. Some dents in the stone, caused by the presence of iron ore in it, are said by the villagers to be the print of Wesley's feet. Very earnestly and honestly did a lad make me this declaration. It shows how easily legends could become subjects of faith in a more credulous age. . . .

In the heart of the village are the pleasant grounds of the rectory. Like all such gardens of delight in England, they are shut from all eyes by very high, blank walls. I wished to look on the spot where Wesley was born, and the house where he spent his early years, so I lifted the latch of the gate and entered uninvited and unwelcomed. The house is a plain brick edifice, standing a few rods from the street. Before it spreads a level lawn more than a hundred feet square, with a walk around it shaded with venerable trees and lined with shrubbery and flowers. A vegetable garden on the north and pastures on the east complete the rural picture. The house was the same that Samuel Wesley built after the one was destroyed by fire from which John was saved. It is not stately nor spacious, though sufficiently ample and convenient. A single parlor, with an entry by the side of it, a like room behind it, wings in the rear, all of fair width and height—

such is the house where John Wesley received his first and chief education. There the child gambled, the boy studied, the youth meditated, the man struggled and triumphed and went forth, a chosen vessel, to bear truth and grace to unnumbered myriads and generations.

Epworth—a rural community of Lincolnshire, with a population, at the time, of about two thousand souls, occupied in the cultivation and manufacture of hemp and flax. In the household of the Epworth rectory can be traced the origin of Methodism amid one of those pictures of English rural life which have so often given a charm to our literature. An “elect lady” there trained the founder and legislator of Methodism by impressing on him the traits of her own extraordinary character; and under the same nurture grew up by his side its psalmist.—*Abel Stevens.*

John, in the beginning of his regular itineraucy, came to Epworth. Many years had elapsed since he had been in his native place, and not knowing whether there were any persons left in it who would not be ashamed of his acquaintance, he went to an inn. The next day, being Sunday, he called upon the curate, Mr. Romley, and offered to assist him, either by preaching or reading prayers, but his assistance was refused and the use of the pulpit was denied him. A rumor, however, prevailed that he was to preach in the afternoon. The church was filled in consequence, and a sermon was delivered upon the evils of enthusiasm, to which Wesley listened with his characteristic composure. But when the sermon was over his companion gave notice, as the people were coming out, that Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, would preach in the churchyard at six o'clock. “Accordingly,” says he, “at six I came and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father’s tombstone, and cried, ‘The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.’”

Seven successive evenings he preached upon that tombstone, and in no place did he ever preach with greater effect.—*Robert Southey.*

IX.

YORK.

YORK, the capital and chief city of Yorkshire, the largest county in England, is charmingly located on both sides of the river Ouse. Population, 54,000.

York is one of the oldest and most historical cities in England.

The title Duke of York was formerly borne by the younger sons of English kings. The first who received this title was Edmund Plantagenet, fifth son of Edward III., in 1385 ; the last, Frederick, second son of George III., in 1784.

The founding of York is generally ascribed to the Roman general, Cneius Julius Agricola, who was made Governor of Britain by Vespasian, and who succeeded in subjugating the whole country.

The Romans called York *Eboracum*, and during their occupancy of Britain it was one of their most important towns and military posts.

In 120 A. D. the Roman Emperor Hadrian made a tour of Britain, for the purpose of inspecting the different garrisons. He was accompanied by the Sixth Roman Legion. His headquarters were fixed at York, and here he built a magnificent imperial palace.

From 208 to 211 this palace was occupied by the Roman Emperor Severus and his court.

Severus died at York in 211, and after his death his son, Caracalla, murdered his brother, Geta, and then returned to Rome.

Constantius, father of Constantine the Great, received charge of the government of Britain in 272, and he died at York in 306.

After the Romans withdrew from Britain, in 430, the Scots and Picts gained possession of the town, which they held for years.

In 449 three hundred Saxons, commanded by two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, landed in England. Their aid was solicited and obtained by the Britons, and with their united forces they succeeded in wresting York from the power of the Scots.

The Saxons were pleased with the country and determined to possess it. With this end in view they sent to Germany for more of their countrymen, and by degrees succeeded in obtaining possession of the whole territory south of the wall built by Hadrian, which extended across the island from Carlisle to Newcastle. This tract in course of time became divided into seven kingdoms, known as the Saxon Heptarchy.

In this division York was made the capital of Deira, which included the country reaching from the southern limits of Yorkshire and Lancashire to the border of Scotland.

Just at this point in the history of York there comes a dash of the legendary, or semi-mythical, which always adds new charms to any place. The claim is made that the first Christmas celebrated in England was observed at York, some time during the sixth century, by King Arthur and his knights.

By earlier writers this king is declared a real, by later, a mythical, monarch, who inherited from his wife Guinevere the famous Round Table, which has formed such a fruitful theme of poetry and romance. Tennyson's *Idyls of the King* contain charming descriptions of the experiences and exploits of this famous king and his equally famous knights.

In 617 Edwin, son of Ælla, became King of Deira. The chief event of his reign was the introduction of Christianity into his kingdom.

Edwin, his two sons, and a number of his subjects were baptized at York on Easter Sunday, April 12, 627.

In the reign of Edward the Confessor the town was made the capital of Yorkshire.

Hardrada, the Norwegian king, invaded England in 1066, and took possession of York.

Harold, son-in-law and successor of Edward I., defeated Hardrada at the Battle of Stamford Bridge, a few miles from the city, September 23, 1066, and entered York in triumph.

Shortly after this, Harold received news that William, Duke of Normandy, who claimed the throne of England through a relationship to the mother of the Confessor, had landed in England with an army of 60,000 men, and, speedily concentrating his forces, Harold marched to meet the invader, by whom he was defeated at the Battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066.

This battle gave William control of York. Here he built two Norman castles, the first erected in England, and garrisoned them with Norman soldiers.

The people rebelled, massacred the garrison, and held the city until famine compelled them to capitulate to William, who had laid siege to it, and who, after its surrender, reduced it to ashes.

During the tumultuous and miserable reign of King Stephen, the last of the Anglo-Norman line, the war with Scotland was renewed, and David I., king of that country, made a raid into England in 1138, and besieged York.

He was defeated by the combined forces of the barons residing in the adjacent counties, August 22, in a conflict called the Battle of the Standard.

The English Parliament met in York in 1160, 1298-99, and 1322.

The few members of Parliament who remained loyal to Charles I., after his final rupture with the main body in 1643, made this city their head-quarters.

In *Ivanhoe* we read of the Jew, Isaac of York, and the

feeling of hatred which swept through many of the English towns in 1190. In March of that year two thousand Jews were massacred at York.

The marriage of Alexander III., of Scotland, to Margaret, daughter of Henry III., was solemnized at York in 1254.

In 1327 the Scots, commanded by Robert Bruce, invaded England, and Edward III. made this city the head-quarters of the army which he raised to meet this invasion.

The following year King Edward was married in the cathedral to Philippa, daughter of Earl Hainault, a woman of irreproachable character, rare ability and courage, of whom it was said "she was related to no less than thirty crowned heads, and she became the mother of fourteen children."

From the commencement of the "Wars of the Roses," in 1455, to their close at the Battle of Bosworth Field, August 23, 1485, York held a prominent position, and, together with the adjacent country, was the scene of some of its most sanguinary battles.

Henry VIII. ordered a house to be built at York which he called the King's Manor, and here he stayed for a few days in 1541.

In 1603 James I. lived for a time with his queen, Anne of Denmark, in the King's Manor, which he transformed into a regal palace.

Over the entrance of the inner court his coat of arms is still to be seen.

After Scotland had risen in rebellion against the king's attempt to force Episcopacy upon her, Charles I., in 1640, called the Great Council of Peers to meet at York, which they did, and immediately demanded that he re-assemble the Parliament he had recently dissolved, and negotiate with the Scottish rebels.

Charles I. was crowned by the Cavaliers at York in 1643.

At the Battle of Marston Moor, a plain eight miles north-west of York, July 2, 1644, the army of Charles I. was defeated by the parliamentary forces commanded by Lord Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell, and a few days after, York surrendered, and the two generals held a thanksgiving service in the cathedral for this victory which permanently established the parliamentary power in northern England.

In 1688 York was deprived of its charter by James II., because they refused to submit to the arbitrary measures of the crown.

York is the seat of an archbishopric and a county in itself. It is among the most ancient of British cities.—*People's Cyclopædia*.

A city so ancient necessarily presents many interesting memorials of antiquity.—*Library of Universal Knowledge*

The origin of York is so ancient as to be almost lost in fable.—*Imperial Gazetteer*.

From the time of Septimius Severus, if not earlier, York was the residence of the emperors when they visited the provinces, and, in their absence, of the imperial legates.—*Cyclopædia of Geography*.

Under the Romans, York was, no doubt, the commercial emporium of the north part of the island.—*McCulloch's Dictionary*.

Its chief prosperity is due to its being resorted to by the gentry of north England as a kind of northern metropolis.—*Lippincott's Gazetteer*.

The venerable and most picturesque city of York.—*Notes of a Pedestrian Tour*.

Nearly all that York has seen or done historically happened in the minster, and the crow, on the highest tower, sits, as it were, in inquest over the coronation place of many happy and unhappy kings.—*Walter Thornbury*.

The renowned city of York, which contains more ancient relics than any other city in the kingdom.—*John Timbs*.

The capital and seat of justice for the largest county in England.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

One of the finest cathedral towns in England.—*P. B. Cogswell*.

One of the most famous ancient cities in England. . . . Throughout the city every thing has an expression of antiquity.—*Jacob Abbott*.

Looking beyond the life of this island, and across the wide ocean to that city of the New World which is my own home, and which is so eminently a city of *to-day*, I think to myself that not only to modern England, but to us, citizens of the New York of the West, belongs the life-history and the cathedral spirit of the Old York of the East.—*G. H. Putnam*.

York is a wonderful city—one rich in churches, ruins, and gothic fanes. Thick walls—strong and turreted, with towers and battlements—almost encircle it, and afford a splendid promenade.—*Benjamin Moran*.

It was in this city of York that the famous Robinson Crusoe was born; and here, in this city of York, did Jeannie Deans rest her for a day on her London journey, with her hospitable countrywoman, Mrs. Bickerton, of the Seven Stars: and it was in the country beyond, down in the West Riding, that Gurth and Wamba held high colloquy together, among the glades of the old oak forest; and that Cedric the Saxon entertained in his low-browed hall of Rotherwood, the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert and Prior Aymer of Jarvaulx.—*Hugh Miller*.

We felt that all we had read about this old historic city had not prepared us for the grandeur with which it presents itself. The towers of the minster, the feudal aspects of the old walls and gates, excite at once an interest which has a strange power of fascination.—*Thomas and Katharine Macquoid*.

York is the historic gate-way by which to enter England. . . . A stronghold of ancient Briton fathers, and a capital seat of rude power away back in the mists before the time of Christ. . . . In the walls and arches of her great minster you read the whole history of English architecture. . . . A kindergarten of English history for grown folks.—*W. W. Nevin*.

Encircled by walls and towers, York could never be viewed without respect, as the very model of an ancient city.—*E. J. Willson*.

It is almost impossible to explore the city of York without reverting to the scenery of the past, which history has so indelibly traced, as almost to give it existence among the objects that surround us.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

York which carries us back to school-boy days, when we studied of the Wars of the Roses, and the houses of York and Lancaster—York, whose modern namesake, more than seventeen hundred years its junior in the New World, has seventeen times its population.—*Curtis Guild*.

Old sacerdotal York, with its august cathedral. . . . Modern improvement has here and there introduced more of its commonplace barbarisms into the busier and genteeler streets than the antiquary would have bargained for; it has been rubbing off the venerable rust, somewhat in the

style adopted by the serving-maid, who scoured the old Roman buckler with sand and water till it shone; but York is essentially an ancient city still. One may still walk round it on the ramparts erected in the times of Edward the First, and tell all their towers, bars, and barbicans; and in threading one's way along antique lanes, flanked by domiciles of mingled oaks and old brick-work, that belly over like the sides of ships, and were tenanted in the days of the later Henrys, one stumbles unexpectedly on rectories that have their names recorded in *Domesday Book*, and churches that were built before the conquest.—*Hugh Miller*.

York is genuinely old. It is the eleventh century standing almost untouched in the nineteenth.—*D. R. Locke*.

York is a quaint old place, and what looks most modern is probably only something old, hiding itself behind a new front, as elsewhere in England.—*Hawthorne*.

The ancient city of York, with its Roman walls and its magnificent minster; a city which, A. D. 150, was one of the greatest of the Roman stations in England, and had a regular government, an imperial palace, and a tribunal within its walls.—*Curtis Guild*.

As we parade through the intricate streets of York, and meet at every corner some relics of olden times, and a church in most of them, it is impossible not to feel that we tread on ground rendered classical in the history of England, and that of the Reformation.—*A. B. Granville, D.D.*

York is one of the two culminations of the ancient holy places.—*Gilbert Haven*.

The very names of streets are monuments of antiquity, and the relics of Roman, Saxon, and Dane are gathered under the shadow of one of the finest cathedrals in the world.—*W. Chambers Lefroy*.

York—yes, in York one feels that he is in Old England indeed. Here are the old walls, still strong and mossy, that have echoed to the tramp of Roman legions, that looked down on Adrian and Constantine the Great, that have successively been manned by the Britons, Picts, Danes, and Saxons, the latter under command of Hengist, mentioned in the story-legends that tell of the pair of warlike Saxon brothers, Hengist and Horsa, the latter, whose name in my youthful days always seemed to have some mysterious connection with the great white-horse banner of the Saxon warriors that was wont to float from the masts of their war-ships.—*Curtis Guild*.

It is a sleepy, retrospective kind of importance that has remained to York, however, as it rests on the banks of the sluggishly moving Ouse, encompassed by the walls and enwrapped in the memories of past centuries.—*G. H. Putnam*.

The principal ruins of York are located within the grounds owned by the Yorkshire Philosophical Society.

The most interesting are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. This abbey was founded by William Rufus in 1088.

It was burned in 1137 and rebuilt in 1270, and occupied by the St. Benedictine monks.

During the reign of Henry VIII. the abbey was abandoned and left to decay.

The most interesting building in York is the grand cathedral.

The first building known to have been built on the present site of the minster, as it is always called by the people of York, was a heathen temple dedicated to Bellona, the Roman goddess of war. The next was a small wooden chapel, erected by the Northumbrian King Edwin in 627, which was dedicated to St. Peter, and in which the king and subjects were baptized.

At the request of Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, appointed by Pope Gregory in 627, Edwin commenced to build on this site a large stone church, but before its completion he was killed in a battle with the Welsh King Cadwallon.

Oswald, grandson of Edwin, who, on account of his piety and labors in establishing Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons, was canonized as a saint, succeeded to the throne of Northumbria in 635, and during his reign finished the cathedral.

For thirty years following the death of Oswald, in 642, York was subjected to the ravages of pagan wars, no archbishops were appointed, and the church was gradually robbed and destroyed.

In 669 the cathedral was rebuilt, under the direction of Archbishop Wilfred, who received his appointment from King Egfrid, and in 741 it was destroyed by fire.

With the counsel and assistance of Alcuin, the celebrated

English scholar and friend of Charlemagne, the cathedral was again rebuilt in 767 by Archbishop Egbert, and remained with no material change for three hundred years, when it was destroyed by fire in 1069.

The next builder was an archbishop appointed by the Conqueror, and his structure lasted until June 4, 1137, when it was partially ruined by fire, and remained in this condition until 1171, when the choir and crypts were restored by Archbishop Rogers.

In 1220 Archbishop Walter de Grey commenced the south transept, which he completed before his death.

The north transept and middle tower were built under the direction of John le Romain, treasurer of the church. The nave was commenced by his son in 1291, and finished, together with the entire west end, by his successors, who completed the structure.

In the fourteenth century the old choir and the central or "lantern tower," so called because in olden times a light was placed on its summit as a signal of alarm to the surrounding country, were rebuilt, which was the last important change made in the cathedral.

Before entering we stop for a moment to look at the exterior of this famous minster. Knowing the fact of its many builders, one naturally expects to see some incongruity of design, but none is apparent, for, although including five different styles of Gothic architecture, so finely adapted are the varied parts to each other that they seem to have been planned by one architect.

The cathedral has three towers, one in the center and two on the west front, the latter each 196 feet high. Its extreme length from east to west is 524 feet, and its extreme width from north to south 241.

The archway of the west entrance door is ornamented with wonderful carvings, representing the fall of Adam and Eve, and their expulsion from the garden of Eden.

York Cathedral is noted for its beautiful stained-glass windows.

The windows of this cathedral present a gorgeous display of ancient stained glass not to be met with in any similar building in the world. In fact the minster exhibits more windows than solid fabric to exterior view, imparting a marvelous degree of lightness to the huge structure, while inside the vastness of the space gives the spectator opportunity to stand at a proper distance and look up at them as they are stretched before the view like great paintings, framed in exquisite tracery of stone-work, with the best possible effect of light.—*Curtis Guild*.

The east window is the largest. It is seventy-five feet high and thirty broad, and "for magnitude and beauty of coloring is unequaled in the world."

The glass of the great west window is of the richest and most gorgeous colors.

The marigold window, so called from its resemblance to this flower, is in the south transept. It is circular in form, with a diameter of twenty-seven feet, and in its general effect is very beautiful. The north transept contains the window called the "Five Sisters." The tradition of this window is described by Charles Dickens in his novel, *Nicholas Nickleby*:

A great many years ago . . . there dwelt in the ancient city of York, five maiden sisters. These five sisters were all of surpassing beauty.

But, if the four elder sisters were lovely, how beautiful was the youngest, a fair creature of sixteen; the blushing tints in the soft bloom on the fruit, or the delicate painting on the flower, are not more exquisite than was the blending of the rose and lily in her gentle face, or the deep blue of her eye. . . . Alice, dear Alice; what living thing within the sphere of her gentle witchery could fail to love her! . . .

They dwelt in an old wooden house . . . whence a stout archer might have winged an arrow to Saint Mary's Abbey. The old abbey flourished then; and the five sisters, living on its fair domains, paid yearly dues to the black monks of Saint Benedict, to which fraternity it belonged.

It was a bright and sunny morning in the pleasant time of summer, when one of those black monks emerged from the abbey portal, and bent his steps toward the house of the fair sisters. . . .

The noise of soft voices in conversation and of merry laughter fell upon

his ears ere he had advanced many paces; and raising his eyes . . . he descried at no great distance the five sisters seated on the grass, with Alice in the center, all busily plying their customary task of embroidery. . . . It was a kind of sampler of large size that each sister had before her; the device was of a complex and intricate description, and the pattern and colors of all five were the same. . . .

The monk resting his chin upon his hands looked from one to the other in silence.

"How much better," he said, at length, "to shun all such thoughts and chances, and in the peaceful shelter of the Church devote your lives to heaven? . . . The veil, daughters; the veil!"

"Never, sisters," cried Alice. "Barter not the light and air of heaven, and the freshness of earth and all the beautiful things which breathe upon it, for the cold cloister and the cell." . . .

Time passed away as a tale that is told. . . . There was a sullen darkness in the sky, and the sun had gone angrily down, tinting the dull clouds with the last traces of his wrath when the same black monk walked slowly on, with folded arms, within a stone's throw of the abbey. . . . But not again did his ear encounter the sound of laughter, or his eyes rest upon the beautiful figures of the five sisters. All was silent and deserted. . . .

The monk glided into the house and entered a low, dark room. Four sisters sat there. Their black garments made their pale faces whiter still, and time and sorrow had worked deep ravages. . . .

And Alice, where was she? In heaven. . . .

They sent abroad to artists of great celebrity in those times, and having obtained the Church's sanction to their work of piety, caused to be executed in five large compartments of richly stained glass, a faithful copy of their old embroidery work.

These were fitted into a large window until that time bare of ornament; and when the sun shone brightly, as she had so well loved to see it, the familiar patterns were reflected in their original colors, and throwing a brilliant light upon the pavement fell warmly on the name of *Alice*. For many hours in every day the sisters paced slowly up and down the nave, or knelt by the side of the flat, broad stone. Only three were seen in the customary place after many years: then but two, and for a long time afterward but one solitary female bent with age. At length she came no more, and the stone bore five plain Christian names.

That stone has worn away and been replaced by others, and many generations have come and gone since then. Time has softened down the colors, but the same stream of light still falls upon the forgotten tomb, of which no trace remains: and, to this day, the stranger is shown in York cathedral an old window called the Five Sisters.

The organ screen is a curious and elaborate piece of workmanship, ornamented with the statues of the English sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Henry VI.

The nave has eight Gothic arches supported by pillars, with beautifully sculptured capitals.

The choir contains some exquisite carvings in wood.

The cathedral contains numerous monuments of ancient kings, archbishops, and nobles.

The Chapter-house is considered by many tourists the most wonderful feature of the cathedral.

The Chapter-house attached to York Minster is said to be the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in the world, and is certainly one of the most magnificent interiors of the kind I ever gazed upon. . . . It is a perfect octagon, of sixty-three feet in diameter, and the height from the center to the middle knot of the roof sixty-seven feet, without an interruption of a single pillar, being wholly dependent on a single key-pin, geometrically placed in the center.

Seven squares of the octagon have each a window of stained glass, with the armorial bearings of benefactors of the church, the eighth square being the entrance; below the windows are the seats or stalls for the canons and dignitaries of the Church when they assemble here for installations and other purposes. The columns around the side of this room are carved in the most profuse manner, with the most singular figures, such as an ugly old friar embracing a young girl to the infinite delight of a group of nuns, grotesque figures of men and animals, monks playing all sorts of pranks, grinning faces, etc. The whole formation of this exquisitely constructed building shows thorough geometric knowledge in the builders, and the entrance to it is by a vestibule in the form of a mason's square.—*Curtis Guild*.

The Chapter-house, an octagonal hall, with vaulted roof, a tessellated floor, and seven arched windows of old painted glass, the richest that I ever saw or imagined, each looking like an inestimable treasury of precious stones, with a gleam and glow even in the sullen light of this grey morning. What would they do with the sun shining through them! with all their brilliancy, moreover, they were as soft as rose leaves. I never saw any piece of human architecture so beautiful as this Chapter-house.—*Hawthorne*.

Opening from the crypt are remains of the old Norman and Saxon churches, on the site of which the present minster was erected. These remains consist of a part of the old

wall, made of lime and sandstone laid in "the herring-bone manner and about six feet thick, also several pillars, a twisted column, and an ancient tomb."

The vestries contain a number of interesting relics, among them the Horn of Ulphus.

Ulphus, son of Thorald, who ruled in the west of Deira, by reason of the difference which was likely to rise between his sons about the sharing of his lands and lordships after his death, resolved to make them all alike, and thereupon coming to York with that horn wherewith he used to drink, filled it with wine, and before the altar of God and Saint Peter, prince of the apostles, kneeling devoutly drank the wine, and by that ceremony enfeoffed this church with all his lands and revenues.

It bears the following inscription in Latin: "This horn, Ulphus, prince of the western parts of Deira, originally gave to the Church of St. Peter, together with all his lands and revenues. Lord Henry Fairfax at last restored it, when it had been lost or conveyed away. The dean and chapter decorated it anew, A. D. 1675."

The other relics include a drinking-bowl belonging to Archbishop Scrope; the old coronation chair of the Saxon kings, in which Edward IV., Richard I., and James I. were crowned; and an old Bible, dated 1611, and presented to the church by Charles II.

York, with its minster, that dream of beauty realized. From its roof I saw two rainbows overarching that lovely country. Through its aisles I heard grand music pealing.—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli*.

York Cathedral is grand from its size, and the harmony which reigns throughout.—*Sarah B. Wister*.

It is very stately, very beautiful, this minster . . . not stern in its effect, which I suppose must be owing to the elaborate detail with which its great surface is wrought all over, like the chasing of a lady's jewel-box, and yet so grand.—*Hawthorne*.

Both within and without the architecture of the minster and its historical associations supply one of the real glories of England.—*Morford's Guide-Book*.

The minster, the most wonderful evidence of the monkish supremacy, and the most commanding edifice in England. . . . It is a proud monument of the past, and its harmonious proportions, rich details, and great magni-

tude command silence and admiration, and cause the beholder to stand uncovered unconsciously before it.—*Benjamin Moran.*

The famous minster, the pride of all English cathedrals . . . a mass of beautiful design, of mingling lines and melting shadows.—*James Freeman Clark.*

That splendid specimen of Gothic architecture to which it may be doubted whether an equal is to be found in this or in any other country.—*John Barrow.*

That most august of temples, the noble minster of York.—*Scot.*

It is certainly not surpassed by that of any church in England in its fine proportions, chaste enrichments, or scientific arrangements.

Thou stately York! and ye, whose splendors cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient science dear!—*Wordsworth.*

Not only a singular ornament to the city, and these northern parts, but to the whole kingdom.—*Drake.*

A vista of greater magnificence and beauty than that which is seen from the western entrance of the edifice, architecture has perhaps never produced.—*John Timbs.*

A whole and magnificent temple. . . . That colossal pile. . . . A pure model of symmetrical beauty in Gothic structure.—*A. B. Granville, D.D.*

Enter and an open hall receives you, ninety feet high, and hundreds of feet wide and long without a seat, or aught save immense pillars to interrupt the gaze. You may well take your hat from your head. The spot is worthy of veneration, not for its self but for Him to whom it was built.—*Gilbert Haven.*

York Minster, or the cathedral, is the finest church in England.—*American Cyclopædia.*

This cathedral takes rank with the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world.—*Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

Its design is full of dignity and grandeur . . . the western front is, in our opinion, the most striking part of the cathedral; the great window, with its intricate tracery, in which the outline of a heart appears, being certainly one of the finest in England; and the Chapter-house, with its conical roof, breaks most pleasingly the lines on the northern side of the building.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Like a mount it reared
Its massy front, with pinnacle and tower,
Augustly beautiful.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The grand cathedral . . . towers above the city, making itself conspic-

nous every-where; and the tradition that one hears all around the precincts, that high in the windows the gorgeous glass is principally composed of precious stones, becomes half credible if we look to the clere-story on a bright summer's day.—*Alfred Rimmer.*

This grand type of human aspiration toward the vastness and majesty of the divine life. . . . A monument of ancient faith, a towered worship, God's praise in pillared stone.—*Grace Greenwood.*

Looking back along the vale of years how many memories come thronging up as we gaze upon York Cathedral, or linger beneath its overarching roof! Kings and saints have knelt where we kneel, have prayed where we pray. Here from age to age have come the warrior in his strength, the old man with his hoary "crown of glory," the sinner with his burden, the maiden with her joy.—*Constance Anderson.*

I had heard much of this wonderful edifice, but it quite equaled my expectations. A book might be written in describing it.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

This magnificent and stupendous pile which occupied nearly two hundred years in erection, and has stood for three hundred years since its completion, is, without doubt, one of the most magnificent Gothic structures in the world, and excels in beauty and magnificence most ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages.—*Curtis Guild.*

Few English cathedrals exceed York Minster in dignity and massive grandeur.—*Joel Cook.*

The finest monument of old architecture in the British domains.—*J. P. Durbin, D.D.*

The vast size of the cathedral, its delicate carvings, lofty arches and columns, exquisitely painted windows, fill the mind with wonder. One wanders through these long aisles in silence, gazing at the scene, while memory is busy with the memorable deeds associated with its history.—*Prof. J. S. Lee.*

In its exquisite proportions and massive strength it stands like a picture of the infallible Church, to which all roads should bring the inquirer, and which, filling and satisfying the vision of the seekers, soars in its grandeur far above the merely human creations of the world.—*G. H. Putman.*

A stranger need not inquire the way to York Minster; for it is its own great guide to its own great temple. . . . We spent some time under an ivy shade . . . busying the eye in climbing from point to point unraveling the Gothic complexity which binds the whole. If you take it apart, you may form numerous large churches and chapels, each one a marvel; each one having its Gothic arches and niches, with windows whose dull colors from the outside inadequately foretell the resplendent beauties which are revealed

within. Flowers and leaves, obdurate to frost, bedeck each pinnacle; while spire after spire rise around like a petrified forest. Festoons of stone, richly carved, grace the different arches, while in niches stand the forms of prophet and saint. Quaint, grim, and humorous heads are protruded at different points. Together, the immense structure constitutes a maze, in which the sight may wander and in grateful variety be lost. . . . If we go within, and note the lofty vault, with its intertwisted and adorning branches and foliage, the idea of a forest of giant trees interlaced cannot be repressed.—*S. S. Cox.*

York Cathedral (I say it now, for it is my present feeling) is the most wonderful work that ever came from the hands of man. Indeed, it seems like "a house not made with hands," but rather to have come down from above, bringing an awful majesty and sweetness with it; and it is so light and aspiring, with all its vast columns and pointed arches, that one would hardly wonder if it should ascend back to heaven again by its mere spirituality.

Positively the pillars and arches of the choir are so very beautiful that they give the impression of being exquisitely polished, though such is not the fact; but their beauty throws a gleam around them.—*Hawthorne.*

My first walk through the city terminated, as a matter of course, at the cathedral, so famous for its architectural magnificence and grandeur. It is a noble pile, one of the sublimest things wrought by human hands which the island contains. As it rose gray and tall before me in the thickening twilight—for another day had passed and another evening was falling—I was conscious of a more awe-struck and more expansive feeling than any mere work of art had ever awakened in me before. The impression more resembled what I have sometimes experienced on some solitary ocean shore, o'erhung by dizzy precipices, and lashed high by the foaming surf; or beneath the craggy brow of some vast mountain, that overlooks, amid the mute sublimities of nature, some far-spread, uninhabited wilderness of forest and moor.—*Hugh Miller.*

This cathedral of York has a severe grandeur peculiar to itself. I saw it with a deep undertone of feeling; for it was the last I should behold. No one who has appreciated the wonders of a new world of art and association can see, without emotion, the door closing upon it, perhaps forever. I lingered long here, and often turned to gaze again; and after going out went back, once more to fill my soul with a last long look, in which I bade adieu to all the historic memories of the old world. I thought of the words, "we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." These glorious arches, this sublime history of human power and skill, is only a shadow of some eternal substance, which, in ages to come, God will reveal to us.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

X.

THE ENGLISH LAKES.

THE English lake district extends over a portion of three counties in northern England: Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster. Of the eighteen lakes, Windermere, Conistoun, Grasmere, Rydalwater, Ulleswater, Thirlmere, Derwentwater, Bassenthwaite, and Buttermere are oftenest visited. Aside from the lakes the region abounds in mountain ridges or fells, abrupt rugged mountain passes, and water-falls.

Among the highest mountain peaks, which are easily ascended, are Skiddaw, six miles north of Keswick; Helvellyn, near Thirlmere; the Langdale and Scafell Pikes, lying between Windermere and Wastwater; the Old Man, near Lake Conistoun; Loughbrigg Fell, opposite to, and Wansfell, just north of, the town of Ambleside.

The principal cascades are Airey, on the west side of Ulleswater; Lodore, on the east side of Derwentwater, and Rydal, near the east end of Rydalwater.

Whatever direction the tourist may take in the lake district he is sure to find himself surrounded by grand, picturesque scenery. For many years prominent men in England have spent part of their time at least in this lovely region, and their five villas, each having an individual name, are scattered among the valleys, along the lake shores, and on prominent eminences.

Nature has been most fortunate in this locality, not only in the beautiful arrangement of her scenery, but in the beautiful descriptions given thereof by some of her gifted writers. Wordsworth, Southey, Christopher North, De Quincey, Dr. Arnold, Harriet Martineau, and Mrs. Hemans have, by their pens, all contributed to make the lake district famous.

The famous lake district. . . . The most vaunted region of English scenery.—*Sarah B. Wister.*

The lake country is but a London suburb.—*Hawthorne.*

The scenery is all picturesque, and sometimes sublime.—*M. D. Conway.*

Add the natural beauty of the lake district to that which flows from its literary and historic associations, and few places equal it in interest.—*Prof. John S. Lee.*

The mountains are all green, and nowhere else have I seen vegetation so green.—*A. P. Peabody.*

Falls and cascades are a great feature all through this country.—*John Burroughs.*

Equal beauties and greater sublimity may be found elsewhere, but nowhere surely has such immense variety of natural charms been gathered within the same space.—*English Pictures.*

The lake district, famed in the verse of England's latest laureates, and in the prose of multitudinous tourists.—*Gilbert Haven.*

For a descriptive guide to the lakes we advise the tourist to provide himself with pocket editions of Wordsworth, Wilson, Coleridge, and Southey. . . . If any adequate idea be gained from books of this lovely scenery, it will be only from the inspired outpourings of those lovers of nature.—*Official Tourists' Guide.*

That softening grace of really green and fertile valleys, such as wind through the English lake district, parceling it out into a number of glorious landscapes, each compact and distinct in itself.—*Buddleley's Guide-Book.*

The English lakes lie embosomed among mountains of singular beauty.—*Morford's Guide-Book.*

There is scarcely a nook or dell, a country-seat or rural hamlet, a mountain top or a hidden glen, a shady retreat on the shores of the lake, or a moss-covered rock by the woodland stream that has not been made the subject of a poem.—*Rev. J. E. Edwards.*

If the reader will look at a good map of England and Scotland, and find Solway Frith, which is on the west coast, and then look at the country immediately south of it, occupying a portion of the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster, he will see that it is full of lakes and mountains, and will find, on visiting it, that its picturesque attractions are unequaled in any other part of England.—*Curtis Guild.*

For the lover of nature and healthful recreation, no tour could be devised of a more pleasing or agreeable character than that which these lakes afford.—*Black's Guide-Book.*

The lake district is a labyrinth of attractive excursions, amid which a month could be agreeably spent.—*Satchel Guide*.

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England—this part of England at least—on a fine summer morning.—*Hawthorne*.

I climbed the Knob Scar . . . whence a very fine view of the lake scenery is to be obtained. . . . I was surrounded by mountains, and beneath me lay Rydalwater, Grasmere, and other lakes. But the main thought in my mind was that Wordsworth had looked upon this scenery day by day; that here his mind had been fed and strengthened: that this hill, that lake, had been his muse; every thing around me bore the coloring of the poet's mind. This was the nature which he had interpreted and idealized. There was a glory upon these hills not known to sea or land elsewhere, but borrowed from the poet's dream. The landscape was made alive by the power of thought, pervaded throughout with soul, humanized and elevated by the wonderful magic of imagination.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

Each lake hath its promontories; that every step you walk, every stroke you row, undergo miraculous metamorphoses, accordant to the "change that comes o'er the spirit of your dream," as your imagination glances again over the transfigured mountains. . . . Each lake hath its hanging terraces of immortal green, that along her shores run glimmering far down beneath the superficial sunshine, when the poet in his becalmed canoe among the luster could fondly swear by all that is most beautiful on earth, in air, and in water, that these three are one, blended as they are by the interfusing spirit of heavenly peace.—*Professor Wilson*.

Vain it is to talk of any earthly beauty ever equaling this country in my eyes.—*Thomas Arnold, D.D.*

The famous "lake country" of England. It does not cover a large area, . . . but its compact beauties have a charm of rugged outline and luxuriant detail that in a condensed form reproduce the Alpine lakes of Northern Italy.—*Joel Cook*.

This wild and picturesque region full of romantic beauty.—*Prof. John S. Lee*.

Without the sublime which marks the shores of our lakes, there is so much to admire in this scenery that I could spend a summer charmingly in the midst of it, and never tire of looking on it by day or night.—*S. J. Prime*.

The traveler finds here beautiful nature unadorned but not inanimate; through reverent genius a subtle life-giving breath has gone abroad, and invested hill, dale, and lake with mystical groves and grotts and fountains, besides which even the enchanted Valley of Tristan is somewhat theatrical.—*M. D. Conway*.

The "lake country" of England has for us a double interest, because of the indefinable charm associated with its richly clad hills, its pretty expanses of water, and its rich valleys, and because the district was once the home of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Southey, Arnold, Harriet Martineau, and Mrs. Hemans. There are in all this district no mountains which rise above the height of four thousand feet, no lakes which we should account large; but lake and valley and forests and country roads are all in the most exquisite setting. Here and there, on the "Fells" and "Scars," as they are called, there are bits of wild scenery approaching the grand.—*Edward King.*

This district has especially a "homesome" aspect, if we may coin the word. It looks a place not only to be visited, but also to be lived in. The Alpine glens, the Scotch moors, the Norway fiords, are well enough in the bright summer time: but we can well believe their aspect stern in autumn tempest or in the wintry blast; while here, in storm as in sunshine, the kindly look never quite departs from the face of nature, to which the Christmas snow adds a new beauty, like the silvered hair on a mother's brow.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Every thing is perfectly subdued and polished and imbued with human taste, except, indeed, the outline of the hills, which continue very much the same as God made them.—*Hawthorne.*

I have walked up and down and across the lake district of England, pausing at every point of particular interest, and shall never forget my sensations as, at the close of a spring day, I entered the old grave-yard at Grasmere and stood by the grave of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge; or my first view of the home of Southey, and the mountains round about it; or of the homes and haunts of poets and scholars who had made the lake district their abiding place.—*England as seen by an American Banker.*

But a calm sunset slanted still
O'er hoary crag and heath-flushed hill,
And at their foot, by birchen brake,
Dimpled and smiled an English lake.

I roamed where I had roamed before,
With heart elate in days of yore,
Through the green glens by Rotha side,
Which Arnold loved, where Wordsworth died.

—*J. Truman.*

Bowness, on the eastern shore, and Ambleside, at the northern extremity of Windermere, are both central points from which excursions are easily made to all parts of the lake districts.

Opinions differ as to which is the most beautiful of all the lakes. Each has its special attractions and admirers.

Windermere is the largest and contains a number of islands.

Windermere, low hills on either side confine its waters.—*Prof. John S. Lee.*

Lake Windermere, with its islands and its fair hill-sides.—*Elias Yarnall.*

The glowing sunset has changed Windermere into a vast opal.—*M. D. Conway.*

The water was like a strip and gleam of sky fitly set among lovely slopes of earth.—*Hawthorne.*

Beautiful Windermere, our first love and our last, in all this haunted realm.—*English Pictures.*

Windermere, nestling beneath majestic crags. It is the perfection of quiet beauty.—*Gilbert Haven.*

The lake is surrounded by gentle well-wooded eminences.—*American Cyclopædia.*

Soft, rich beauty is the principal characteristic of the island, of the lake, of the wooded shores, and of the scenery around.—*Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

Windermere, the queen of all the Cumberland lakes.—*Harper's Guide-Book.*

There is something exquisitely soft in Windermere. It has a feminine delicacy, and with its light touches of beauty draws out the fatigue from the weary brain.—*Andrew P. Peabody.*

This lake is a beautiful irregular sheet of water. . . . and numerous little islands add to its picturesque appearance, the scenery being soft and graceful; the gentle slopes and eminences that surround it, and the numerous country-seats and cottages peeping from the wooded slopes, combining to render it one of those pictures of quiet beauty that English poets delight to sing of.—*Curtis Guild.*

A moonlight row on Windermere, who can tell its charms? Far out on the soft motionless water, watching the lights on the shore, each making its comet tail in the still lake, gliding at our own sweet will, and across the reflex of many a star; pausing now and then to count the sounds faintly wafted through the slumberous air, . . . voyaging round a promontory dense with green foliage, which made a dark path in the water, we neared the mouth by which the Rothay and the Brathay bring their united waters into the lake. The Rothay comes from singing its gentle praises beside the hallowed graves of Grasmere; the Brathay comes with its sobbing dirge for

the beauty and the joy that briefly lit up its banks, then withered amid pain and made it a name of desolation. For Brathay is associated with Charles Lloyd, a man much valued by the lake poets.—*M. D. Conway.*

We left the wood and stood on the shore; all the fair plain of Windermere lay before us, wind-swept and troubled, with great dashes of blue along its surface, and a breezy sky moving overhead. Near at hand there were soft green hills shining in the sunlight, and farther off long and narrow promontories piercing out into the water with their dark line of trees, growing almost black against the silvery glory of the lake. But then again the hurrying wind would blow away the shadow of the cloud; a beam of sunlight would run along the line of trees, making them glow green above the blue of the water; and from this moving and shifting and glowing picture we turned to the far and ethereal masses of the Langdale pikes and the mountains above Ambleside, which changed as the changing clouds were blown over from the west. We got into a boat and went out into the wildness of water and wind and sky. Now we saw the reedy shores behind us, and the clean and shallow water at the brink of which we had been standing receiving the troubled reflection of the woods. Out here the beautiful islands of Lady Holm, Thompson's Holm, and Belle Isle were shimmering in green. Far up there in the north the slopes and gullies of the great mountains were showing a thousand hues of soft velvet-like grays and blues, and even warming up into a pale yellowish-green where a ray of the sunlight struck the lower slopes. Over by the Furness Fells the clouds lay in heavier masses and moved slowly, but elsewhere there was a brisk motion over the lake that changed its beauties even as one looks at them.—*William Black.*

Windermere stretching away to the south, its shore lined with gradually sloping hills, while minor basins of water lie among the surrounding mountains, and rapid streams foam and roar at the foot of the rocky highland. Behind, to the north, the highest peaks loom up to the skies with their broken and irregular summits, while in the vale beneath lies the little town, with its church spire pointing to heaven, like a startled dove nestling under the broad shadow of the mountain. Rydal Knob, or Knob Scar, near the residence of the poet Wordsworth, forms the background to the picture that lay in connection with bold and towering cliffs, and to the west the scenery is wild and chaotic, giving a strong impression of what is the grandeur of more rugged mountain districts.—*Benjamin Moran.*

I am writing to you from an old-fashioned alcove in the little garden, around which the sweet-brier and the rose-tree have completely run wild; and I look down from it upon lovely Windermere, which seems at this moment like another sky, so truly is every summer cloud and tint of azure

pictured in its transparent mirror. . . . The situation is one of the deepest retirement; but the bright lake before me, with all its fairy barks and sails, glancing like "things of life" over its blue waters, prevents the solitude from being overshadowed by any thing like sadness.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

O, sweet Windermere, how blest
Is he, who on thy marge may rest,
Rear his bright bower 'neath summer's ray,
And from the loved world would steal away.

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

. . . Spacious Windermere, . . .
"Turn where we may," said I, "we cannot err
In this delicious region." Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest ground, and scattered groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us; and as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us.—*Wordsworth.*

Bowness, on the east shore of Windermere, is a very convenient and pleasant place for the tourist to locate. The scenery in the immediate vicinity is very beautiful, steamers ply the lake from end to end, and coaches leave daily for principal points in all the lake region.

Between Bowness and Ambleside, near the head of Windermere, the most interesting localities are Elleray, Calgarth Park, Troutbeck Valley, Low-wood, and Dove Nest.

At Elleray is located the cottage once inhabited by the Scottish author, Professor John Wilson, better known, perhaps, by the name of Christopher North, whose life and pen have surrounded the English lakes with a halo of charming thoughts and descriptions. East of Elleray is Orrest Head, an eminence famous for its fine view.

The English prelate, Richard Watson, who wrote *An Apology for the Bible*, published in 1796, lived during the last years of his life at Calgarth Park, where his house still stands.

Professor Wilson claimed that the finest scenery in England was to be seen on the road from Low-wood to Troutbeck.

The latter is a quaint little town, picturesquely located. Low-wood has a commodious hotel, which stands on the lake shore, and a little farther north is the cottage, Dove Nest, where Mrs. Hemans spent the summer of 1830. She has given glowing descriptions of the charming scenery thereabouts.

Ambleside, one mile from the northern end of Windermere, is noted for its wonderful mountain scenery. From this point the peaks of Wansfell, on the east, and Loughrigg Fell and Langdale, on the west, are easily visited.

The beauty of the Ambleside valley is greatly enhanced by rivers and smaller streams.

The Stock Gill, emptying into the Rothay near the town, has a wonderful fall of water, which divides itself into four parts.

Rydal Mount and Rydal Hall are about a mile and a quarter from Ambleside.

Wordsworth came to live at the mount in 1813, and died there April 23, 1850.

Since that time this lovely spot has become one of the shrines of earth. The park surrounding Rydal Hall contains two famous water-falls. Rydal Lake, though small, is very beautiful.

Never again can one look upon mere Rydalwater; he must see therein the reflected vault of Wordsworth's sky."—*M. D. Conway.*

Above the shore of the lake, not a great way from Wordsworth's residence, there is a flight of steps hewn in a rock and ascending to a rock-seat where a good view of the lake may be attained; and, as Wordsworth has doubtless sat there hundreds of times, so did we ascend and sit down and look at the hills and at the flags on the lake's shore. . . . The hills about Rydalwater are not very lofty, but are sufficiently so as objects of everyday view—objects to live with.—*Hawthorne.*

Rydalwater, softly swelling hills crowned the farther border of the lake, which strangely and inexplicably, at their base, appeared to meet other corresponding hills, to the eye just as solid and distinct, and so closely joined to the former ones as to make a single mass, lifting one head into the

sky above, dropping another into the sky below, till the earth-surrounding heaven seemed for once to be revealed in full circle.—*C. A. Bartol.*

On the west side of the Rothay River, under the shadow of Loughrigg Fell, are several beautiful villas, among them Fox How, once the home of the English educator, Dr. Thomas Arnold.

The town and lake of Grasmere is four miles north-east from Ambleside, and on the road thither we pass the Wishing Gate, immortalized by Wordsworth's pen.

The poet lived at Grasmere, in a cottage called the Dove and Olive-bough, from 1799 to 1808, when he removed to Fox Ghyll, a cottage just back of the village.

The Dove was occupied by the English author, De Quincey, from 1809 until 1819, when he went to live in the "Nab" on Rydal Lake.

Wordsworth and his wife are buried in the cemetery of St. Oswald's Church, at Grasmere. A memorial tablet has been placed in the church "by his friends and neighbors, in testimony of respect, affection, and gratitude."

Rough, humble as is the church of Grasmere, its "God's acre" is classic ground. Here rests poor Hartley Coleridge, who closed his eyes in the next village; and here Wordsworth, who spent the earlier years of his married life in Grasmere, sleeps among the kinsfolk and the scenes he loved so well. It would be hard to find a spot more like an earthly paradise—so near to the green lake, its surface ruffled by "one little isle," while all around are green meadows, wooded slopes, with the glimpse into wild Easedale to enhance, by contrast, their riches; and, above all, the varied forms of Seat Sandal and Helm Crag, guarding the deep impression of Dunmail Raise.—*Picturesque Europe.*

AT ST. OSWALD'S.

Within the church I knelt, where many a year
Wordsworth had worshiped, while his musing eye
Wandered o'er mountain, fell, and scar, and sky,
That rimmed the silver circle of Grasmere,
Whose crystal held an underworld as clear
As that which girt it round; and questioned why
The place was sacred for *his* lifted sigh
More than the humble dalesman's kneeling near.

Strange spell of Genius!—that can melt the soul
 To reverence tenderer than o'er it falls
 Beneath the marvelous heavens which God hath made
 And sway it with such human, sweet control,
 That holier henceforth seem these simple walls,
 Because within them once a poet prayed!

—Margaret J. Preston.

Grasmere Lake is smaller than Windermere and larger than Rydal. Its shores are surrounded by high mountains.—*Anon.*

The heart of all the lakes, Grasmere!—*Prof. J. M. Hoppin.*

Grasmere is the most rural of all the lake hamlets. It is in many respects the finest, and is more than any other associated with the poets.—*Gilbert Haven.*

There was a quiet splendor, almost grandeur, about Grasmere vale, such as I had not seen elsewhere—a kind of monumental beauty and dignity that agreed well with one's conception of the loftier strains of the poet.—*John Burroughs.*

We took a narrow road leading up on the mountain on the west side of Grasmere Lake; coming down a little, we ascended once more to look down on Rydalwater. . . . These lakes, with their dark mountain settings, are like mirrors in their black transparency.—*Elias Yarnall.*

O vale of Grasmere! tranquil and shut out
 From all the strife that shakes a jarring world.

—Mrs. Sigourney.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn,
 Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
 Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
 Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
 With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
 Your shores in melting luster, seem to float
 On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
 Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
 Their places with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
 Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
 O! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar
 The perfect music of the charm serene!
 Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear
 Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and prayer!

—Mrs. Hemans.

Grasmere is a beautiful sheet of water, with a magnificent valley and mountain view from its upper end.—*P. B. Cogswell.*

A few miles west of Windermere is the smaller lake of Coniston. The mountain scenery around the northern shores is very grand. Two of the higher peaks, the Old Man and Wetherlam, are often ascended. The view from the former peak is considered the finer.

The lovely lake of Coniston. The head of the lake is the part chiefly interesting, both from the sublime character of the mountain barriers and from the intricacy of the little valleys at their base.—*De Quincey.*

Thou lone and lovely water, would I were
A dweller by thy deepest solitude.—*Mary Howitt.*

What can be more beautiful than the views from the hill-sides above the head of Coniston water?—*English Pictures.*

Crags and grassy slopes, green fields and heather-clad moors, firs, juniper, and a hundred other shrubs, gave each moment new combinations, changing, as in a kaleidoscope, from beauty to beauty, till the blue sheet of Coniston opened out before us, its head embosomed in trees, and guarded by the massive form of the far-famed Old Man.

The view from the summit of this mountain, in my opinion, is one of the finest in the district. Standing, as it does, like a bastion tower on the edge of the group, it commands a wide extent of the higher mountains, the bolder peaks of the Scafell range being especially conspicuous, while our eyes range along the beautiful lake, seemingly almost beneath our feet, and thence far down the estuaries of the Kent, the Severn, and the Duddon, to the sands of Morecambe Bay. Far away over these may be seen, on a clear day, the castle of Lancaster, and even Ingleborough and the Yorkshire fells; while those who are specially favored may discern, like clouds on the horizon, the Isle of Man, and even the peak of Snowden.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Esthwaite Lake lies between Windermere and Coniston. Near its northern extremity we find the old town of Hawkshead, where Wordsworth received his earlier education.

The ruins of Furness Abbey lie south-west from Windermere and Coniston, and can be reached by rail from the southern extremity of the former lake. To the lover of Gothic architecture these interesting ruins afford the best of compensation for the time spent in their inspection.

Ulleswater is next in size to Windermere. A charming carriage drive extends from Pooley Bridge, at the northern extremity of the lake, along its western shore to Patterdale, its most southern point. Gowbarrow, a famous park, and Airey Force, a famous water-fall, are three miles north from Patterdale, on the west shore of the lake.

Ulleswater is a beautiful lake, with steep hills walling it about—so steep on the eastern side that there seems hardly room for a road to run along the base.—*Hawthorne*.

Its scenery from Patterdale to Lyulph's Tower, about half-way up on the left-hand shore, is not surpassed by any of the other lakes.—*Shaw's Guide-Book*.

Ulleswater gleams in front, reflecting in its quiet waters the surrounding summits. Just at the head is the pretty village of Patterdale, fairly nestling among trees, with its tiny church and old yew-tree. For a distance of four or five miles round this spot as a center, each step discloses some new beauty. The reach of waters below is by far the most beautiful part of the lake. The views from its shores, especially looking back toward Patterdale, are almost the finest in the region. Not far away

"Doth Aira Force, that torrent hoarse, speak from the woody glen," and beyond the parks that clothe the western slopes rise the bare fells of Helvellyn and the lonely vale of Grisedale.—*Picturesque Europe*.

Helvellyn, a noted mountain peak, lies between Ulleswater and Thirlmere, and is easily reached from both points. Its central position among the lakes and *turns*, as well as its height, 3,118 feet above sea-level, gives this mountain a most picturesque view.

Helvellyn commands an extensive map-like view of the whole lake district. . . . The circumjacent mountains present themselves in fine arrangement.—*Black's Guide-Book*.

Ho, stern Helvellyn! with thy savage cliffs
And dark ravines.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

The view is impressive, and such as one likes to sit down to and drink in slowly—a "grand terraqueous spectacle, from center to circumference unveiled."—*John Burroughs*.

The wild magnificence of the mountain groups as seen from Helvellyn is incomparable.—*English Pictures*.

Next to the greatness of Wordsworth comes the grandeur of Helvellyn. The second mountain of England in height, it is the most impressive in appearance, and one does not wonder that it was the holy hill of the first inhabitants of this region.—*M. D. Conway.*

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes, mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.—*Scott.*

The shores of Thirlmere abound in wonderful precipices and crags.

Thirlmere breaks upon the sight beyond Helvellyn and mirrors a long range of lofty steepes and crags—Fisher Crag, Raven Crag—so wonderful, we need not wonder that the lake poets made this their trysting-place.—*M. D. Conway.*

Thirlmere . . . is guarded on one side by the slopes of Helvellyn, on the other by the bolder crags of Arncliffe Fell. As might be expected, from its elevation, its shores are less luxuriant than those of the other lakes, and great domes of ice-worn rock here and there rise above the turf. From near its lower end is a striking view down the vale of St. John's, between steep walls of rock, to the noble form of Blencathra.—*Picturesque Europe.*

I took various walks to get a glimpse of Helvellyn, and a view of Thirlmere, which is rather two lakes than one, being so narrow at one point as to be crossed by a foot-bridge. Its shores are very picturesque, coming down abruptly upon it, and broken into crags and prominences, which view their shaggy faces in its mirror; and Helvellyn slopes steeply upward from its southern shore into the clouds.—*Hawthorne.*

The country round about Keswick, a town of some three thousand inhabitants, located on the Greta River, abounds in magnificent scenery.

Southey made Keswick his home in 1804, living for forty years in an unpretentious mansion, still standing, called Greta Hall. He, with his wife, is buried in the parish churchyard.

Skiddaw mountain, six miles distant, is easily reached from Keswick, also the famous valley of St. John. This valley, through which runs a river of the same name flowing from Thirlmere into the Greta, near the town of Threlkeld,

is noted for its picturesque scenery, and a rock bearing a striking resemblance to a fortress. This rock is described by Scott in his *Bridal of Triermain*:

With toil the king his way pursued,
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of St. John;
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.

Right glad to feel those beams again,
The king drew up his charger's rein;
With gauntlet raised, he screened his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And from beneath his glove of mail
Scanned at his ease the lovely vale;
While 'gainst the sun his armor bright
Gleamed ruddy like a beacon's light.

Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still;
And down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But midmost of the vale a mound
Arose, with airy turrets crowned,
Buttress and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower.—*Scott.*

About half a mile from Keswick is Derwentwater, one of the favorite lakes among tourists. The drive of ten miles around its margin is diversified by mountains, crags, precipices, woods, and pasture lands. Near the south-east shore of the lake is the celebrated water-fall of Lodore, described by Southey.

Derwentwater, a magnificent oval lake set among the hills.—*Joel Cook.*

The placid surface of Derwentwater, whose quiet beauty fills the soul with a kind of dreamy content.—*Prof. John S. Lee.*

The fair lake stretching before us, and the mountains beyond, seemed to put me in the mood for the poetry.—*Elias Yarnall.*

A beautiful and picturesque lake.—*Imperial Gazetteer.*

Derwentwater is a favorite lake with artists, and many are the pictures that have been painted of it and its surroundings.—*P. B. Cogswell.*

Derwentwater. . . . On the eastern side there are many noble eminences, and on the west, along which we drove, there is a part of the way a lonely wood, and nearly the whole distance a precipitous range of lofty cliffs, descending sheer down without any slope, except what has been formed in the lapse of ages by the fall of fragments and the washing down of smaller stones. . . . The whole scene, indeed, might be characterized as one of stern grandeur with an embroidery of rich beauty.—*Hawthorne.*

Deep stillness lies upon this lovely lake,
The air is calm, the forest trees are still;
The river windeth without noise, and here without voice
The fall of fountains comes not, nor the sound
Of the white cataract Lodore: the voice—
The mighty mountain voice—itself is dumb.—*B. W. Proctor.*

Derwentwater lies "quiet as a stone," under the mountains that rise near her shores, black and grand, and hardly more stouily calm.—*Gilbert Haven.*

'Tis mine to rove
Through bare gray dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
His wizard course where hoary Derwent takes,
Through crags and forest glooms and opening lakes,
Staying his silent waves, to hear the roar
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore.—*Wordsworth.*

I stood at the window beholding
Mountain and lake and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure;
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror
Under the woods reposed.—*Southey.*

Derwent, . . . fair lake, . . .
On whose green heathlands grows the fern;
And mountain heights of dark grey stone
Are bright with lichens overgrown.—*Mary Howitt.*

Lake Derwentwater, with its picturesque islands, with its silvery expanses, within an amphitheater of rocky but not high mountains, broken into fantastic shapes, heaped and splintered with little precipices, with shores swelling into woody eminences, is the gem of this region.—*Edward King.*

There is scarcely a spot along the shores of Derwentwater which does not furnish some exquisite picture. Its banks are a succession of sloping meadows and ferny braes, of groves of trees feathering down to the water with bolder crags behind, and steep, rocky slopes of mountain pasture. . . . Along these shores one must not hurry; every moment some fresh charm bids us stay—now some foreground bit of rock and fen and mossy trunks of trees; now some new grouping of the wooded islands that stud the surface of the lake; now some new glimpse of a mountain peak shining through the boughs, its blue and purple tints seeming, if possible, more tender and aerial from contrast with the strong lights and shadows of the green leaves.—*Picturesque Europe.*

XI.

ABBOTSFORD.

ABBOTSFORD, the home of Sir Walter Scott, is about forty miles south of Edinburgh. Tourists visiting this city generally devote one day to visiting Melrose Abbey, Dryburgh Abbey, and Abbotsford. This is one of the pleasantest excursions from Edinburgh; and is accomplished in one day.

The town of Melrose is about thirty-seven miles south-east from Edinburgh, and is reached by rail; from Melrose a carriage conveys the tourist to Dryburgh and Abbotsford, the former lying four miles west, and the latter three miles east, of Melrose.

Melrose Abbey, now considered the most beautiful ruin in Scotland, was founded by King David I., in 1136.

It was destroyed by the English in 1322 and rebuilt by order of Robert Bruce.

The south and east walls, and part of the north, are still standing, also both transepts and part of the central tower. The roof is entirely demolished, except on the east end of the chancel.

The south wall contains eight windows, each sixteen feet in height, the frame-work of which is all ornamented with the richest and most delicate tracery.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the large east window, which is thirty-seven feet high and sixteen broad.

THE EAST WINDOW. I write it in large letters, for it is an architectural poem, and it will live in my memory as a joy forever, it is such a thing of beauty. The lightness of its proportions and beauty of its tracery at once impress the beholder; and all around the sides and above it are quaint and wonderfully-executed sculptures in the stone-work—statues, chain and crown; figures on carved pedestals beneath canopies of wrought stone, while wreaths and sculptured flowers are artistically wrought in various directions.—*Curtis Guild.*



ABBOTSFORD.

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined ;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined ;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint.—*Scott.*

It is claimed that the heart of Robert Bruce was buried in this abbey directly beneath the high altar.

The south transept contains the tomb of the famous Scotch wizard, Michael Scott, a character introduced by Dante in his *Inferno*, who died about 1291. A description of his burial is given in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;
A wizard of such dreaded fame
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame !
Some of his skill he taught to me ;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
And for having but thought them my heart within
A treble penance must be done.

When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakenèd :
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And gave me a sign to come with speed :
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
 That never mortal might therein look;
 And never to tell where it was hid,
 Save at his Chief of Branksome's need:
 And when that need was past and o'er,
 Again the volume to restore.
 I buried him on St. Michael's night,
 When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright,
 And I dug his chamber among the dead
 Where the floor of the chancel was stained red,
 That his patron's cross might over him wave
 And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.—*Scott.*

The ruins of Melrose Abbey were specially admired and enjoyed by Sir Walter Scott.

Melrose Abbey, the delicate beauty of whose ruins poetry has forever enshrined.—*S. S. Cox.*

The ivy-clad moss-lined abbey.—*Mary L. Ninde.*

Melrose Abbey, a lofty, extensive ruin, retaining much of the architectural splendor and sculptural beauty of its time of pride. Glorious as it was to us, seen under a dull sky, I could not conceive of any thing more majestic, more religiously beautiful, than "fair Melrose," viewed "by the pale moonlight."—*Grace Greenwood.*

Melrose is the finest remaining specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Some of the sculptured flowers in the cloister arches are remarkably beautiful and delicate, and the two windows—the south and east oriels—are of a lightness and grace of execution really surprising. . . . The chancel is all open to the sky, and rooks build their nests among the wild ivy that climbs over the crumbling arches.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Melrose is more to be admired for the exquisite delicacy of its architecture; the stone of which it was built retaining to this day the sharpness of its edges, and the leaves and flowers thus chiseled being so finished that the sunlight falls through behind them, as they stand out on the walls; and you may pass a straw through the interstices to prove the completeness of the workmanship.—*S. I. Prime.*

Melrose Abbey, which a few lines of Scott's poetry have invested with an interest greater than that of other similar ruins.—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

No description, not even the famous one in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," can give any adequate idea of its beauty.—*Satchel Guide.*

The solemn grandeurs of Melrose. Mr. Emerson once said that men

required rhyme and rhythm as they do beautiful architecture. I never knew the full meaning of that saying until I stood amid the sad, sweet, dreamlike ruins of this holy place. In that solitude poetry seemed the only language that could be spoken.—*Harper's Magazine*.

The artist in whose mind the conception of this building arose was a Mozart in architecture; a plaintive and ethereal lightness, a fanciful quaintness, pervaded his composition.—*Mrs. Stowe*.

The architecture of this beautiful fabric is a mixture of the Flamboyant and florid Gothic, somewhat the same as that exhibited in some of the continental cathedrals. It is remarkable for the beauty and delicacy of its ornamental work, much of which, owing to the hardness of the stone, retains its original sharpness.—*Black's Guide-Book*.

The finest specimen of Gothic architecture ever reared to the honor of man or the service of God in Great Britain.—*S. S. Cox*.

The abbey was evidently a pile that called up all Scott's poetic and romantic feelings, and one to which he was enthusiastically attached by the most fanciful and delightful of his early associations. He spoke of it, I may say, with affection.—*Anon*.

"There is no telling," said he, "what treasures are hid in that glorious old pile. It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder; there are such rich bits of old-time sculpture for the architect, and old-time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese, and in the same taste—the moldier the better."—*Irving*.

As we came into the midst of this glorious old structure we actually stood silent for some time, so filled were we with admiration at its wondrous beauty. . . . The majestic sweep of the great Gothic arches, that vista of beauty, a great Gothic aisle still standing, fifty feet long, and sixty feet from floor to key-stone, the superb columns, and the innumerable elegant carvings on every side, the graves of monarch, knight, and wizard marked with their quaint, antique inscriptions at your feet, and

"The cloister-galleries small,

Which at midheight thread the chancel wall,"

all form a scene of most charming and beautiful effects.—*Curtis Guild*.

A very satisfactory ruin, all carpeted along its nave and transepts with green grass. There are remains, both within and without the abbey, of most curious and minute old sculpture: foliage in places where it is almost impossible to see them, and where the sculptor could not have supposed that they would be seen, but which are yet finished faithfully.

to the very veins of each leaf, in stone; and there is a continual variety of this accurate toil. On the exterior of the edifice there is equal minuteness of finish.—*Hawthorne.*

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!—*Scott.*

Dryburgh Abbey was founded in 1150 by Hugh de Moreville, one of the eminent lords of Scotland at this period. This abbey was twice destroyed by the English. The ruins include a portion of the choir and monastery, “the western gable of the nave, the Chapter-house, and St. Moden's Chapel, and the ends of the transept.” The beauty of the ruin is greatly enhanced by the luxuriant growth of English ivy, which covers almost every portion.

This abbey has become one of the shrines of earth, from the fact that it is the burial place of Sir Walter Scott—the one he chose for himself.

The tomb is on the right of the church, in what is called St. Mary's Aisle, and the stone which marks the last resting place of the much-loved poet and novelist bears the simple inscription :

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Baronet.
Died September 21, A. D., 1832.



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

His funeral was conducted in an unostentatious manner, but the attendance was very great. His old domestics and foresters themselves bore the coffin to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave.

The pall-bearers were his sons, his son-in-law, and his little grandson.

The court-yard and all the precincts of Abbotsford were crowded with uncovered spectators as the procession was arranged; and as it advanced through Darwick and Melrose, and the adjacent villages, the whole population appeared at their doors in like manner—almost all in black. The train of carriages extended, I understand, over more than a mile.

The wide inclosure at the Abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young: and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. Mr. Archdeacon Williams read the burial service of the Church of England: and thus, about half-past five in the evening of Wednesday, the 26th of September, 1832, the remains of Sir Walter Scott were laid by the side of his wife in the sepulcher of his ancestors.—*J. G. Lockhart.*

Beneath the abbey are a number of cells, in one of which is an instrument of torture.

According to a story, which claims Sir Walter Scott as its author, a “Nun of Dryburgh” lived in one of these cells, leaving it only at night, having taken a vow that she would never look upon the sunlight until the return of her lover. He never returned, and the vow was faithfully kept. Scott weaves this story into one of his most charming ballads, *The Eve of St. John*.

Dryburgh Abbey. Few monastic remains in the kingdom occupy a position of more peaceful seclusion than these. The chief feature of them is the Refectory on the south side of the cloisters. It contains a beautiful rose-window, which nature again has garlanded with ivy.—*Buddlewy's Guide-Book.*

Dryburgh Abbey is one of the most picturesque ruins in Scotland. . . . nearly every part of the church, with the exception of St. Mary's Aisle, is covered with living green.—*Hurper's Guide-Book.*

Dryburgh Abbey stands amid the most pleasant combination of water, hill, and woodland scenery in the South of Scotland.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Passing through an apple-orchard, we were not long in reaching the abbey, the ruins of which are much more extensive and more picturesque than those of Melrose, being overrun with bushes and shrubbery, and

twined about with ivy, and all such vegetation as belongs, naturally, to old walls. There are the remains of the Refectory, and other domestic parts of the abbey, as well as the church, and all in delightful state of decay—not so far gone but that we had bits of its former grandeur in the columns and broken arches, and in some portions of the edifice that still retain a roof.—*Hawthorne.*

The abbey at Dryburgh is hid in a wood, and is approached through the orchard. . . . Its ruins are very extensive. It has one charm which no other ruin possesses: a large star-window, perfectly preserved, high up in a wall which is entirely clad in ivy, and leaving only this gem of stone and sky, like a sapphire brooch clasping the glistening drapery of green investing the ruin, all too beautiful for the corrosion of time.—*S. S. Cox.*

Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott sleeps.—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

They laid him to rest in Dryburgh Abbey, and the finest minne-singer and story-teller of Scotland could have found no fitter tomb. Embowered amidst venerable trees, festooned with ivy and every climbing plant, that spot which the Celts named Darach-Bruach ("the bank of the sacred oaks") reminds us how both pagan and Christian loved to worship where nature was most beautiful.—*Harper's Monthly.*

In a tender and touching passage of his simple diary, Sir Walter tells us "how he deposited the remains of the thirty years' partner of his life beneath the turf on which he had so often sat with her in the sunshine, in the days of happiness and prosperity." Here, too, his own dust was laid, in the very center of all the glories of his chivalrous genius, with nothing but a plain slab raised over him—the slab that covers the Scottish Shakespeare. . . . And when we stand by that remarkable tomb amid the solitude that nothing breaks but the rustle of the ivy on the ruined arches, or the caw of the rook, it is impossible not to feel as if the spirit of the great minstrel, the glory and the honor of his native land, was still hovering there.—*Picturesque Europe.*

There is a part of the ruin that stands most picturesquely by itself, as if old Time had intended it for a monument. It is the ruin of that part of the chapel called St. Mary's Aisle: it stands surrounded by luxuriant thickets of pine and other trees, a cluster of beautiful Gothic arches supporting a second tier of smaller and more fanciful ones, one or two of which have that light touch of the Moorish in their form which gives such a singular and poetic effect in many of the old Gothic ruins. Out of these wild arches and windows wave wreaths of ivy, and slender harebells shake their blue pendants, looking in and out of the lattices like little capricious fairies. There are fragments of ruins lying on the ground, and the whole air of the

thing is as wild and dreamlike and picturesque as the poet's fanciful heart could have desired. Underneath these arches he lies beside his wife; around him the representation of the two things he loved most—the wild bloom and beauty of nature, and the architectural memorial of by-gone history and art.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

The property of Abbotsford was purchased by Scott in 1811, of an old friend, Rev. Dr. Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels.

Its condition at that time is thus described by the distinguished biographer and son-in-law of Sir Walter, John Gibson Lockhart :

The farm consisted of a rich meadow, or haugh, along the banks of the river, and about a hundred acres of undulated ground behind, all in a neglected state, undrained, wretchedly inclosed, much of it covered with nothing better than the native heath. The farm-house itself was small and poor, with a common *kail-yard* on one flank, and a staring barn of the doctor's erection on the other; while in front appeared a filthy pond, covered with ducks and duckweed, from which the whole tenement derived the unharmonious designation of *Clarty Hole*. But the Tweed was every thing to Scott—a beautiful river flowing broad and bright over a bed of milk-white pebbles, unless here and there where it darkened into a deep pool, overhung as yet only by the birches and alders which had survived the statelier growth of the primitive forest; and the first hour that he took possession he claimed for his farm the name of the adjoining *ford*, situated just above the influx of the classical tributary Gala. As might be guessed from the name of *Abbotsford*, these lands had all belouged of old to the great Abbey of Melrose. . . .

Another feature of no small interest in Scott's eyes was an ancient Roman road leading from the Eildon hills to this ford. . . . The most graceful and picturesque of all the monastic ruins in Scotland, the Abbey of Melrose itself, is visible from many points in the immediate neighborhood of the house; and last, not least, on the rising ground full in view across the river, the traveler may still observe the chief traces of that ancient British barrier, the *Catrail*, of which the reader has seen frequent mention in Scott's early letters to Ellis, when investigating the antiquities of Reged and Strathclyde.

Such was the territory on which Scott's prophetic eye already beheld rich pastures, embosomed among flourishing groves, where his children's children should thank the founder.

During the year 1826, owing to the failure of his publisher and printer, Archibald Constable and James Ballantyne, both of Edinburgh, Scott became involved in debt for the sum of £150,000, or \$750,000, and his estate was held for the amount. He determined to pay the indebtedness with his pen, although he was then fifty-five years old. At the time of his death, which occurred six years after the failure, he had paid nearly two thirds of the money, and satisfactory arrangement was soon after made for the payment of the remainder.

Scott died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832.

His only surviving son, Walter, became the possessor of this property, which, after his death, in 1847, passed into the hands of John G. Lockhart.

Lockhart married Scott's eldest daughter in 1820, and died at Abbotsford in 1854.

The property is now owned by Lockhart's daughter, the wife of James R. Hope Scott, Esq.

In 1817 Washington Irving visited Scott in his home at Abbotsford. The following extract is taken from a letter written by him to his brother, Peter Irving:

On Saturday morning early I took chaise for Melrose, and on the way stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent in my letter of introduction, with a request to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, and took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends. In a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family, and here I have been ever since. . . . I cannot tell you how truly I have enjoyed the hours I have passed here. They fly by too quick, yet each loaded with story, incident, or song; and when I consider the world of ideas, images, and impressions that have been crowded upon my mind since I have been here, it seems incredible that I should have been only two days at Abbotsford. . . . I left Abbotsford on Wednesday morning and never left a place with more regret. The few days I passed there were among the most delightful of my life, and worth as many years of ordinary existence. We made a charming excursion to Dryburgh Abbey. . . . I was with Scott from morning to night; ram-

bling about the hills and streams, every one of which would bring to his mind some old tale or picturesque remark.

Irving also speaks of the beautiful home-life of Scott with his charming family, which consisted of his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. "It is," he writes, "a perfect picture to see Scott and his household assembled of an evening: the dogs stretched before the fire, the cat perched on a chair, Mrs. Scott and the girls sewing, and Scott reading out of some old romance or telling border stories."

This picture of home-life greatly enhances the interest of a visit to Abbotsford, for it is the privilege of all tourists to walk through the very rooms where this happy life was lived.

Abbotsford is visited annually by thousands of people of every nationality.—*Library of Universal Knowledge*.

That singularly picturesque and irregular pile, which has been aptly characterized as a romance in stone and lime.—*American Encyclopædia*.

The fantastic groups of chimneys, gables, projecting windows, turrets and balconies are combined in a manner which it would be impossible to reduce to order, method, or consecutiveness; but the general effect is at once pleasing and surprising. Almost every celebrated antiquarian building throughout Scotland has contributed something to Abbotsford.—*Official Tourist's Guide*.

Of world-wide renown is this mansion; not that its position or beauty is much to be admired, but the name of the genius that once inhabited it is fresh in the memory of every individual who speaks the English language, and must remain so for ages.—*Harper's Guide-Book*.

The house of Sir Walter Scott is a building of many gables and towers, situated on the south bank of the Tweed, which flows by in a broad, easy-going stream.—*Baddeley's Guide-Book*.

Abbotsford, the splendid baronial residence of Sir Walter Scott, with many interesting memorials remaining of that great poet and romancer.—*Morford's Guide-Book*.

Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home on the Tweed, celebrated for its picturesque architecture and the beauty of its surroundings.—*People's Cyclopædia*.

As to the external appearance of Abbotsford, it is as irregular as can well be imagined. There are gables and pinnacles and spires and balconies

and buttresses anywhere and every-where without rhyme or reason; for wherever the poet wanted a balcony, he had it; or whenever he had a fragment of carved stone, or a bit of historic tracery to put in, he made a shrine for it forthwith, without asking leave of any rules.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

Before this edifice, which has been termed a romance in stone and lime, was built, and all around it made the fairy scene we find it now, the site was occupied by a humble farmstead called Clarty Hole. On becoming proprietor, Sir Walter changed the name to Abbotsford, and reared, by slow degrees, the present picturesque mansion, with all its turrets, towers, and pinnacles, and laid and planted the surrounding grounds with singularly good effect. . . . Every personal relic of Sir Walter, even to his card-case, is preserved here; and though the master-spirit has departed, his memory will long continue to cast a halo of consecration about Abbotsford. The chair and bed he last occupied, and the room in which he died, are all unchanged since that solemn 21st of September which Lockhart has described to us.—*Picturesque Europe.*

The celebrated seat, for so many years, of the great master magician, Sir Walter Scott.—*Rev. J. E. Edwards.*

Abbotsford, the repository of the antiquary's curiosities, and the home of the author of *Waverley*.—*S. S. Cox.*

It impressed me, not as a real house, intended for the home of human beings . . . but as a plaything, something in the same category as Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill.—*Hawthorne.*

Abbotsford owes its name, like all its attractions, to the great Sir Walter.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Besides being of interest as the residence of Scott, it is a perfect museum of curiosities and relics identified with Scottish history.—*Curtis Guild.*

It is a fit winding up to the tour of Scotland, that commonly the traveler's last visit, as he comes down to England, is to Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott.—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

That shrine in the land of Scott to which the greatest number and variety of pilgrims resort is his celebrated residence, Abbotsford.—*J. F. Hunnewell.*

The visitor cannot choose but look with interest on Abbotsford as the poet's chosen home—a noble residence and beautiful for situation.—*S. G. Green, D.D.*

Abbotsford! It is the photograph of Sir Walter Scott. It is brimful of him and his histories.—*Elihu Burritt.*

The shrine of that rare genius which has achieved for itself an earthly immortality.—*Henry Colman.*

The turreted and picturesque mansion of Abbotsford. . . . It is the very earthly paradise of a poet and a great mind.—*Benjamin Moran.*

Brief was our half-hour at Abbotsford, but it was enough to write the spot indelibly upon memory's tablets.—*T. W. Silloway and L. L. Powers.*

It must be true that pure, unaided literary labor never built before a mansion of this magnitude and filled it with such treasures of art and history.—*Elihu Burritt.*

The walls of the structure rise up before us in all their confused beauty, a singular combination of Gothic and castellated architecture, deficient in harmony of proportions, yet poetical in its unstudied arrangements.—*Prof. J. S. Lee.*

It was like one of Scott's romances, full of odds and ends of Scottish antiquity, cleverly put together.—*Horace E. Scudder.*

Embosomed in shades, it presents an irregular assemblage of turret, parapet, and balcony.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Abbotsford, with its quaint architecture and beautiful accompaniment of garden and woodland.—*Anon.*

A fine, lordly mansion, surrounded by a beautiful country.—*Mrs. P. L. Collins.*

Language can hardly portray our thoughts as we lingered in these rooms so familiar to the great novelist whom we all admire. When we saw the books he read, the place where he studied and wrote, the mementos and weapons which he seemed to weave into his wonderful stories, it seemed as if we had been into the workshop of Vulcan and seen the material of which Jove's thunderbolts were forged.—*O. R. Burchard, A.M.*

To other people the place must have seemed tame, and bleak, and uninviting enough, until Sir Walter set his splendid house there, and made it one of the shrines of the world for all English-speaking pilgrims of the future.—*Louise C. Moulton.*

The impress of the poet's hand is left on all around—in the arrangement and adornment of the house, and in the tasteful and romantic surroundings.—*L. L. Holden.*

Abbotsford, after his own immortal works, is the best monument of its founder.—*J. G. Lockhart.*

The building has this interest, that it was throughout Scott's own conception, thought, and choice; that he expressed himself in every stone that was laid, and made it a kind of shrine, into which he wove all his treasures of antiquity, and where he imitated, from the beautiful, old, mouldering ruins of Scotland, the parts that had touched him most deeply.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

Though I had read a hundred descriptions, every thing seemed new as I went over this epitome of the mind and life of Scott!—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

Sir Walter once said he would make Abbotsford a poem in stone and mortar, and right well did he succeed. It is as beautiful as a fairy palace and as grand as an old feudal castle, and history and romance are literally woven into its walls.—*Mrs. P. L. Collins.*

It really has much the air of some old fastness hard by the river Jordan.—*Ferguson.*

To Scott, doubtless, every object in the house was suggestive of poetic fancies; every carving and bit of tracery had its history, and was as truly an expression of something in the poetic mind as a verse of his poetry. A building wrought out in this way, and growing up like a bank of coral, may very possibly violate all the proprieties of criticism; it may possibly, too, violate one's ideas of mere housewifely utility; but by none of these rules ought such a building to be judged. We should look at it rather as the poet's endeavor to render outward and visible the dreamland of his thoughts, and to create for himself a refuge from the cold, dull realities of life, in an architectural romance.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

The silence about the place is solemn and breathless, as if it waited to be broken by his returning footsteps. I felt an awe in treading these lonely halls like that which impressed me before the grave of Washington—a feeling that hallowed the spot, as if there yet lingered a low vibration of the lyre though the minstrel had departed forever!—*Bayard Taylor.*

Abbotsford is now, far more than when he who built it so described it, a "romance in stone and lime;" for he had gradually added to it memorials of that old Scotland which never passed away so long as he lived, and hallowed all by the bequest of his own spiritual presence.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A curious pile—an odd, yet not inharmonious assemblage of architectural ideas, half-religious, half-feudal, simple, yet stately—the charming conceits and bold fancies of poetry, and the spirit of olden romance, revealed in towers and turrets, arches and windows, gables and chimney-tops.—*Grace Greenwood.*

Viewed as a mere speculation, or, for aught I know, as an architectural effort, this building may, perhaps, be counted as a mistake and a failure. I observe that it is quite customary to speak of it among some as a pity that he ever undertook it. But viewed as a development of his inner life, as a working out in wood and stone of favorite fancies and cherished ideas, the building has to me a deep interest. The gentle-hearted poet delighted him-

self in it: this home was his stone-and-wood poem, as irregular, perhaps, and as contrary to any established rule as his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, but still wild and poetic.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

No author's pen ever gave such an individuality to a human home. It is all the coinage of thoughts that have flooded the hemisphere.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Abbotsford has become a monument of Scott's honest integrity, of his true nineteenth-century chivalry of character.—*J. F. Hunnewell.*

And Abbotsford! no other name
 Could thrill me with a gentler flame.
 Where o'er its milk-white pebbles speed,
 The glimmering ripples of the Tweed.—*Scott.*

The Abbotsford mansion, every-where known as the "air castle" which Sir Walter Scott "reduced to stone and mortar," stands on the south side of the river Tweed. It was completed ready for use in 1824.

On all sides, except toward the river, the house connects itself with the gardens. . . . The building is such a one, I dare say, as nobody but Scott would ever dream of erecting. . . . Yet, it is evidently imposing in its general effect, and in most of its details not only full of historical interest, but beauty also. It is, no doubt, a thing of shreds and patches, but they have been combined by a masterly hand. . . . The house is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, as I paced it; was built at two different onsets; has a tall tower at either end, the one not the least like the other; presents sundry crow-footed, *alias* zigzagged, gables to the eye; a myriad of indentations and parapets and machicolated eaves; most fantastic water-spouts; labeled windows, not a few of them painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and lesser; stones carved with heraldries innumerable, let in here and there in the wall.—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.*

The general impression of the location of Abbotsford is one of seclusion and general repose.

The scenery is in unison with Scott's writings; softly swelling hills, fields, and copses variously divided, a gently flowing stream, a harmonious combination of many diverse parts.—*F. Von Raumer.*

The view to the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers over a lawn of sweet turf upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Eutrick Forest.—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.*

What an interest there is in the trees of Abbotsford—planted every one by the same hand that waved its wand of enchantment over the world. One walks among them as if they had thoughts and memories.—*N. P. Willis.*

A guide is always in attendance at Abbotsford to take tourists through the rooms of the mansion which the present owners so kindly throw open to the public.

The Entrance Hall might properly be called an old curiosity shop.

It is paneled in oak taken from the palace of Dunfermline, and the roof with the same. All along the cornice of this hall are the coats-of-arms of the different clans of the border, painted in colors on small armorial shields, an inscription stating, "These be the coat armories of the clannys and chief men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld tyme for the Kynge. Trewe men war they in their tyme, and in their defense God them defendyt."

Here are, also, three or four complete suits of tilting armor, set up and looking as though still occupied by the stern warriors who once owned them. . . . Here, also, were stout old lochaber-axes, English steel maces, battle-axes, and other weapons, many with histories, and from the bloody fields whose horrors are a prominent feature on the pages of history.—*Curtis Guild.*

The Armory, which communicates with the drawing-room, dining-room, and Entrance Hall, is full of curious relics. The walls are hung with guns, pistols, daggers, battle-axes, cutlasses, darts, arrows, and other weapons of war.

Many of these implements have a history, for here are pistols once owned and used by Bonaparte, Claverhouse, and General Monk; a gun belonging to Rob Roy, marked with the initials "R. M. G."

The room also contains many relics belonging to distinguished people, such as a hunting-flask used by James I., a sword which Charles I. presented to Montrose, and spurs worn by Cromwell.

Every room contains something which carries one back into the realm of history.

The portal and keys of the old Tolbooth, at Edinburgh, which immediately suggest the strikingly different lives of

Jeannie and Effie Deans; the charity-box and seal belonging to Mary Queen of Scots; Rob Roy's purse; also one embroidered by Flora MacDonald, whose life is so intimately connected with that of the Pretender; and still another made by the Scottish poetess, Joanna Baillie, a contemporary of Scott; a snuff-box used by George IV., and a tumbler by Robert Burns; thumb-screws and other articles of torture; the keys of Selkirk Jail; swords, battle-axes and different weapons used at Culloden and Bannockburn, Bothwell Bridge, and other noted battle-fields; a piece of Robert Bruce's coffin; the last suit of clothes worn by Scott; and many mementos, the gift of literary friends; so at almost every step we find some new object once used or enjoyed by the famous owner, who, after purchasing Abbotsford, made it the embodiment of his own ideas and taste.

The walls of the Drawing-room and Dining-room are adorned with a large collection of paintings.

The drawing-room contains an admirable collection of portraits. Above the mantel is that of Sir Walter himself, with one of his ever-faithful dogs near him. On one side of this hangs the portrait of his mother, and on the other that of Lady Scott, and near it that of his warm friend, the Duchess of Buccleugh. The oval frame above the door contains the portrait of Lady Hope Scott, the great-granddaughter and only surviving descendant of Sir Walter, and the present owner of Abbotsford. . . . Besides these, there is a collection of views in water-colors, eight in number, by the celebrated English painter, Turner, presented by the artist himself. And, not the least in importance, a *souvenir* of that most unfortunate woman, Mary Queen of Scots—a head painted the day after her execution by one Amias Cawwood; ghastly, repulsive, robbed of all its grace and loveliness. It is said to have been sent to Sir Walter by a Prussian nobleman in whose family it had been for more than two hundred years.—*Mrs. P. L. Collins.*

The death of Sir Walter occurred in the dining-room.

About half past one P. M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.*

The Library and Study adjoining remain very nearly the same as when last used by Scott.

The Library is a large room, fifty feet long and thirty wide, facing the river.

The roof is of carved oak again—a very rich pattern—chiefly *à la* Roslin; and the book-cases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects. . . . The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse—by Allan, of Edinburgh—a noble portrait, over the fire-place; and the only bust is that of Shakespeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche in the center of the east side.—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott*.

The Study adjoins the Library, and is a much smaller room.

It contains the writing-desk and chair used by Scott in his literary labors. This room has been called “the *sanctum* of the author.”

A small room opens from the library, which was Scott's own private study. His writing-table stood in the center, with his inkstand on it, and before it a large, plain, black leather arm-chair. . . . Around the sides of this room there was a gallery of light tracery work; a flight of stairs led up to it, and in one corner of it was a door which the woman said led to the poet's bedroom. One seemed to see in all this arrangement how snug and cosy and comfortable the poet had thus ensconced himself, to give himself up to his beloved labors and his poetic dreams.—*Mrs. Stowe*.

We passed into the Study, a small room lined with the books which Sir Walter, no doubt, was most frequently accustomed to refer to. . . . A study table occupied the center of the room, and at one end of the table stands an easy-chair, with ample space to fling one's self back. The servant told me that I might sit down in this chair, for that Sir Walter sat there while writing his romances, “and perhaps,” quoth the man, smiling, “you may catch some inspiration.” What a bitter word this would have been if he had known me to be a romance writer! “No, I never shall be inspired to write romances!” I answered, as if such an idea had never occurred to me. I sat down, however. This study quite satisfied me, being planned on principles of common sense and made to work in, and without any fantastic adaptation of old forms to modern uses.—*Hawthorne*.

I know no brighter picture in the history of genius than this of Sir Walter Scott sitting down to his morning task dressed in the green velvet shooting-

jacket of a Scotch laird, with his books and papers about him on the desk and on the floor, his favorite hound eying him from the rug, a couple of spaniels gamboling with his children in the garden, and the songs of the birds pouring in through his half-open window. Scott knew nothing of those feelings of irritation that make composition a torment to so many men. His study was always open to his children no less than to his greyhound. He never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy. He was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or nine-pins, and resume his labor as if refreshed by the interruption.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Home of the gifted! fare thee well,
And a blessing on thee rest;
While the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moor and mountain crest,
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And braes with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest.

While the high voice from thee sent forth
Bids rocks and cairns reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North
Like a chieftain's gathering cry;
While its deep master-tones hold sway
As a king o'er every breast—
Home of the Legend and the Lay,
A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower,
Long honors to thy line,
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood still
May the free sward be prest!
While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
A blessing on thee rest!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

XII.

EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH, the capital city of Scotland, is on the south-eastern coast of that country, about two miles from the Firth of Forth. It has a population of about 250,000.

The city is built mainly on three parallel ridges, the central of which terminates at its west end in the Castle, at its east, in the Holyrood Palace. Salisbury Crags, and the mountain called King Arthur's Seat, lie south of Holyrood. Directly opposite, on the other side of the ravine, is a rocky eminence, called Calton Hill, which forms the eastern limit of the new town.

A deep ravine divides the city into two parts, known as the old and the new town. The latter is bright and attractive, with its broad streets, Grecian architecture, numerous handsome squares and public buildings. The old town has narrow streets and lanes, lined with dingy tumble-down appearing tenement houses, yet almost every inch of ground teems with reminiscences and memories of an historic past.

The old Edinburgh. Imagine a city rising out of a deep ravine and straggling up the sides of a steep hill for a mile! And that hill, cut into by all sorts of ravines, built over as closely as brick, stone, and wood can be placed, all hundreds of years old, and all precisely to-day as they were when they were built! This is something like. You don't need to cross the Atlantic to see comfortable three-story houses with basements, but it is something to see old Edinburgh, even if you do prefer houses with gas, water, baths, and modern conveniences, to live in.—*D. R. Locke.*

The old town of Edinburgh rose with a thousand points of fire into the clear sky of a summer night. The tall houses, with their eight or nine stories, had their innumerable windows ablaze and the points of orange light shone in the still blue shadow until they seemed to form a part of some splendid and enchanted palace built on the slopes of a lofty hill. And then beyond that we could see the great crags of the Castle looming dark in the starlight, and we knew, rather than saw, that there were walls and turrets up



PLAN OF EDINBURGH.

there, cold and distant, looking down on the yellow glare of the city beneath. What was Cologne and the colored lamps of its steamers, as you see them cross the yellow waters of the Rhine, when a full moon shines over the houses of Dentz; or what was Prague, with its countless spires piercing the starlight and its great bridge crossing over the wooded heights of the Stradschin, compared to this magnificent spectacle in the noblest city in the world!—*William Black.*

I went down into the valley between the old town and the new, which is now laid out as an ornamental garden with grass, shrubbery, flowers, gravelled walks, and frequent seats. Here the sun was setting and gilded the old town with its parting rays, making it absolutely the most picturesque scene possible to be seen. The mass of tall, ancient houses, heaped densely together, looked like a Gothic dream; for there seemed to be towers and all sorts of stately architecture and spires ascending out of the mass; and above the whole was the Castle, with a diadem of gold on its topmost turret.—*Hawthorne.*

Beyond the valley, with its bridges, and the straight bank of the Earthen Mound, with its white Grecian edifices, rise, rugged, gray, and dark, the wondrous ridge of the ancient city, and the Castle on its rock looming dark and vast, and over both hover the august traditions of an old and warlike kingdom. High over the ridgy steep rises St. Giles's airy crown, from where in all its grim and picturesque beauty the old city looks down upon the new. "Two times are brought face to face," says a writer, "and yet are separated by a thousand years." Wonderful on winter nights, when the gully is filled with darkness, and out of it rises, against the somber blue and the frosty stars, that mass of bulwark and gloom pierced and quivering with innumerable lights—a city rises up before you, painted by fire on night. High in air a bridge of lights leaps the chasm; a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are twinkling about in the railway station below; a solitary crimson one is there. That ridged and chimneyed bulk of blackness, with splendor bursting out at every pore, is the wonderful old town, the center of Scottish history.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Princes Street is the principal thoroughfare of the new town, and is called one of the finest streets in Great Britain.

What a poem is that Princes Street.—*Alexander Smith.*

The view, seen from Princes Street, reminds one very much of the pictures of Athens restored, with its beautiful public buildings of Grecian architecture.—*Curtis Guild.*

It is considered one of the most picturesque streets in the world.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

The principal thoroughfare of the old town is High Street, which extends from the Castle to Holyrood Palace. Although one continuous street, it has five divisions, called, Castle Hill, Lawn Market, High Street, Netherbow, and Canongate. Formerly the aristocracy lived on Castle Hill. David Hume, the historian, and James Boswell, the biographer of Samuel Johnson, both lived, and wrote part of their most famous works, in houses on Lawn Market; in a house still standing on Netherbow John Knox resided for years, during which time he wrote his *Historie of the Reformation of Religion within the realm of Scotland*, and here he died November 24, 1572; the Moray House, occupied by Cromwell before and after the battle of Dunbar (September 3, 1650), is still standing on Canongate, and directly opposite is the old Canongate Court-house.

Whenever Scott's landau went up the Canongate, his coachman knew, without special instruction, that the pace must be a walk: and no funeral, says Lockart, ever moved more slowly, for wherever the great enthusiast might turn his gaze, there was recalled to his mind some tradition of blood and mystery at which his eye would sparkle and his cheek glow.—*Alfred S. Gibbs.*

The old White Horse Inn, the head-quarters of the Pretender's Party in 1745, stands in a narrow street, or close, leading from the lower end of Canongate.

The earliest history of Edinburgh is somewhat obscure.

Good authorities claim that the Castle was constructed first, about which a town, consisting chiefly of mud and fagot hovels, was gradually built.

The occasional trace of ancient art and roads has led to the supposition that this site was once occupied by the Romans.

Near the commencement of the seventh century, Edwin, King of Northumbria, the extreme northern county of England, invaded the Scottish territory, gained possession of this town, made it his residence, and changed its name, Dun-

edin, to Edwinsburgh. From this last title the present name of the city is derived.

For a long series of years Edinburgh occupied the position of an exposed frontier town.

During the eleventh century its territorial authority was transferred from Northumbria to the kings of Scotland.

In the fifteenth century Edinburgh became the capital city of Scotland, and the adopted residence of the Stuart kings.

Special privileges and charters were granted the city by James II., III., and VI.

After becoming the favorite home of the Stuart sovereigns the town increased rapidly in size and importance. "It shared in their triumphs, and bore the chief brunt in their repeated disasters; and, even after the forfeiture of the crown, some of its most picturesque associations are with Stuart claimants for the throne of their ancestors."

From the commencement of the eighteenth century to the present time the growth of Edinburgh has been continuous.

From its earliest history the city has been closely identified with its national literature, and it has been the home of many of the most distinguished literary men.

Stately Edinburgh, throned on crags.—*Wordsworth.*

The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye.—*Ben Jonson.*

Edinburgh, 'tis a giant's dream.—*Haydon.*

Dunedin—darling of the north,

Whose castle guards the winding Forth.

—*Wallace Bruce.*

Edinburgh is the most picturesque city in Europe.—*Henry M. Field, D.D.*

An old city, rich in contrasts.—*H. Taine.*

It is an odd place, Edinboro'.—*N. P. Willis.*

Edinburgh, one of the few really beautiful cities of the world.—*W. Chambers Lefroy.*

This magnificent and picturesque metropolis of Scotland.—*John B. Gough.*

This noble and beautiful city.—*J. F. Hunnewell.*

Edinburgh is called the "Modern Athens" and is a wonderful old city.—*Rapid Transit Abroad.*

It is hardly possible for a city to be prettier than Edinburgh.—*Sarah B. Wister.*

A city that has ever-increasing charms.—*Dr. G. Draper.*

Edinburgh, that city of high houses and terraced hills; of grandly picturesque beauty; of the times of Bruce, and the bright and dark days of the Stuarts; where one is surrounded by the relics of a thousand years, and stands under the protecting shadow of a Castle that seems lifted into the regions of air.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

Edinburgh, for its size, is one of the most imposing, interesting, and magnificent cities in Europe.—*Harper's Guide-Book.*

It is built upon several eminences, and, from its resemblance to the ancient capital of Greece, has been styled, "The Modern Athens."—*Black's Guide-Book.*

One of the most beautiful towns in Europe in location and buildings, and one of the most interesting in the historical, romantic, and poetical associations with which it is studded.—*Morford's Guide-Book.*

Approached from any quarter, it never fails to strike a stranger with impressions of a character altogether novel; while the heights within and around, as well as the streets and valleys, by night as by day, present aspects which startle, now by their beauty, now by their still sublimity, and now by their rich variety and range of scene.—*Royal Hotel Guide.*

Edinburgh is a city of contrasts bold and striking.—*Baddeley's Guide-Book.*

Edinburgh is the place of residence of considerable numbers of the Scottish landed gentry, and its society is regarded as unusually polished from the predominance of the professional and literary elements in its composition.—*Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

The appearance of the city and surrounding landscape is exceedingly picturesque; viewed from whatever point, whether from the ramparts of the Castle overlooking the new town, from the crags on Calton Hill, or from the lower parts of the city looking up at the heights, the scene is equally striking.—*American Encyclopædia.*

The site of Edinburgh is altogether remarkable as that of a large city, and is the chief source of its peculiar characteristics.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

It is hardly possible to imagine a nobler site for a town than that of Edinburgh, and it is built as nobly.—*Bryant.*

I knew this was a city of noble and beautiful structures, but the reality surpassed my expectations.—*Horace Greeley.*

Edinburgh might dispute with Bath the palm of grandeur, as it does that of extent and of singularly beautiful scenery marked by contrast.—*A. B. Granville, D.D.*

We spent two days in Edinburgh, never ceasing to admire its architectural elegance, both in church and mansion, in Castle and monument.—*S. S. Cox.*

Edinburgh in panoramic splendor is not surpassed by any city in Europe.—*Nicholas Murray.*

Edinburgh is an imposing, picturesque, antique, magnificent, and interesting city.—*S. I. Prime.*

The first sight of Edinburgh is something never to be forgotten.—*S. G. Green, D.D.*

There can be no other city in the world that affords more splendid scenery, both natural and architectural, than Edinburgh.—*Hawthorne.*

Edinburgh, besides being a city the features of which seem to come upon a traveler in a familiar way, is one where expectation, unless it have been altogether too extravagant, is outrun by the reality.—*Asa MacFarland.*

In another hour we were walking through Edinburgh, admiring its palace-like edifices, and stopping every few minutes to gaze up at some lofty monument.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Beautiful for situation, and rich in noble and historic buildings.—*H. G. Reid.*

Edinburgh seems more than other cities to fasten on the imagination.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The beautiful and stately aspect of this city has been the theme of admiration so general that I can only echo it.—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli*

I must say, high as my expectations had been raised, the city of Edinburgh far surpassed all expectation.—*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

Edinburgh has a weird, unreal look, like a city in cloudland or dreamland.—*Andrew P. Peabody.*

It is a divine pleasure to admire, and there are but few cities in Europe where the faculties of admiration can be so cultivated as in the grand old capital of Scotland.—*Bulwer.*

Here I am in this beautiful Auld Reekie once more. . . . I have a beautiful view from my room window—masses of wood, distant hills, the Firth, and four splendid buildings, dotted far apart—not an ugly object to be seen. When I look out in the morning, it is as if I had waked up in Utopia or Icaria, or one of Owen's parallelograms.—*George Eliot.*

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs.—*Burns.*

I am enchanted with the general appearance of this place. It far surpasses all my expectations; and, except Naples, is, I think, the most picturesque place I have ever seen.—*Irving.*

"Every true Scotsman believes Edinburgh to be the most picturesque city in the world," said Alexander Smith. A stranger approaching that city must experience the same feeling, for not only natural scenery and art, but also history and romance combine to grace the old capital of Scotland with almost mythical splendor.—*Helen S. Conant.*

What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere I now find congregated in this one city. Here alike are the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli; and here is all the admired magnificence of the bays of Naples and Genoa. Here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found the Roman capital and the Grecian Acropolis.—*Sir David Wilkie.*

Edinburgh! Beautiful exceedingly in the gray morning, in the gairish noon-day, and in the golden evening, . . . sublime in the summer afternoon; and grandly solemn by night, when the enormous masses of buildings are illuminated by countless lamps that only make the darkness visible.—*Anon.*

It seemed as if it had been built to some unearthly music, or after a model suspended in the clouds, and formed by the hands of air and sunshine. Stone and rock seemed here molded into the express image of genius, and nature and art were apparently satisfied.—*Rev. George Gilfillan.*

Edinburgh was Dr. Guthrie's home for the latter half of his life. Living there, he could adopt Paul's words and say, "I am a citizen of no mean city." To him, her craggy heights and classic beauty were a source of daily enjoyment; and when visitors from other lands were his guests, he delighted to point out to them the unique features of the "gray metropolis of the North." "Ere the heat of the day," to use his own words, "has cast a misty veil upon the scene, I take a stranger and, conducting his steps to yonder rocky rampart, I bid him look. Gothic towers and Grecian temples, palaces, spires, domes, monuments, and verdant gardens, picturesquely mingled, are spread out beneath his eye; wherever he turns, he finds a point of view to claim his admiration. What rare variety of hill and hollow! What happy combination of ancient and modern architecture! Two distant ages gaze at each other across the intervening valley."—*Autobiography and Memoir of Guthrie.*

Edinburgh is rich in interest to the historian, the antiquarian, the tourist, the scientific or literary man, the politician, and the reformer.—*Prof. J. S. Lee.*

It has a history that is recent enough to be authentic, and old enough to have light and shade in it.—*D. R. Locke.*

The dark struggles of early Scottish history—the long, fierce battle storms, lit by brief splendors of heroism, the pomp of feudal power and old royal pageants, holy martyrdoms for freedom and for God, Mary Stuart's proud, sad, and tempestuous career, the romance of Scott, the poetry of Burns, all have conspired to give to this place a charm for my heart and a power over my imagination peculiar and pre-eminent.—*Grace Greenwood.*

Edinburgh has made its mark upon the world, and its place among the great centers of the world's civilization.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Here we were in the very place that Walter Scott has made us long and long to see, and were to visit the scenes that were sung in his matchless minstrels, and painted in his graphic romances. Here was the city where Knox, the reformer, preached, and Mary Queen of Scots held her brief and stormy reign. Here we were to see Holyrood, Edinburgh Castle, and a hundred scenes identified with Scottish history, the very names of which served to help the melodious flow of the rhythm of Scott's entrancing poems.—*Curtis Guild.*

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,
When seated with the martial show
That peopled all the plains below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the listant city glow
With gloomy splendor red;
For on the smoke-wreaths huge and slow
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a luster proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town.—*Scott.*

Edinburgh is noted for the number of monuments it has erected to the memory of great men.

The temple-shaped monument of Robert Burns is on the south side of Regent Road, which leads from Holyrood to Princes Street.

Calton Cemetery, which adjoins Edinburgh prison on the west, contains the plain circular monument of David Hume.

The memories of Dugald Stewart, professor of moral philosophy, and John Playfair, professor of natural philosophy in Edinburgh University; also Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, are perpetuated by monuments on Calton Hill.

The most famous monument is that of Sir Walter Scott, located on Princes Street. It is a Gothic spire two hundred feet high. The base forms an arched canopy, under which is a marble statue of Scott, with his dog *Maida* lying at his feet. From base to pinnacle the spire is ornamented with Gothic niches, in some of which have been placed statues of heroes and heroines described by Scott in his *Waverleys*. It is designed that every niche shall thus be filled. Scott was born in Edinburgh August 15, 1771.

It is but just that the most beautiful object in a beautiful city should be the monument of Sir Walter Scott, for in his head and heart Edinburgh truly might be said to live.—*By the author of Véra.*

It is a splendid Gothic tower, and said to be "a recollection of the architectural beauties of Melrose Abbey."—*Curtis Guild.*

Well have the people of Edinburgh erected the Gothic monument to Scott, rising so solidly, yet so lightly, in such fair proportions, looming so loftily in the shadow of their Acropolis!—*S. S. Cox.*

Scott's beautiful monument, a canopy of Gothic arches and a fantastic spire, beneath which he sits, thoughtful, and observant of what passes in the contiguous street.—*Hawthorne.*

While we were passing the monument of Scott, I felt an oppressive melancholy. What a moment life seems in the presence of the noble dead! What a momentary thing is art, in all its beauty! Where are all those great souls that have created such an atmosphere of light about Edinburgh? and how little a space was given them to live and enjoy.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

Edinburgh University occupies the site of the house where Lord Darnley met his tragic death, February 9, 1567. It was founded by James VI., in 1582.



JOHN KNOX'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

The Royal Institution, near Princes Street, contains the Antiquarian Museum, where many interesting historical relics are to be seen; among them the very pulpit from which John Knox hurled such anathemas against the Church of Rome, and that horrible instrument of death—a rudely constructed guillotine—called the “Maiden.”

The Parliament House, on the south side of Parliament Square, has been used since the union by the Supreme Court of Scotland. In its great hall the last Scottish Parliament was held in 1707. This hall has a famous roof, made with pendants of carved oak, and a famous stained-glass window, portraying “the inauguration of the College of Justice, or the Supreme Court of Scotland, by King James V., in 1532.”

Two interesting churches to visit in Edinburgh are St. Giles’s Cathedral, on High Street, near Parliament Square, and Greyfriars Church, on Candlemaker Row, near High Street.

John Knox, the famous Scottish leader in the Reformation, preached many a stirring sermon in St. Giles.

Just before his departure for England, James VI. attended services in this church, and made his farewell speech to the people. St. Giles is also noted as the church where, July 23, 1637, Jenny Geddes, a Scotch woman, whose strong sectarian ideas resented all innovations, indignantly hurled her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, who, in obedience to a royal mandate, was reading the liturgy of the English Church.

October 13, 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant was signed in St. Giles by the “Committee of Estates of Parliament, the Commission of the Church, and the English Commission.”

Regent Moray, assassinated at Linlithgow in 1570, and the Marquis of Montrose, hanged at Edinburgh, May 21, 1650, are both buried in St. Giles.

The old Tolbooth, or jail, called the Heart of Mid-

Lothian, once stood near the north-west corner of St. Giles, and a figure of a heart in the pavement designates its site. The readers of Scott are familiar with this spot.

The large open space near the church, now called Parliament Square, was formerly the cemetery of St. Giles. Many eminent men were buried here, among them John Knox. The city needed this land for street purposes, consequently most of the bodies were removed. The grave of Knox was not disturbed, and to-day a bronzed stone in the pavement, bearing the inscription J. K., 1572, marks the spot, where, November 26, 1572, the great Reformer was buried.

Among the celebrated divines who preached at Greyfriars Church we find the names of William Robertson, the famous Scottish historian, and Dr. Thomas Guthrie, one of the leaders in the discussion resulting in the disruption of the Church of Scotland, and the organization of the Free Church.

It was in Greyfriars that the National Covenant received its first signatures, in 1638. This Covenant was formed by the Scotch people as a protest against the attempts of James I. and Charles I. to force the episcopacy upon them.

Sir Walter Scott attended Greyfriars Church when a boy, and his father is buried in the yard, which is considered one of the most interesting places in the city, for here are interred some of Scotland's greatest men and noblest martyrs.

The historical interest of this church and its grave-yard is very great. Here on the 28th of February, 1638, the National Covenant was signed by numbers within the church itself, the old Earl of Sutherland setting the example; thereafter, the parchment was carried out to the open air, and laid on a horizontal grave-stone, and was surrounded by a moved and mighty multitude. "They were not content to sign it with ink. Ah! there were *men* in those days; they were seen to open a vein in their arms and fill their pens with their blood, to mark how they would shed that blood when the battle-day came; and nobly did they redeem their pledges."

In 1679 a detached portion of the church-yard was employed as a prison for six hundred Covenanters, taken after the defeat at Bothwell Bridge; here, for four weary months, they were exposed day and night to the open

sky, and barely kept alive by provisions supplied to them through the iron gates. All around, on the moldering grave-stones, the eye falls on many names of renowned Scotchmen: George Buchanan, George Heriot, Alexander Henderson, Colin Maclaurin, President Forbes, of Culloden; Allan Ramsay, Principal Robertson, Dr. Erskine, Thomas McCrie, and many more lie here. The "martyrs' monument" alone draws visitors from many lands to this burial place. "However deep," says Hugh Miller, "the snow may lie in Greyfriars church-yard, there is one path where the snow is always beaten down, and that leads to the monument of the Covenanters."—*Autobiography and Memoirs of Guthrie*.

Holyrood Palace stands near the terminus of High Street. It was founded by James IV., in 1501, partially built by James V. in 1528, and completed by Charles II. from 1671 to 1679. The building is quadrangular in form, with round towers, and an inner court ninety-four feet square. Holyrood was the principal residence of Mary Queen of Scots, also Charles I. and II.

Queen Victoria always visits this palace when making her annual visit to Balmoral Castle.

The most interesting rooms at Holyrood are the apartments of Queen Mary and Lord Darnley. The former are on the second floor and include four rooms. The bed-chamber contains the queen's bed inclosed by an iron railing.

The supper-room is where Rizzio, the queen's favorite secretary, was murdered, March 9, 1566. The conspirators, consisting of the Earl of Morton, Lord Darnley, Lord Ruthven, and Lord Lindsay, entered the room by a private stair-way. The queen made an ineffectual attempt to protect Rizzio, who took refuge behind her crying, "Save my life!" He was stabbed several times in her presence and then dragged to the head of the public stair-way, where he died, pierced by fifty-six wounds.

Lord Darnley's rooms contain several fine portraits and wonderful specimens of ancient tapestry.

That ancient dwelling-place of Scottish royalty, Holyrood Palace. Holyrood Palace is interesting from the numerous important events in Scottish history that have transpired within its walls.—*Curtis Guild*.

The next day we went to the old palace of Holyrood, and were shown the apartments of the unfortunate Queen of Scots.

"There," said the tall Scotchman who attended the place, "is the room where Rizzio was murdered, in the presence of Mary."

We were told that a certain stain on the floor was the blood of the hapless man.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

Nestled at the foot of a green hill is Holyrood Palace, and on the summit of a precipitous wall of rock towers the castle, haunted by memories of Mary, Queen of Scots. Much of the palace is quite modern, but the old tower, containing Mary's apartments, still remains. There is a touching interest attached to every thing that once was hers; the little desk her fair fingers handled, the stiff-backed chairs she sat upon, and the dainty bed, with its faded silk coverlet and canopy of embroidered crimson silk, that must have been handsome in its day.—*Mary L. Ninde.*

Holyrood Palace, a building neither grand nor beautiful in itself, and interesting alone for its tragic and romantic memories. . . . The presence-chamber of the unfortunate queen, though far from being of royal dimensions, richness, and splendor, according to modern ideas, must have been a handsome apartment in Mary's time. . . . It is a silent, bare, and desolate room now; yet as I stood there vision after vision of royal magnificence and courtly beauty and splendid festivity passed before me.—*Grace Greenwood.*

Holyrood Castle, whose chief interest is from its association with the mother of James, the beautiful, but ill-fated, Mary. How all that history, stranger and sadder than any romance, comes back again, as we stand on the very spot where she stood when she was married, and pass through the rooms in which she lived, and see the very bed on which she slept, unconscious of the doom that was before her, and trace all the surroundings of her most romantic and yet most tragic history.—*Henry M. Field, D.D.*

Adjoining the palace is Holyrood Abbey, founded by David I., in 1128. The abbey was partially destroyed by Edward II., in 1322; burned by Richard II., in 1385; rebuilt by Abbot Crawford near the close of the 15th century; considerably demolished by the English in 1547, and the reformers in 1688.

The only portion of the abbey now remaining is the Royal Chapel.

Charles I. was crowned in this chapel. Between the windows, over the great door-way, is a tablet on which he ordered the following inscription to be placed:

"He shall build a house for my name, and I will stablish the throne of his kingdom for ever."

Just below this inscription are the king's initials.

In this chapel was solemnized the marriage of James II., in 1449; James III., in 1469; James IV., August 8, 1503; Mary, Queen of Scots, July 29, 1565.

Several of Scotland's kings are buried in the royal vault of this chapel.

Holyrood Abbey is roofless, although the front, and some broken columns along the nave, and fragments of architecture here and there, afford hints of a magnificent Gothic church in by-gone days. It deserves to be magnificent; for here have been stately ceremonials, marriages of kings, coronations, investitures before the high altar, which has now been overthrown or crumbled away; and the floor, so far as there is any floor, consists of tomb-stones of the old Scottish nobility.—*Hawthorne*.

The gairish sun shines boldly down into the very center of what was once the dim-lighted, solemn old abbey, with its cool, quiet cloister, that scarce echoed to the monk's sandaled footstep, and the gracefully pointed arches, supported by clusters of stone pillars, throw their quaint shadows on the greensward now, where was once the chapel's stone pavement; the great arched window, through which the light once fell in shattered rainbows to the floor, stands now, slender and weird, with its tracery against the heaven, like a skeleton of the past; and the half-obliterated or undecipherable vain-glorious descriptions on the slabs, here and there, are all that remain of this monument of men's power and pride—a monument beautiful in its very ruins, and romantic from the halo of associations of the dim past that surround it.—*Curtis Guild*.

The precipitous mass of rocks upon which Edinburgh Castle is built includes an area of seven acres, and a height of about four hundred feet.

Its earliest history is a bit doubtful, but the Castle is supposed to have been erected in 617. According to an old legend, the Pictish kings utilized the castle as a place of safety for their unmarried daughters, which gave it the name of *Castrum Puellarum*—Castle of Maidens. In course of time the Castle became a powerful fortress, also the residence of Scotland's kings and queens.

Queen Mary lived for a time at the Castle, and here her

son, James VI., was born, June 19, 1556. The apartments occupied by the queen are open to the public daily.

The ancient regalia of Scotland is kept in the Castle. It includes a crown, scepter, sword of state, and the lord treasurer's rod of office. Although the crown is marked with the initials of James V., circumstances authorize the claim of its being worn by Robert Bruce. It was last used at the coronation of Charles II.

Queen Margaret's Chapel—the oldest and smallest in Scotland—occupies the highest point of the castle grounds. It was built in the eleventh century by Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore.

The famous cannon called Mons Meg stands in front of this chapel. It weighs five tons, and was "used at the storming of the castles of Dumbarton and Norham, on the borders, in 1489 and 1497."

Of the Castle, as a natural feature, how is it possible to say too much? Thrust up between the dusky ridges of the old town and the long rectangular vistas of the new, it stands there a citadel, a watch-tower, and a landmark seen from afar.—*Helen S. Conant.*

It seemed as if the rock and castle assumed a new aspect every time I looked at them.—*Irving.*

I looked across the valley to the castle, where Mons Meg is plainly visible on the upper platform, and the lower ramparts zigzagging about the edge of the precipice, which nearly in front of us is concealed or softened by a great deal of shrubbery, but farther off descends steeply down to the grass below. Somewhere on this side of the rock was the point where Claverhouse, on quitting Edinburgh before the battle of Killiecrankie, clambered up to hold an interview with the Duke of Gordon. What an excellent thing it is to have such striking and indestructible landmarks and time-marks that they serve to affix historical incidents to, and thus, as it were, nail down the past for the benefit of all future ages!—*Hawthorne.*

From whatever side you may approach the city, whether by water or by land, whether your foreground consist of height or of plain, of heath or trees, or of the buildings of the city itself, this gigantic rock lifts itself high above all that surrounds it, and breaks upon the sky with the same commanding blackness of mingled cliffs, buttresses, and battlements.—*Peter's Letters.*

High over all is the Castle, cold and grand on its rocky throne.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

From every side it is grand, stately, imposing.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Castle, lifted in air four hundred feet by the cliff that rears its rocky front from the valley below, its top girt round with walls, and frowning with batteries. What associations cluster about those heights!—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

The Castle is fraught with historic interest, having been the scene of so many crimes, romantic adventures, captivities, and sieges, within the past four hundred years, scenes that have been the most vivid in the pages of history, and formed an almost inexhaustible theme for the most graphic pictures of the novelist.—*Curtis Guild.*

The Castle of Edinburgh is one of the most picturesque in Europe.—*D. R. Locke.*

By night the Castle and its rock—

“Where trusted lie the monarchy's lost gems,
Since Fergus, father of a hundred kings,”

are always involved in somber blackness and gloom; but by day they look down upon the double city with something of stern peacefulness. The rock with its brown cliffs, trees, and bushes, and the fortress, with its gray batteries, cast a deep shadow at noon over these beautiful gardens where the children gambol and the railway-engine sends up its echoed shriek; but grander still are all the effects of the broken masses of light and shadow when the golden sunset is fading behind the dark hills of Corstorphine.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Hawthornden and Roslin Chapel are about seven miles south of Edinburgh, on the River Esk.

Hawthornden is an estate once owned by William Drummond, the Scottish poet, the warm friend of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. The house is most charmingly located on a high precipitous cliff on the east bank of the Esk. Under the mansion are a number of caves, varying in size, and connected with each other. In one of these caves it is claimed that Robert Bruce was for a long time hid.

A narrow and beautiful glen connects Hawthornden with Roslin Chapel, which is a little farther down the river on the opposite bank :

Sweet are thy paths, O passing sweet,
 By Esk's fair streams that run,
 O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep.
 Impervious to the sun.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
 And Roslin's rocky glen,
 Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
 And classic Hawthornden?—*Scott.*

Roslin Chapel was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, the third Earl of Orkney, also Lord of Roslin.

This chapel is particularly famous for its elaborate ornamentations. The Apprentice's Pillar is a wonderful specimen of profuse and beautiful carving. The legend connected with this pillar is, that during the absence of the master workman one of his men finished the pillar after a design of his own conception. His master, on his return, was so enraged at his presumption, as he saw fit to call it, that he killed him.

Roslin Chapel, both on account of its architecture and a romantic interest connected with its history, has long been an object of attraction.—*Black's Guide-Book.*

The architecture is most varied and singular.—*Harper's Guide-Book.*

The eye is simply bewildered by the intricate devices and the overflowing evidences of manual skill which abound on every side. . . . The Apprentice's Pillar is known the world over. Itself elaborate, it is surrounded by a spiral wreath of exquisitely carved stone-work.—*Baddeley's Guide-Book.*

Every buttress, battlement, and projection of the exterior is incrustured with the most elaborate floral and leafy carving, among which the rose is often repeated.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

The chapel is one of the most elaborately decorated specimens of architecture in the kingdom. . . . The marvel of the whole is the Apprentice's Pillar, . . . a clustered column, surrounded by an exquisitely wrought wreath of flowers running from base to capital, the very poetry of carving.—*Curtis Guild.*

An immense vault beneath the floor of the chapel contains the remains of the barons of Roslin who, previous to the

reign of James VI., were always buried without coffins, but in their complete armor.

There is an old legend that just before the death of all these barons this chapel was always filled with a mysterious light. Scott refers to this legend in a pathetic ballad found in the last Canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair;
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair—*Scott.*

XIII.

THE TROSACHS.

THE Trosachs is a narrow mountain pass in Scotland, lying between Loch Achray and Loch Katrine.

A trip hither forms one of most charming experiences of the tourist, and is easily accomplished, partly by cars, partly by steamer, and partly by carriage, in one day, from either Edinburgh or Glasgow. Trains leave Edinburgh every morning for—going *via* Stirling—Callander, a town fifty-two miles north-west from the city. Coaches await the arrival of the train to convey passengers across Loch Katrine, stopping for dinner at the Trosachs Hotel, which stands at the eastern entrance of the pass. Sailing down the loch by steamer, as far as Stronachlachar, the passengers are again transferred to coaches and carried across to Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, thence by steamer to Balloch, located on the extreme southern point of the loch, then by cars to Glasgow and Edinburgh, arriving in the latter city about nine in the evening. Of course this journey can be easily reversed; indeed, many travelers who, in crossing the Atlantic, land at Glasgow, go to Edinburgh *via* the lochs and the Trosachs. One of the best guide-books for this tour is Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. One familiar with the poem, even though it is not at hand, will readily recognize different points of scenery, so correctly has it been described.

The railroad from Edinburgh to Callander passes through one of the most historical portions of Scotland.

Linlithgow, a small town eighteen miles from Edinburgh, contains the ruins of a royal castle, built by Edward I.

This castle was garrisoned by English soldiers, and held by them until 1311, when it was captured by the Scots, who, at this time, were in rebellion against England, under the

leadership of Robert Bruce. The capture was accomplished by strategy, and is thus described by Scott in his *Tales of a Grandfather*:

The garrison was supplied with hay by a neighboring rustic, of the name of Binnock or Binning, who favored the interests of Bruce. Binnock had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart-loads of hay, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly, but the night before he drove the hay to the castle he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be, "Call all! call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay; but in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon, and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a stroug ax or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gate-way, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who, with his ax, suddenly cut asunder the *soam*, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart; and the horses, finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind under the arch of the gate. At the same moment Binnock cried, as loud as he could, "Call all! call all!" and, drawing the sword which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay, where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gate-way, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was, also, let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate hearing the cry, "Call all! call all!" ran to assist those who had leaped out from among the hay. The castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners."

This castle was a favorite residence of the Scottish kings, and often formed a part of the marriage settlement of their wives.

James V. was born in this castle, April 10, 1512, and

here also his daughter Mary, afterward queen, was born, Dec. 7, 1542. Her birth occurred just one week previous to her father's death at Falkland.

This castle was burnt by the English in 1746.

The ruins are located on the borders of a beautiful lake.

It is a very picturesque ruin.—*Harper's Guide-Book.*

Linlithgow has many historical associations.—*Buddeley's Guide-Book.*

The castle has a very sad and romantic appearance, standing there alone as it does, looking down into the quiet lake.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

Linlithgow Palace is, by general consent, the finest ruin of its kind in Scotland. Heavy but effective, the somber walls rise above the green knolls of the promontory which divides the lake into two nearly equal portions.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay.—*Scott.*

The brother of Mary Queen of Scots, James Stuart, Earl of Moray and Regent of Scotland, was shot in High Street, Linlithgow, Jan. 23, 1570, by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.

A little south of the castle stands the Church of St. Michael, where, it is claimed, James IV. of Scotland was warned in a vision of the disastrous results of the battle of Flodden Field.

And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The king, as wont, was praying,
In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,
With sackcloth shirt and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming.

Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;

He stepped before the monarch's chair,

And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made;
Nor head nor body bowed or bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice—but never tone
So thrilled through vein and nerve and bone:

"My mother sent me from afar,
Sir king, to warn thee not to war—
Who waits on thine array!"

The wondering monarch seemed to seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak
The monitor was gone.

—Canto iv., *Marmion*. Scott.

The battle of Flodden Field was fought Sept. 9, 1513, and, although lasting but little over an hour, resulted in the total defeat of the Scots by the English. King James himself was killed in the engagement.

Stirling, an ancient town of Scotland, is thirty-five miles from Edinburgh. The whole town teems with historic interest, and here one day or more could be profitably spent.

Queen Mary and her son, James VI., were both crowned in Greyfriars Church at Stirling.

The famous Castle of Stirling stands on a rocky height two hundred and twenty feet high. It is as intimately connected with the history of Scotland as any castle in the kingdom. Kings were born, lived, and died within its walls. Here important campaigns were planned, important events transpired, and long sieges were maintained.

One of the most interesting apartments is the Douglas room.

Douglas is the name of one of the oldest and most powerful families in Scotland. Some of the Earls of Douglas were among the most famous feudal warriors of their time, and lived for a long series of years on their own domains,

which they held independent of the crown. William, Earl of Douglas, figured conspicuously in the wars between Scotland and England which occurred during the reign of James II., King of the Scots. In 1449 this king attempted to curtail the power of Douglas, who, incensed at his treatment, withdrew from the court of King James to his own territory, where he lived for a time as an independent sovereign, and finally created and headed a rebellion against the government of Scotland. King James, hearing of this, sent for Douglas to come to Stirling Castle for the purpose of arranging a reconciliation.

The safety of his life being assured by the king, Douglas came to the castle, and, after a fierce discussion, in which he positively refused to abandon his project of overthrowing the power of the king, was murdered by James and his body thrown out of the window. This scene was enacted in what is now called the Douglas room.

The castle is now used for soldiers' barracks. The view from its ramparts is considered to be unsurpassed in Scotland, and it includes twelve important battle fields.

The castle, on the brow of a precipitous rock that rises yet higher, is no less interesting for its natural attractions than for its historical associations.—*Satchel Guide*.

Stirling Castle, for many centuries the seat of the Scottish kings.—*Loomis's Index Guide*.

Stirling Castle, renowned in the history of the country, is placed on the brow of the ridge overlooking the caise of Stirling. . . . The view from the battlements is beautiful and extensive.—*Black's Guide-Book*.

In point of historical interest the castle of Stirling is not excelled in Great Britain. On account of its inaccessible situation, in the center of the kingdom, it early became a place of importance, and was, for a lengthened period, the favorite royal residence.—*Harper's Guide-Book*.

Here Stuarts once in glory reigned,

And laws for Scotland's weal ordained.—*Burns*.

Stirling, whose castle, magnificently seated on a rocky throne, looks right worthy to have been the seat of Scotland's court, as it was for many years.—*Mrs. Stowe*.

Stirling Castle. . . . this brave old rocky seat of power. . . . The very seat of James V. himself; around which the sports and games of the olden time were enacted. . . . Stirling towers, where often the spectator of many a bloody fray stood poised between hope and fear.—*S. S. Cox.*

From Stirling Castle one looks down upon a dozen battle fields. He is in sight of Bannockburn, where Bruce drove back the English invader, and of other fields associated with Wallace.—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

This strong old castle, standing directly upon the brow of a precipitous rock, overlooks one of the most extended and beautiful landscapes in the kingdom—the beautiful vale of Monteith, the Highland mountains in the distance, Benlomond, Benvenue, Benledi, and several other “Bens;” the river Forth, winding his devious course through the fertile valley, the broad road, far below at our feet, running along to the faintly marked ruin of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and the little villages and arched bridges, form a charming view.—*Curtis Guild.*

When we look from Stirling when the sun is shining, we see him shine over undulating groves and rich fields—on stately mansions amid beautiful pleasure-grounds—the winding Forth gradually expanding into a vast estuary, with towns, villages, and spires occurring at intervals, till the landscape closes in hazy distances amid the hills, the umbered masses, and the smoke of Edinburgh. The boundary-line of the horizon is more close and craggy, where the deep purple slopes and jagged peaks of the Grampian range stand sharply out against the deep blue of the sky, while the windings of the Forth lie like links of gold amid the bordering greenery.—*Picturesque Europe.*

We mounted the castle wall, where it broods over a precipice of many hundred feet perpendicular, looking down upon a level plain below, and forth upon a landscape, every foot of which is richly studded with historic events. . . . It is a most splendid view; in the distance the blue Highlands, with a variety of mountain outlines that I could have studied unwearably; and in another direction, beginning almost at the foot of the castle hill, were the links of Forth, where, over a plain of miles in extent, the river meandered, and circled about, and returned upon itself again, as if knotted into a silver chain. . . . The history of Scotland might be read from this castle wall, as on a book of mighty pages.—*Hawthorne.*

Issuing on to the ramparts. . . . we gain the famous view point called Queen Mary's Lookout. From it the eye ranges over the carse of Stirling, through which the Forth, above and below its junction with the Teith, meanders in a succession of bewildering curves from the far-off hills.—*Baddeley's Guide-Book.*

"The port-battery of Stirling Castle," says a writer, "commands, in all its amplitude and gorgeousness, the surprisingly brilliant panorama from Benlomond, Benvenue, Benledi, Benvoirlich, through the Trosachs, the vales of the Forth, the Firth, and the Allon, the plains of Lennox, and the opulent Lothians, to the clearly-seen heights of the Scottish metropolis.—*Picturesque Europe*."

We ascended to the ramparts, where we found one of the most splendid views, morally and materially, that this world can show. Indeed, I think there cannot be such a landscape as the carse of Stirling set in such a frame as it is—the Highlands. . . . and the whole Ben brotherhood, with the Grampians surrounding it to the westward and northward. . . . The plain itself, so worthy of the richest setting, so fertile, so beautiful, so written over and over again with histories. . . . I do not wonder that Providence caused great things to happen on this plain: it was like choosing a good piece of canvass to paint a great picture upon.—*Hawthorne*.

The magnificent monument of Sir William Wallace, who gained his first victory over the English in the great battle of Stirling Bridge, Sept. 10, 1297, is about a mile and a half from the town. The battle field of Bannockburn, where, June 24, 1314, the Scots, under Robert Bruce, defeated the English, commanded by Edward II., is three miles south-east of Stirling.

About seven miles south-east from Callander, which is sixteen miles from Stirling, we come to the old town of Doune, containing the magnificent ruin of one of Scotland's famous castles. It stands on the banks of the river Teith, and is called by the name of the village in which it is located. Scott writes of this castle in his *Waverley*.

After leaving the cars at Callander, and seating himself in one of the comfortable open coaches always in waiting for Trosach passengers, the tourist finds himself, especially if he be a reader of Scott, entering upon and passing through a country of not only wonderfully beautiful, but strangely familiar, scenery.

Here Vennachar in silver flowers,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,

Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.—*Scott*

Coilantogle Ford, where occurred the famous duel between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, is on the eastern end of Loch Vennachar.

The chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the moldering lines
Where Rome, the empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain stay'd,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;

For this is Coilantogle Ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.—*Scott*.

Lanrick Mead, near the western extremity of Vennachar, has the appearance to-day of a broad, beautiful meadow. It was once the gathering-place of “Clan-Alpine warriors true.”

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took :
“Speed, Malise, speed !” he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
“The muster-place be Lanrick Mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed !”—*Scott*.

For a short distance after leaving Lanrick Mead the road climbs a steep height, commanding charming glimpses and extended views of lochs and mountains, and, descending thence, passes “Duncraggan's huts.”

The lake is passed,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half-hidden in the copse so green.—*Scott*.

A new “Brigg of Turk” takes the place of the one referred to by Scott, and is very near the Duncraggan huts.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tightened in despair
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.—*Scott*.

The mountain pass of Glenfinlas extends northward from a point near the Brigg of Turk, terminating in the ex-

tensive forest of the same name owned by the Earl of Moray. This pass forms the theme of one of Scott's famous ballads, "Glenfinlas ; or, Lord Ronald's Coronach."

After crossing the Brigg of Turk the road skirts the northern shore of Loch Achray, on the western point of which stands the Trosachs Hotel.

From the hotel the "bold cliffs of Benvenue" form a prominent feature of the landscape, but the finest view of this mountain is obtained in sailing down Loch Katrine.

Loch Achray is a small but beautiful sheet of water.

The minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—*Scott.*

The Trosachs pass lies between Loch Achray and Loch Katrine, and is about one mile in length. In the days of which Scott wrote, in his *Lady of the Lake*, only the experienced huntsman or clansman could safely penetrate this wild region ; now a well-made, well-kept road winds its way through scenery grand and picturesque, which the tourist, seated in comfortable coaches, drawn by strong horses and driven by careful drivers, enjoys at his leisure without the fear of any impending danger.

The Trosachs have been deservedly celebrated for a character of scenery almost peculiar to Scotland. This feature consists of a wild intermixture of mountain, dell, copse and lake, brought together with an almost fascinating effect.—*Black's Guide-Book.*

The Trosachs are a wild gorge.—*Satchel Guide.*

A rich copse-wood dingle, which admits of little distant view except the peak of Bena'an.—*Badddeley's Guide-Book.*

A glen filled with masses of rock, which seem to have been shaken by some convulsion of nature from the high steepes on either side, and in whose shelves and crevices time had planted a thick wood of birch and ash.—*Bryant.*

The mountains around the Trosachs rise loftily and closely, presenting true Scottish features of the most beautiful cast.—*J. F. Hunnewell.*

The Trosachs, consisting of hills and rocks, covered thick with moss, piled indiscriminately together, and which forms a very wild and dark scene.—*Nicholas Murray.*

The Trosachs, the scene of Rob Roy's adventures, the wildest and most picturesque region we have yet visited.—*Prof. J. S. Lee.*

A wooded bristling region of ragged hills and jagged precipices rises round in pictures of wild and romantic beauty.—*S. I. Prime.*

The Trosachs seems to have been formed by some convulsion of nature, which resulted in casting up, in the wildest possible confusion, the varied materials of the mountains and the vales; and then over this wild scene vegetation sprang up.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

As a mountain pass, the Trosachs are not remarkable; but for variety of views of neighboring mountains, and Lochs Achray and Katrine, they are justly admired.—*P. B. Cogswell.*

Above and below us, to the right and to the left, were rocks, knolls, and hills, which, wherever any thing could grow—and that was every-where between the rocks, were covered with trees and heather.—*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

A wild and confused assemblage of heights, crags, precipices.—*Havethorne.*

No region, except that around Melrose and Abbotsford, is more thoroughly and delightfully associated with Scott and with his creations than this within the circuit of a dozen miles from the Trosachs; it deserves and rewards complete exploration.—*J. F. Hunnewell.*

On each side the crags, knolls, and mounds rise confusedly, streaked grey, weather-stained, green with moss, purple with heather.—*S. G. Green, D.D.*

. A wildering scene of mountains, rocks, and woods.—*Anon.*

The spot is picturesque, and Scotland's great poet and novelist has invested it with such deep romance that it is full of interest.—*L. L. Holden.*

The rough country over which we are riding just now is no wilder than many of the roads among the White Mountains—but it is the country of Rob Roy!—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

The Trosachs are a cluster of small green mountains, strewn, or rather piled, with shrub and mossy verdure.—*N. P. Willis.*

The pass of the Trosachs, or "bristled territory," is occupied by intricate groups of rocky and wooded eminences.—*William Beattie, M.D.*

This is the very center of the *Lady-of-the-Lake* region, and filled with romantic interest.—*O. R. Burchard.*

A wild region of lake, hill, and valley.—*D. R. Locke.*

The Trosachs opened before us, Benledi looked down over the bare forehead of Bena'an, and as we turned a rocky point Ellen's Isle rose up in front.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Here island and shore and hill are richly clad in magnificent foliage; and the grandeur of rocky heights and dark ravines is so pleasantly relieved, so softly toned down, that you feel neither wonder nor awe, but drink in beauty as your breath—lose yourself in delicious dreamings, and revel in all the unspeakable rapture of a pure and perfect delight.—*Grace Greenwood.*

The wild mountain scenery reminded me often of our own White Mountains.—*Curtis Guild.*

I have climbed through many a rocky mountain gorge as wild as the Trosachs, but they had not Walter Scott to people them with his marvelous creations.—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

In a word, the Trosachs beggar all description.—*Rev. J. Robertson.*

. . . The wooded Trosachs frown,
And throw, with cumbrous gloom, their shadows down,
Like giants girt with sackcloth.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.

Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.—*Scott*.

Loch Katrine is about nine miles in length, and the sail by steamer from one end to the other occupies about one hour.

The mountain of Benvenue, 2,386 feet high, rises from the southern, and Bena'an, 1,800 feet in height, from the northern, shore of the loch.

Whether we continue to explore the northern side of this magnificent Perthshire loch, or by boat embark upon its surface, fresh beauties de-

light the eye. Now we behold bluff promontories, where rocks of singular blackness dip down into unfathomed water, and anon deep bays with their, "silver strands," covered with sandy gravel bleached to snowy whiteness by the waves of ages. On every side rise rugged and stupendous cliffs, covered with timber of every kind that seems to take root, not in the earth, but in the living rock.—*Picturesque Europe.*

Loch Katrine is one of the loveliest bodies of water on the earth.—*D. R. Locke.*

Loch Katrine is a very pretty sheet of water, lying at the foot of rugged mountains.—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

Loch Katrine lay like a sheet of polished steel at the bottom of its glen.—*Hamerton.*

Loch Katrine. . . with its Rob Roy's prison, its Roderick Dhu's watch-tower, and its Benvenne; its groves vocal with the music of birds, its hundred white mountain streams, its bleached sand, silvered by the wash of the clear wave; its wild goats, climbing where no other feet, save those of the bird, can venture; its clumps of wood and ample fields, and, near by, its Trosachs, so wildly beautiful; what is all this without the creative genius which has peopled the isle, the moor, the mountain and the glen with the *Lady of the Lake*, the Douglas, the merry roaming king Fitz James, and the wild Roderick.—*S. S. Cox.*

The length of the loch is ten miles, and at its termination it meets the pass of the Trosachs, between Bena'an and Benvenue, which are the rudest and shaggiest of hills. . . . After dinner we all took a walk . . . by the right-hand path along the lake, as far as Ellen's Isle. It was very pleasant, there being gleams of calm evening sunshine gilding the mountain sides, and putting a golden crown occasionally on the head of Benvenue.—*Hawthorne.*

Loch Katrine, lying blue and beautiful in the midst of its environing hills—almost fairy in its diminutive breadth, and quite fairy in the perfection of handiwork, which seemed to have been bestowed upon it by nature—the impression created by it in comparison with all other mountain lakes being that of a charming vivacious, handsome, laughing little elf of the rarest and finest womanhood in the midst of a gathering of admiring mortals.—*Henry Morford.*

Loch Katrine is claimed as one of the finest lakes in the world, and it is certain that no one can imagine its superior.—*T. W. Silloway and L. L. Powers.*

We go over a wild region to Loch Katrine, where we again take steamer and pass among the scenes of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.—*Prof. J. S. Lee.*

There is no lovelier sheet of water in Scotland than this; sheltered by Bena'an and Benledi and the more majestic Benvenue.—*S. I. Prime.*

A lovely sheet of water, and reminding the American tourist of Lake George.—*Curtis Guild.*

Loch Katrine derives a poetic charm from being the scene of the *Lady of the Lake*.—*H. M. Field, D.D.*

Straight up from the deep water rise the green precipices and bold and ragged rocks, overshadowing the glassy mirror below with tints like a cool corner in a landscape of Ruysdael's—*N. P. Nillis.*

Loch Katrine, this beautiful mirror, so deeply set in the bold frame-work of the mountains. . . . It is in itself a most interesting object of sublimity and beauty.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

All that we beheld was the perfection of loveliness and beauty.—*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

When we reached Loch Katrine its surface was almost unruffled, except by now and then the narrow pathway of a breeze, as if the wing of an unseen spirit had just grazed it in flitting across.—*Hawthorne.*

We launched upon the dark, deep water, between craggy and shrubby steeps, the summits of which rose on every side of us.—*Bryant.*

We passed a glorious morning on the banks of Loch Katrine. The air was pure, fresh, and balmy, and the warm sunshine glowed upon forest and lake, upon dark crag and purple mountain-top. The lake was a scene in fairy-land!—*Bayard Taylor.*

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel sapling lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled.
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, enpurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

High on the south huge Benvenue
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confus'dly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world;
 A wildering forest feather'd o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Bena'an heaved high his forehead bare.—*Scott.*

Ellen's Isle is near the eastern end of Loch Katrine. The greater part of it is covered with trees, and, like the entire loch, suggestive of romance and poetry.

Sweet Ellen's Isle, in beauty framed.—*Wallace Bruce.*

Wild Loch Katrine, with its queen gem called Ellen's Isle.—*S. S. Cox.*

Ellen's Isle, a beautiful little turquoise in the silver setting of Loch Katrine.—*Bayard Taylor.*

The loch was calm and beautiful. Ellen's Isle, thickly wooded, lay reflected as a mirror.—*Mary L. Ninde.*

The distance from Stronachlachar to Inversnaid is five miles. The hills along the route are mostly devoid of trees, but covered with heath to their very summit. Lake Arklet is passed. The surrounding neighborhood of this lake is claimed to have been the head-quarters, for a time at least, of the Scottish outlaw, Rob Roy, and his wife, Helen MacGregor.

Inversnaid is about six miles from the northern extremity of Loch Lomond. From this point several excursions can be made through the Highlands. The water-fall just back of the Inversnaid Hotel is the one described by Wordsworth in his poem, *The Highland Girl*.

Loch Lomond, the largest of the Scottish lochs, is twenty-three miles in length. Its surface, near the southern extremity, is dotted with several islands, which are considered one of its greatest attractions. The largest of the group is Inch Murrin, owned and used by the Duke of Montrose as a deer park. The ruins of an old castle, formerly owned by the Earls of Lennox, are seen on the southern end.

Inch Caillach, or the Island of Woman, contains an ancient burying-ground of the Clan MacGregor.

Loch Lomond is intimately associated with the life and daring exploits of Rob Roy and his clan.

The lower portion of the loch is surrounded by a hilly but well cultivated and finely wooded country, and the character of the scenery is, in the highest degree, rich and beautiful. Around the northern portion of the loch are piled high, wild and picturesque masses of mountains.—*Chambers's Cyclopædia*.

Loch Lomond is celebrated for its grand scenery, being surrounded by high and lofty mountains toward the north, the most conspicuous of which is Benlomond; and toward the south by an elevated and diversified country dotted with villas.—*American Cyclopædia*.

Loch Lomond lay in all its majestic beauty before my eyes.—*S. J. Prime*.

I was greatly pleased with the romantically variegated banks of Loch Lomond.—*Anon.*

There is an old Highland saying about Loch Lomond that it was

“Famous for three things :

Waves without winds,

Fish without fins,

And an island that swims.”—*Anon.*

Loch Lomond presents, in its northern portion, all the grandeur and sublimity of the wildest parts of Lake Como, and in its southern division all the beauty and loveliness of Lake Maggiore.—*Rev. J. E. Edwards*.

This beautiful lake, which extends into the very regions of romance.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

A combination of natural wildness, loveliness, beauty, and barrenness, yet not comfortless or cold, but the whole was beautiful.—*Dorothy Wordsworth*.

Loch Lomond, smiling up to heaven in all its entertaining beauty of silvery waters, verdant clustering islands, and mountain-shadowed shores.—*Grace Greenwood*.

Loch Lomond, with the dark mountains looking down upon its waters.—*Curtis Guild*.

Loch Lomond. The mountain grandeurs disclose themselves in ever-varying forms beyond the expanse of blue water at their feet.—*S. G. Green, D.D.*

The pride of the Scottish Lakes.—*McCulloch*.

Loch Lomond has the most beautiful lake and mountain scenery imaginable.—*Elizabeth Peake.*

A constant succession of charming pictures.—*L. L. Holden.*

Toward the southern end of the lake the towering mountains, peak beyond peak, which overlook the lake, subside into hills.—*Bryant*

Loch Lomond lay unrolled under my feet like a beautiful map.—*Bayard Taylor.*

That vast sheet of water, with its many isles.—*Picturesque Europe.*

This noble lake, boasting innumerable islands of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame.—*Scott.*

He who has studied and understood and felt all Loch Lomond, will be prepared at once to enjoy any other fine lakes he looks on.—*Professor Wilson.*

Loch Lomond lies amid very striking scenery, being poured in among the gorges of steep and lofty mountains, which nowhere stand aside to give it room, but, on the contrary, do their best to shut it in.—*Hawthorne.*

"I wonder," once exclaimed Dr. Chalmers, "whether there is a Loch Lomond in heaven."

As we came in sight of the lake, the water looked like one sheet of gold leaf trembling.—*N. P. Willis.*

Loch Lomond, with its guardian mountains.—*Edward King.*

If the tourist so prefers, he can leave the steamer at Tarbet, a few miles south of Inversnaid, and proceed to Balloch by carriage. The road skirts the western shore of the loch. A line of coaches also connects Tarbet with Inverary, also Arrochar, on Loch Long.

The village of Luss, about nine miles south of Tarbet, on the same side of the lake, is located near the entrance of Glen Luss, and just south of Glen Fruin, or the Glen of Sorrow, where, during the reign of James VI., a terrible battle was fought between the Clans of MacGregor and Colquhouns.

Eilan Vow, a point near the upper end of the loch, was once the stronghold of the MacFarlane Clan.

Ben Lomond rises from the eastern shore of the loch to a height of 3,192 feet. The fine view from its summit is said to amply repay the exertions of an ascent, which may be made, on foot or by ponies, from Rowardennan, a town about

eight miles south of Inversnaid. Excursions up this mountain are also made from Inversnaid and Aberfoyle, but Rowardenan is by far the easiest and pleasantest starting-point. The excursion up Benlomond is a favorite with all tourists, and no mountain in Scotland is oftener visited.

The lofty peak of Benlomond, here the predominant monarch of the mountains.—*Scott.*

On the right rises Benlomond piercing the clouds.—*Wilbur Fisk, D.D.*

Benlomond stood alone, majestically overlooking the lake.—*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

Great Benlomond, with his snow-covered head.—*Hawthorne.*

Benlomond, standing out in sublime greatness.—*T. W. Silloway and L. L. Powers.*

The dark crest of Benlomond, loftier than any of the mountains around.—*Bryant.*

Benlomond, a grand mountain, having one of the noblest hill forms in Scotland, rising each side with bold, gracefully-curving, sweeping slopes to a sharp double cone.—*J. F. Hunnewell.*

Benlomond, with its great dome.—*Hawthorne.*

Piercing the cloudless element, ascends
Benlomond's conic spire and lordly crest.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

. . . From the great Ben's dewy crown
The infant rill comes trickling down.

—*John Stuart Blackie.*

But Lo! Benlomond's awful crown
Through shrouding mists looks dimly down;
For though, perchance, his piercing eye
Doth read the secrets of the sky,
His haughty bosom scorns to show
Those secrets to the world below.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

On reaching the peak, you see around you no plain ground, but on every side constellations or groups of hills exquisitely dressed in the soft purple of the heather, amid which gleam the lakes, like eyes that tell the secrets of the earth and drink in those of heaven.—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

We soon attained the summit, and mounting a little mound of earth and stones, I saw the half of Scotland at a glance. The clouds hung just above

the mountain tops, which rose all around like the waves of a mighty sea. One every side—near and far—stood their misty summits, but Benlomond was the monarch of them all.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Benlomond. From the summit what a mighty, measureless panorama: what a world of light and shadow; what a glory of nature; what a wonder of God lay beneath and around us. Words can only give you an idea of the extent of the vast circumference of that view. To the east are the hills and valleys of Stirlingshire and the Lothians, Stirling Castle and the windings of the Forth, the Pentland Hills, Arthur's Seat, and Edinburgh Castle. In the south, the peak of Tinto, the city of Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Ailsa Craig, the Isle of Man, and the I-les of Bute and Arran; and, gazing down beyond the outlet of Loch Lomond, you see Dunbarton. But on the north I beheld the grandest sight that ever met my gaze! Mountains on mountains, stretching away into the distance, and seeming like the mighty waves of a dark sea stayed in their stormy swell, petrified and fixed forever by the word of Omnipotence. Vexed indeed and tumultuous must have been that awful chaotic ocean ere its vast billows and black hollows were resolved into the everlasting rock: for among these mountain forms there is a wondrous and endless variety. . . . Beneath us shone Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Ard—the wild country of Rob Roy—the scene of the enchanting romance and song of Scott. . . . The stupendous mountain peaks, the eternal hills around seemed altars for nature's perpetual worship—towering types of the might and majesty of God; while the lakes with their silver shining, and the green valleys with their still shadows and golden gleams of autumnal sunlight, in all their wondrous beauty spoke sweetly to the awed spirit of divine love and protecting care.—*Grace Greenwood.*





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